#### One Hundred New

## COURT FABLES,

Written for the

Instruction of Princes,

And a True

KNOWLEDGE of the WORLD.

#### Inscribed

To the King of France, the Duke REGENT, the most illustrious Personages of that Court, and to the Queen of Prussia.

WITHA

DISCOURSE ON FABLE.

By the Sieur DE LA MOTTE.

Made English from the Paris Edition, By Mr. S A M B E R.

Omne tulit punctum -

#### LONDON:

Printed for E. Curll in Pater-Noster-Row; and T. Jauncy without Temple-Bar. M.DCC.XXI.
Price 45.

Way to the thought but COURT HARLI lastonial le scorounteal 935 1 5 14 18 1 To the King of Same, the DISCOU 489 the Side Ile Kuller Mide English from the the State of By Man & A M TO B R. Chart tale and the LONGE NE Control Contro



#### TO

# Anthony Hammond, Efq:

SIR,

BEG leave to make You a small Present of the Court Fables of Monsieur De La Motte, which with a great deal of Pleasure, and some Care, I have taught to speak English; a Work (small as it is) I am perswaded I need not be any wise ashamed of. To no one can they more properly belong, than to a Gentleman who has seen all the principal Courts of Europe, and is thoroughly acquainted with Mankind.

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I shall not presume to draw our Author's Character; few Persons who undertake that Province acquit themfelves with that Impartiality and Unprejudice (if I may use the Term) the Subject necessarily requires: It is a nice Point, and ought to be tenderly handled. However, if one may form any Notion or Idea of him from this Work, for I have feen no other of his, it is certain he is a great Humourist, very Satyrical, but with a great deal of Wit and Pleasantry, on all Conditions of Life, but most of all on those of his own Trade. In what Efteem he held Imitators of other Mens Works, the Fable of the Apes \* turned Sailors will more than fufficiently evince.

He is a rigorous and most excellent Moralist, and as diverting as instructive; and has that Art and Address (perhaps of all Fabulists peculiar to himself) to surprize you with such a Moral at the end of every one of his Fables, you least could have expected

<sup>\*</sup> Page 161.

from the Narration, and yet which one plainly fees principally, and most

naturally must result from it.

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He is admirably Sententious, and his Discourse on Fable is an excellent Piece; but in that, as well as throughout his Fables, he lets us know his Sentiments on the Antients, of whom he is no great Admirer, and cannot forbear reflecting even on his dear La Fontaine, as being too much prejudiced in Favour of Quintilian †.

This Aversion he handsomely excufes, by saying, That "his Adversa-"ries at present do him the Honour

" to be his Friends, and believes with-

" out breaking of the publick Peace,

"One should always speak plainly what one thinks. He doubts not but his

" illustrious Criticks will be the first

" to pass by his Gaieties \* (as he calls

"them) on Homer. They know "

" very well, says he, that Diversity
" of Sentiment is the Soul of Life,

" and the very (Salt or) Seasoning of

<sup>†</sup> Page 69. 1. ult. \* Page 73.

A 3 Friend-

" Friendship, as he mentions it in his

" Fables "

A Specimen of these Gaieties of his (which how specious soever an Outside they may wear, are, in reality, the most terrible and most poignant Satyre in the World, in as much as One cannot help laughing at them.) We have in the Fable of Homer † and the Deaf Man, where he calls that venerable Bard, What? — why, an old Ballad Maker, that's all.

And are not those Gentlemen, who have taken so much Pains to translate the Divine Homer \* (as our Author calls him) into their respective Languages, very much obliged to him for this Compliment, which, in reality, is only telling them that they have been racking their Brains about nothing but translating an old Ballad Maker?

But it may be he did not understand Greek; perhaps so, it has been many

<sup>||</sup> He alludes to the Fable of, The Friends too much of a Mind.

<sup>†</sup> Page 356.

<sup>\*</sup> Fable of the Sheep and the Bush, Page 247.

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what then, might not a Doctor of Sorbonne translate the Iliad into French for him? And that's full as well.

But all this Freedom of censuring Antiquity, it must be remember'd, our Author has before-hand excused on account of Variety of Sentiment (the Salt of Friendship) and that, One should always speak plainly what One thinks.

ways speak plainly what One thinks.

And in reality, if LA MOTTE followed this Maxim, no one ever thought (since no one ever spoke) with greater Liberty than himself. With what Freedom does he address himself to the King and the great Men of his Court? In this certainly he discovers a Magnanimity of Soul, and Uprightness of Heart. Princes and great Men, all love to be flatter'd, than which nothing can be more pernicious. He is a true Friend who dares tell them the Truth, tho' never so disagreeable; but it is the Interest of those who are about them, to keep these at a distance: However, it is an eternal Truth, that fuch a Retinue who thus bar Access to their Lord, are

### [ viii ]

are his greatest Enemies in the World:

CESAR LOST HIS LIFE BY IT.

But I cannot help smiling, when I read how frankly he addresses himself to the Duke Regent in the Fable of the \* Eagle and the Eaglet: He bids that Prince remember, That these Fables were for LEWIS (for fo he calls his own King) that he thinks, to make them more agreeable, there should be a hundred Copper Plates, for which he plainly tells the Regent, he must have two Thousand Crowns, a very slender Reward, he fays, for not praising him. This was fair Warning to those that were to come after, who, no doubt, gave him suitable Encouragement; for indeed no Book of this Kind ever yet appeared with fo many illustrious Patrons; and undoubtedly they were much in the right to encourage Men of Letters, whose Business it is to transmit down to Posterity the virtues Actions of the Great, which Envy (for its Object is Excellence) would otherwise detract

from and vilify.

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I am afraid, Sir, I grow tedious in my Remarks on Monfieur LA MOTTE; indeed I have run greater Lengths than at first I intended; I shall therefore only beg leave to observe cursorily one or two Things more, and then conclude.

This Gentleman feems to have the utmost Aversion to Arbitrary Government, and dares fay fo. Through all his Fables may be discovered a Spirit of Liberty! The greatest Blesting Mankind can enjoy. what Boldness dares he discourse of the Duty of Kings? He fays plainly they were Made only for their Subjects. Good, that they should not crush nor oppress them, but love them as their Children \*, and exercise Justice, mixed with the greatest Clemency. certainly no one who has ever been ac-

mature.

<sup>\*</sup> See the Fable of the Pelican and the Spider, Page 80. quainted

quainted with the sweets of Life, can think otherwise, for in reality, none but Fools can be in love with an unbounded, arbitrary Sway, who merit Scourges.

Stripes are for the Backs of Fools.

Another Thing that I observe of this Author is Candor; for as much an Original as he is, he has made bold with some Fables (Ideas he calls them) which had been treated of by others: This he frankly confesses; and in this he does both himself and the World Justice. It is evident that the Fable of the Turnip he took from Erasmus; the rest are as easily accounted for, but of this enough.

Criticks, and in this, perhaps, no more than they deserve; for certainly, a Critick reduplicative sumptus (n'est pas grand Chose, as one said of a Doctor of Sorbonne, but) is indeed the oddest, and most disagreeable Compositum in the World, a very slender Portion of Sense, and a great deal of Ill-

nature,

Dough-baked Animal is raised, whose true Pourtrait we can no better have than in DENNIS, that pedantick Tyrant of Sicily, of critical Memory.

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Thus much for our Author, whom I own I cannot but highly value; his Method is intirely new, and furprizingly engaging, and whom for that Reason I design speedily to correspond with. Others may think otherwise, for as he himself well observes, There will ever be Variety of Sentiment, and every one will speak as they please. For Example, and I'll speak my Mind, I know but One of my Country-men that could be peculiarly successful in Writings of the same Kind; and, in shadowing to us such fabulous Pictures full of the same solid Instruction; and this is the Author of most of our Spectators, Tatlers, and Guardians, the in-comparable Sir RICHARD STEELE, who has gained as great an Applause in the French Language, as (was I, as a Translator, never so covetous of Fame)

I could wish DE LA MOTTE should

have in the English. The hardsd-

These Fables were first printed at Paris, in a beautiful Edition in Quarto, with fine Cuts to each Fable, which presently went off, and was succeeded soon after by a Third Edition in Twelves, and is now printed, I understand, at Amsterdam. The Original is in Verse, but can by no means be translated into English Verse with any Beauty, our Poefy not allowing those Liberties the French cannot help making use of (nor is it fit it should) where they do not much stand upon Number, and where two Lines shall rhyme with the same Word, as is too often the Case of our Author in these Fables. I have therefore made Choice of the Dress in which they now appear, and without Vanity I may fay, they have lost nothing of their Beauty by changing their native Climate.

Be pleased then, Sir, to accept them as a small Mark of the great Value and Esteem I have for You, and of my Acknowledgment of Your last Favours.

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But - You delight in doing Good. This God-like Principle You were born with, and are never fo happy as when You have Opportunities to display it. I know, Sir, You are an Enemy to Encomium; and fo far are You from being willing I should act, like common Scriblers, who fay those fine Things which neither they nor their Patrons themselves believe, that You would be even unwilling to hear what all Mankind knows is Your due. In this I am very happy, for Panegyrick is out of my Sphere, and I always speak what I think. A Sweetness of Temper, with all the agreeable Turns of Wit, exclusive of its malignant Poignancy, is peculiar to Mr. Hammond. This, Sir, renders Your Conversation fo amiable, which the longer One enjoys (quite the reverse from that of others) the more taking it is and engaging. speak by Experience. This, with a perpetual Readiness of doing good Offices, has made You the Delight of Mankind. In short, Sir, the fine Gentleman, and the best of Friends, is Your ChaCharacter. These rich Endowments of the Mind the Wise will ever value and esteem, the rest is nothing but meer Pageantry, Decoration and Outside, which some others mistaking, have, when they imagined they addressed themselves to a Great Man, only bowed to a fine Suit of Cloaths.

I know the Person whom I now address my self to is the most Modest in the World, but at the same Time I know I have said nothing can offend that Modesty; nor can I better take my leave of You, Sir, than in Monsieur La Motte's Words to the Regent, tho with some small Variation, viz. That when One knows how to do well, One must let the World say so. In short, Sir, no one can be a great and good Man with Impunity.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient, and
most bumble Servant,

ROBERT SAMBER.

New Inn, dug. T. 1720. 110 11011 11 .......

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Monsieur Le Clerc's

FUDGMENT of this WORK,

The LA Motte are so generally esteemed, that they stand not in need of any. Recommendation. I shall therefore only observe, That those who have a mind to read his New Fables, would do well to peruse

read his New Fables, would do well to peruse before-hand, the Discourse presix'd, Upon the Art of writing Fable after Asop's Manner.

The Author here gives us, not only a judicious Epitome of the History of the principal Mythologists, but also his own Sentiments of the Manner they took to chalk out, as it were, the Out-lines, and then to finish the Plan of their Fables. He not only mentions the Greek and Latin Writers of that kind, but also the Moderns, from the French even to the Indians; and whilft he is thus talking of Afop and Phedrus, of Fontaine and Pilpay, he never invidiously takes away from their good Qualities, but gently reprehends the Errors they have fallen into-However, he states the Rules by which they fuccessfully went, and always keeps close to them himself, where they are confishent with the Beauty of his Matter; but judiciously takes leave to depart from them, where, if

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### [xvi]

fraiten his Sense: Preferring always (as a good Writer ought) fine and solid Sentiments, before the arbitrary Restriction imposed by Rules. The End of Fable is to instruct agreeably; and what imports it, which Way a Man takes, provided that Way brings him to that End?

Whether a Man follows the Simplicity of Afop, defittute of all kind of Ornaments what soever, or, whether running into the Taste of La Fontaine; he employs all the Force of that kind of Pleasantry and Drollery, which seldom rises above the Stile of free and easy Conversation; or whether he moralizes in a Manner more refined, and interweaves with the Fable the Beauties and the Charms of Poesy, 'tis all one and the same Thing, provided he has the Felicity to hit the Mark he aims at, he has sufficiently gain'd the Point; and there is no Room for Censuring an Author who instructs, and who pleases, about the Manner which he takes to do it.

I could here speak, by the bye, of the sirst Inventors of Fable, who are the Orientalists, as it appears even by Scripture it self, and show, that this Art subsisted many Ages before Afop. I could likewise enlarge on that Species of Fables that are stilled Parables, of which we find many Examples in holy Writ, where, that they were in Use in the most

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antient of Times, appears plainly by that one, which Nathan very artificially made use of, in order to draw out of David's own Mouth, the Acknowledgment and Confession of his Fault, in the Affairs which he had with Uriah and Bathfreba. Our Saviour himfelf has long fince consecrated this Manner of conveying Inflruction into the Minds of Men, by condescending to make use of it: with fo much Weight and Gravity, and at the same Time, with such a winning Power of Address (if in this Place, where HE is fpoken of, fuch a Word may be allowed) that there never was any Thing in Nature written which comes near it; but to throw all this into a clearer Light would require a large and elaborate Treatise, and to give it the Graces which Monsieur DE LA MOTTE has beautifolly given to his own; or indeed, to aim at the Imitation of them, would demand much more Leisure than I have, and require an Imagination less fatigued than mine must necessarily be, by reason of the Subjects so vastly different, which I am obliged to imploy my Mind about for carrying on this Work. All his Periods are really and indeed Sentences, expreffed in a manner to delicate, that no Body can imagine, that it is in the Power of a Man toproduce the like, in a Work sent forth in a hurry, with that which he composed with the THE bemost Serenity. a 3

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### VILLE OF THE

# KING.

# The Fine LADY and the Looking Glass.

# A FABLE.

Great Prince!

HO are the Peoples Love, and dearest Hope? A rising Sun, whose early Dawn, and orient Glories, make France already taste the sweet Presages of most happy Times: To You I B

offer (and my Zeal entirely repofes in Your Goodness) these diverting
Tales Apollo himself dictated to me.
They are indeed Fables in Appearance,
but in reality the greatest Truths.
They are the Philosophy of Your innocent Age. Should Morality approach You, Sir, with serious Looks,
Language severe, and grave Deportment, she might offend You. It is
therefore but reasonable she should
deck her self in Smiles, and gain You
with a Thousand little Pleasantries.

In the following Work I've made her Gay and Airy. Another may, perhaps, do better, but till then, Great Prince, accept this sincere and loyal Offering of my poor Endeavours; if they produce the Fruit I wish, I shall esteem my self most Happy, and give Heaven all the Glory. The Duties of Kings are here traced out, under somewhat more than beautiful and smiling Images. Nay, I'll go farther, if this be not enough, one Day Your Example shall speak it more. However, do not neglect the other Points

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Points I have directed to all Men in general: Nothing relating to Mankind should You be a Stranger to. Great Kings are formed out of great Men. Strive them to make Your felf' a Man, and when that is done, the King with eafe will come to meet him. To make a Man is an Object truly great; to make a King far lefs. But to bring to Perfection this important Work in You, what Men are chosen to give You all Assistance! Truth offers her self to You, let it be Your constant Care to look upon her, admire and love her, and on her faithful Testimony lay the Foundation of all solid Virtues in Your Royal Heart. For when the Age of Instruction shall disappear, perhaps this same Truth may shew it self no more. This is a dreadful Word, but 'tis only what is usual. All Kings are flattered. O mighty Prince! now is the Time; think now to fence Your felf secure against all future Accidents. model more agreeable. All this fabra

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the Prople You & a Stranger w. NCE upon a Time there was a certain beautiful Lady (for I expresly make Choice of Beauty, which goes Hand in Hand with Majesty) This Lady fitting at her Toilet, her faithful Looking Glass, like a Friend, told her more Truths than One. You are charmingly beautiful (fays the Looking Glass) and I only do you Juflice in telling you fo. Nay, were one to examine Features you might almost vie with Venus her felf. I say almost, but you must correct (and a little Care will do it) some Faults I see in you, they are but small, Lown, mere Bagatelles; but they are notwithstanding of the highest Importance to all fine Ladies to amend. To what Use is all that Red? Ask me why you alrer those Graces Nature has bestowed on you? Soften a little those Looks; that Smile, were it less studied, would be much more agreeable. All this Advice the Lady approved of, and was resolved to follow just at the Instant when a great Crowd

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Crowd of Visitors came to see her. She arises to receive them, and leaves her Looking Glass. The Apartments eccho with her Praises, all sooth and flatter her; her false Complexion is most ravishing, so are her Looks, her Smiles, such Charms, and so many Graces, and nothing is wanting to form a perfect Beauty. In short, so much was said, that the poor Lady quite forgot the Advice of her faithful Mirror.

You plainly see, Great Prince, that the fine Lady is Your self, and the Looking Glass more than a common Counsellor, who by happy Instructions is so indefatigably careful to form for us a perfect King. Heaven bless the Work. Whenever Flatterers approach You, only remember the kind Advices of the Looking Glass.

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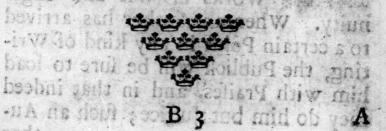
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# DISCOURSE

YOU plain! MO Scott Prince, that the fine Lady is Your felf.

# FABLE.

HE Publick, in my Opinion, do not understand their own Interest in Relation to Works of Wit and Ingenuity. When an Author has arrived to a certain Point in any kind of Writing, the Publick will be sure to load him with Praises, and in that indeed they do him but Justice; such an Author

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thor is not otherwise well paid. But they do not stop at bare Applause, and especially after the Death of an Author (for great Reputations are always Posthumous) they are not contented to raise him above all Writers that went before him, but they exclude before hand all those who shall come after him from the Honours which are their due. They loudly declare that no one will ever be able to arrive at his Perfection; and that those who shall artempt it must be looked upon as full of Rashness and Vanity, and are sure to receive a large Portion of Contempt for an Emulation which however formetimes might be happy in the Event.

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This Disposition of the Publick is indeed but too proper to terrify a happy Genius called by Nature to pursue the self same Cause: But who being discouraged by this imprudent Exclusion, desists from running that Race at the Goal of which he is sure to receive no Lawrel; he is forced to open new Ways where he cannot travel so happily, and it is the Publick, by thus fright

ning

ning him, which has deprived him of the Means of doing better.

However, if any Author prefumes to follow his own Bent or Inclination, and has the Courage to shew himself in any kind of Writing, in which another before him has already gained the general Approbation, the Publick, which ought only to be his Judge, make themselves in some Sort a Party: They think themselves then obliged not to disguise this exclusive Applause given to the former Writer, and by pronouncing him inimitable, they conclude before hand that the latter has done nothing

They rigorously compare the new Work with that which they are pleased to call its Model; where either they find the same Graces, and then it is looked upon only as a faint and timid Imitation; or else there appear different Beauties, but then they will not own that such Embellishments are equally proper to fuch kind of Writing, and therefore will have them pass for fomething odd, strange and extravagant,

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gant, and at last for very Faults and Blemishes. People will not give themselves Time to resect that there are many Beauties, which tho not alike, may not with standing be most agreeably disposed, and make, tho' not the same, as fine a Tissue.

I should be unwilling to have it thought that this Reflection is altoge-ther the Effects of Vanity, it might properly enough have been made in this Case, tho' I had omitted it. I do not pretend to be skreened from its Surprizes, but I only consider this Reflection in itself, without making any particular Application.

LA FONTAINE has made a Col-lection of the finest Fables of Antiquity, and wrote them in so simple, yet elegant a Stile, that he has entirely engrossed the Suffrages of all Mankind, and I am fatisfied will always have as

many Partifans as Readers.

I flatter my felf, that I am as sensi-bly touched with the Charms of that Author as any one; and his Merit (to the best of my Judgment) should rather Infomuch, that I should not have ventur'd to write Fables, had I believed a Person ought to be absolutely so excellent as himself to be suffered after him; but I thought that there were very honourable Stations, the lower than his; and I should be too happy could I obtain this moderate Approbation, which excusing me for wanting the Beauties of La Fontaine, might do me the Honour of owning what I have been so happy in, in relation to Original.

Nor, at the same Time, would it be any Thing more than Justice, in recompence of the Beauties I want, to allow me at least the Merit of Invention, which my Predecessor did not pro-

pole to himself?

It is true he has given the Fables of the Antients such delicate and agreeable Turns, and so New withal, that most commonly we do not know to whom we are most obliged, either the Inventor or Imitator. For the most part the Embellishments are so exquisitely n:

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fitely beautiful, that they entirely engage our Attention from regarding the Symetry and Proportion of the Body he so finely dresses up: But for all that, the Body is none of his. His Wit had only (if I may say so) but one single Thing to act on, and being of Consequence quite disengaged from the Care and Trouble of the chief and principal Invention, he entirely exhausted his sine Genius upon Ornament and Decoration, which in reality are no more than accessary Invention.

For my part (and that should intitle me to some Favour and Indulgence) I have proposed nothing but Truths entirely new. To Eight or Ten Ideas, which only are mine by Additions, or the moral Use I make of them, it was necessary for me to invent Fables to express the Truths I made choice of, in short, to be either entirely an Æsop or a La Fontaine; but as undoubtedly this was too much for me, so would it not be just to expect I should equal either of them; and the Publick ought to rest well satisfied, in my Opinion,

if I don't stray too far from either.
Now as in this Work I necessarily make a great many Reflections on Fable, and fince those Authors who have gained Reputation in this kind of writing, have however neglected to treat of it, I am perswaded I shall be thought to have some Inclination of communicating my Notions thereupon, which though they may not perhaps be exact, or profound enough, will at least give the Readers an Opportunity of thinking of them; and there are some People who need no other Master than Attention.

I shall therefore say something of Fable, as well in relation to the Invention of Facts and Images, as the Execution of the Delign, and the Ornaments which may be made Judgments that have been made on the most celebrated Authors in this ly this was too much for me, forthould





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### NATURE

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## FABLE

ABLE is nothing but Infiruction disguised under the Allegory of an Action. It is a small Epic Poem, which is no way inferior to a great one, but only in its smallness of Extent, and which being less constrained in the Choice of its Persons, may, according to its Humour, chuse in Nature, what

what it pleases to have acted and spoken for its Design; and may even make Actors on Necessity, that is, make Persons of every Thing it imagines.

According to this Notion, or Idea of Instruction disguised under the Allegory of an Action, Fable ought to please in all Times and Countries, as in effect it really has; for which there are Two natural Reasons. 1. Self Love is managed by Instruction; (this Reason regards at least those Fables which are addressed to particular Persons:) And, 2dly, The Mind is exercised and employed by Allegory: This Reason is absolutely general. A Treatife could not better be recommended to Men than by these Two Titles. They do not love Precepts that point directly to them. Too proud to be instructed by those Philosophers who seem to command what they teach, they are willing one should instruct them with Humility, and they would not be corrected at all, if they thought that to suffer Correction im-plyed Obedience: Tho otherwise the Mind

Mind has a certain Activity which must be satisfied. It loves to see a great many Things at once, and to distinguish between the Relations they have to each other; it pleases it self in this ready Penetration, which knows how to discover more than was reprefented at first View; and thus by perceiving what was hidden under a Veil, it fancies in some manner to have, as it were, formed and created what was thus concealed from it.

The Life we have of Æsop passes for fabulous, but for all that it is a good Fable in all Respects, and admirably proves what I have been ad-

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vancing mail paidem the diw months be the Effects of a happy Fancy and Imagination, in making the Inventer of Fable a Slave, and his Mafter a Philosopher. The Slave was to manage the Master's Pride; he dared not speak to him of some certain Truths but with Precaution; and the good Æsop had no other way to joyn Sincerity with his Design, and the Respect he owed

his Master, but by Apologue and Fable.

On the other Hand, his Master would not have acted like a Man, had he looked no farther than the Surface; he was from the Fictions of his Slave to extract those Instructions he had so ingeniously covered. He was to be pleased with the respectful Artisice of Asop, and forgive him the Lesson for the sake of his Address and Genius.

By this may plainly be seen what we Fabulists \*, and our Readers, are in Relation to each other. We are the Slaves, who are willing to instruct them without making them Angry; they are our intelligent Masters, who willingly receive the Truth, since we partly leave them the Honour of finding it out.

<sup>\*</sup> This Word, tho' it may feem new, was yet coined by LA FONTAINE.



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Works a Man may determine himself, the Falts being either agreeable or moving, and may only treat of them because there is a Necessity of doing so, without any View of covering over any useful Instruction. But it would be a Thing entirely monstrous and unnatural in Fable, to imagine it could subsist without a Design to instruct and improve. Its very Essence is symbolical, and consequently is to signify somewhat more than what it litterally imports.

This Truth ought to be most commonly a moral one; that is, useful and subservient to the Conduct of Human Life. Fable is nothing else but Philosophy in Disguise, which only makes it self Gay and Airy that it may instruct, and in reality, always so much the more is instructive, the more it is diverting and amusing.

A Train of Fictions conceived and ranged in such a Light, would compose a Treatise of Morality more preferrable, perhaps, than a Discourse the most methodical and direct. The

Vorks

Definition of Virtues and Vices is nothing more than a plain and simple Speculation which no way moves the Passions. We only dryly learn, that Liberality, for Example, keeps the middle Rank between Prodigality and Avarice, and we ardently imagine our selves Philosophers, because we know how to define Good and Evil.

Now Fable does not encumber it felf with this dogmatical Retinue; but in painting Vice and Virtue in their true and natural Colours, infpires in us an Aversion for the one, and an Inclination for the other, and makes us be sensible of our Duties, which undoubtedly is ever the best manner of knowing them. The Nonchast of Babiv

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Socrates had likewise a Design to present the World with a Course of Morality, enlivened with gay Examples, which were fo many Precepts, the Beauties of which supported (if I may fay fo) their Solidity. And this Delign was well worthy a Philosopher, which was called the Midwife of the Thoughts of others. For my Part, I should. icated

Should very willingly give the same Name to Fable, which is indeed the Midwife of our Sentiments and Reflections, since by those ingenious Images it presents us with, it expands in us that seminal Mass of Right and Justice which Nature has sown in us, and which we too often stifle by our Passions.

A Fabulist should disdain those trifling Truths which escape not the Vulgar and the most Stupid. It would be
a Thing very ridiculous indeed, to invent a Fable to prove that we are all
mortal: But it would be a very sensible one that should tell us, that Death
is almost always sudden, and unprovided to Persons of all Ages whatsoever.
And the Old Man that lived a Hundred Years, and complained that Death
seized him unawares, is to us a seasonable Memento, and tells us how imprudent we always act, as if we were never to submit to it.

I might range amongst these trisling Truths those which have been drest up in Fable, were they not happily represented ne

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fented under beautiful Images; it is true, this might be a Reason to touch them over again, and place them in their true Light; as for others, they by no means deserve our Consideration.

But there is no middle Road for an Author to travel in, he must either invent or improve: For to what Purpose would it be under the vain Pretence of some small Differences, to say over again what others have said before.

Those Heaps of Writings which only multiply Words, and not Things, are a Shame and Reproach to Learning, and the Publick will always pay with as just Contempt those empty Authors, who only rob them of their Time under the false and chimerical Notion of something entirely new.



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# FABLE

FTER one has made choice of a Truth, it is necessary to cover it over with Allegory, which should by no means be displayed either at the end or beginning of the Fable.

It is the very Business of Fable to beget Truth in the Mind of those who hear it; without this, Instruction would be be direct and open, contrary to the very Intention of Allegory, which is to veil and cover it. For Example, when Asor fold the People (who were rejoycing at the Wedding of a Tyrant) the Fable of the Frogs, that were struck with the utmost Consternation when they heard that the Sun was going to be married; if one Sun, faid they, fcorches us fo much now, how shall we be able to suffer the Heat of Ten or a Dozen Suns, his Children? This was without more ado, at once, to make the People sensible of the wife Judgment of the Frogs, and to correct a ridiculous Joy, founded on an Event which rather should have alarmed them with Apprehensions most frightful and amazing: But as for us who propose our Fables to Men of all Ranks and Conditions, we must make use of them after a quite different manner.

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For as we have to do with all Sorts of Readers, we might be too high for fome, whilst we are too plain for others, and of Consequence must find it at Thing impossible to proportion one's

one's felf all at once to every Body. We shall therefore act the most just Part in marking out the Fruits and Productions of Fable, and that enough too for those who are less penetrating, tho' at the Danger of doing too much for those who are more, and who for that very Reason will pardon such Superfluity.

But otherwise, as our Readers, for the generality, are not in the Circumstances pointed out by the Fables they read, their Interest does not sufficiently awaken their Attention, they are not enough determined to make an Application of the Image to themselves, and therefore there is undoubtedly a Necessity, by a clear and distinct Reslexion, to supply that which had escaped them by their Indisference.

All this, I think, more than enough proves, That the Moral is much better placed at the end than at the beginning of the Fable. If you put it at the Front, you ravish from your Readers the Pleasure of the Allegory; I can in that Case only judge of its Justice, but

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can by no means have the Honour of penetrating its Sense, and I am vexed that you did not imagine I had Capa-

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But on the contrary, if you reserve it for the Close, my Mind through the whole Fable has all the Exercise and Employment it is capable of, and I am pleased at the End of it to meet you where I shall think my self obliged to you in making me apprehend better than I thought I could.

LA FONTAINE begins the Fable of the Husbandman, the Lark and her young ones, with this Proverb, Mind no Bodies Business but your own: This Maxim was what Æsop designed to prove by this very Fable: Now after this Preparation, when the young Ones told their Dam, That the Husbandman had given Order to his Son to get their Friends or Relations to cut down all the Corn next Day, I see before hand, without any difficulty, what Answer the Lark will make to her young; and the Preliminary Maxim has already advertised me, That neither

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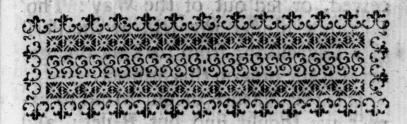
ther the Friends nor Relations of the Husbandman will come; whereas, had he referred it to the opening of the Fable, I should have had till then the pleasing Amusement of Suspension, or what is more agreeable, the Merit of foreseeing what must happen. The Wit of Man is jealous of all the Proofs it may give it felf of its Penetration, and it cannot, without some Uneasihess, fee it self deprived of such Occafions that may do it Honour. The grand Art is to manage it as much as possible, and then we may depend on its grateful Acknowledgments; it will esteem us sprightly and ingenious pro-portionably as it receives from us an Opportunity of being so it self.



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## IMAGES.

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under which one would cover a Truth, requires feveral Conditions. It must be Just, that is, without Equivocation, to fignify what we designed should be understood by it. It must be one, that is, the whole ought entirely to tend to one principal End. It must be natural, that is, founded on Nature, or at least upon Opinion.

These Conditions are taken from

These Conditions are taken from the very Nature of our Mind, which cannot endure to be embarrassed, de-

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ceived, or led out of the Way: Tho' I cannot hinder my felf, at the Peril of a Digression, from making one ge-

neral Reflexion on this Subject.

It is the Nature of our Mind to expect we should find out Rules; and these were not the Effect of Caprice or Chance, but were founded at first on the Experience of what had pleased, in expecting one should discover why the Things which had pleased should do so; a Discovery which confirms and establishes Rules with much greater Certainty than Experience; for Experience is faulty and defective, and as one does not sufficiently separate such particular Circumstances which have an Influence on the principal Effect, we are for that Reason too subject to be deceived in Relation to the Caufe, whether it be that we do not entirely comprehend it, or not prizing it according to its Value, or often taking one for another; whereas, the general Reason of the Agreement of Things, taken from the Relation they have to our Understanding, is a Principle as invainvariable as the very Nature of our Mind, and which puts us in a Condition of using ever with Ability particular Circumstances to the Advantage of the Design we propose to our selves.

An Image offends against Justice when it does not distinctly enough prefent us with a Truth. Æsop tells us that a Lion tore an Ox in pieces: A Robber comes and asks for his Slave, which was refused him. A Traveller, on the contrary, dared not come near him, and the Lion threw him half. Who would ever imagine that this is the Image of Moderation; and the Recompense it deserves? Does this Idea well agree with the Fright of the Traveller? I believe those who tack'd the Moral to this Fable, were not well pleased either with it or the Inventor, who gave them so much trouble to find out his Sense, and which has induced them, for want of a better, to give a Moral so ill represented by that Image.

An Image offends against Unity, when all the Lines do not reunite

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themselves at one certain Point of the Sight. Two Pidgeons loved one another like Brothers. One had a mind to travel, contrary to the Inclination and Advice of the other; he really did so, he met with a Thousand Dangers on the Road; the solitary Pidgeon, tho at home, suffered all the Danger he was afraid his dear Friend might undergo. At last our Traveller returns, after having escaped Death Twenty Times at least, and now behold both our Pidgeons entirely happy.

Now I cannot tell which is predominant in this Image, either the Danger of the Voyage, or the Restlessness occasioned by a Friend's Absence, or the Pleasure of his Return after so long and tedious a Separation, and I remain unsettled in the midst of such abundance of Ideas which I cannot reduce into one. If, on the contrary, the travelling Pidgeon had met with no Dangers, but soolish and insipid Pleasures at that distance from his Friend, and that he returned to him only through the anxious Desire he had

to see him, all would have terminated in this one Idea, That the Presence of a Friend is the sweetest, and most de-

lightful Pleasure in the World.

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An Image offends against Nature, when it bears no Conformity with the Ideas we have of Things. Lion was travelling in Company with the Heifer, the Goat, and the Sheep. They agreed to divide the Booty amongst themselves. They took a Harr, which the Lion divided in four Parts. and of which he took three Parts on the different Prerogatives he alledged, and threatned him who should dare to touch the Fourth. This Society is not natural. The Lion made an ill Choice of his Fellow Hunters. His three Companions could not be any wife ferviceable to him, and they were of too fearful a Nature to join themselves with a Hunter, whose Prey they themselves were.

But the following Image is yet much more faulty. A Lion falls in Love with a young Woman, he defires her in Marriage, and to obtain her, confents his

his Paws should be pared, and his Teeth pulled out; an Imprudence which coft him his Life. The Suppofition of this Amour is fo much the more ridiculous, because the Inventor lay under no manner of necessity of making it; for it is certain, that Necessity might justify in some fort, a rash Attempt, but here in this Case, far from being reduced to a Necessity of feigning so absurd a Prodigy to point out the Folly and Imprudence of Lovers, he might have made Choice of a Thoufand other Symbols that would as well have represented such Truth without contradicting of Nature. Nature will ever furnish us with a sufficient Number of just Allegories for the different Occasions of Morality, without being obliged to do her any Violence on that Account; and Art confifts in measuring its Fictions with Wit and Ingenuity.

I shall now, on the contrary, propose an Image which fully satisfies these three Conditions which I believe

are absolutely necessary.

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A young Mouse takes his Leave of his Mother to travel, and see the World. He does not go very far before a sudden Fright makes him return home. He tells his Mother, That he had met a Creature whose threatning Air had almost frightned him out of his Wits, and hindred him from becoming acquainted with another between whom and the Mice there seemed to be a strong Sympathy.

After this Picture which he drew of the Cock and Cat, his Mother difabuses him, and lets him know, That the Creature which had struck him with such panick Fear would never do any hurt to any Mouse alive, whereas, that other which he was so much delighted with, was their invererate

and irreconcileable Enemy.

This Image is just; for what else can it signify but that one must not judge People by their outside? It has Unity, for all the Circumstances are subordinate to the salse Judgment of the young Mouse. It is natural; the Characters of every Animal being exactly

actly drawn. In short, it is in all respects the Model of a true Fable, and its very Simplicity gives it new Merit

and Advantage.

I have hinted above, That it was fufficient that an Image was founded on Opinion; and I must here add, that it must be on fuch Opinions as have been received. The Fabulous in this Refpect has all the Advantages of Truth. A Fabulist will be never reproached with the melodious Airs of the dying Swan, provided he knows how to make a good Use of them. There is no body believes the Fact, but every body knows it was once believed; and it is another Species of Fact which pleases the Learned; as long as in relation to them, and others, the celebrated Reputation of fuch Opinion fupplies the Place of Reality, and acquires it selfall the Privileges of the Truth of Symbol, and pure Comparison.



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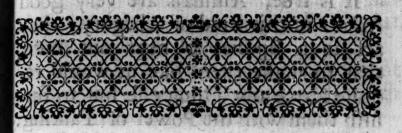
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## FABLE

N relation to the Actors of Fable, it is certain, Animals at first present themselves to our View: They even appear to some People to be the only Personages essential to it, or at least sufficiently qualified for it, and the only Word, Fable, awakens in them the Idea of Animals endowed with Speech.

Actors in this kind of Allegory; they act in a Species so near our own, that to make them like us would require scarce any Thing else but to surnish them with the Power of Talking. Every Thing they do carries with it such an Air of Understanding, that it has in all Times been judged that they had Knowledge. Nothing but bold intrepid Cartesianism could make it a Matter of Dispute; but it is, perhaps, a depraved Way of Reasoning that could dare to make them meer Machines, or pieces of Clock Work.

Asor therefore did very well to take the Resemblance, and make Morality be played by such Actors that were so proper for that Purpose. As for our part, we own we have a great Disposition of making use of Fiction on this

mean to fome People 1. Sajdue

When the Actions of Animals are very true, the Sentiments and Discourse we give them appears to us so too. We think, almost, we have nothing else to do but translate their Language,

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guage, and that we only want to understand it to verify every Day what they are made to fay in all two to no

But I must beg leave here to prevent a Chicane made hereupon, and which

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When Asop published the Fable of the Crab, which reprimanded her Daughter for not going frait, and to whom her Daughter made this Anfwer, Go Strait your self and I'll imitate you; People did not tell him that the Fable was ill chosen of counselling a Mother to give her Daughter a good Example a and shat the Comparison was not just, fince a Mother of our Species gould change her Conduct, whereas the Mother Crab could not move firsit. People did not then press the Comparison after this manner, they concented themselves with the shift-Aspect of the Resemblance they faw of the two Mothers is in the

However, some People have been pleased to make as frivolous Objections against me; but they ought to know, that we give the Proprieties of Animals,

mals, though necessary and unchangeable, for the Image and Representation of our Inclinations the most free; and that they have no manner of Right to reproach us with the Comparison, provided we only make it on that side where there is a Similitude or Resemblance.

But though Animals may be Actors never so proper and convenient in Fable, they are, however, not the only ones that have Right thereto. Let us without the least scruple, make use of those which Æsop has transmitted to us. Let us introduce, if we like them, Gods, Genii, and Men; make Plants and Animals speak; make Persons of Vices and Virtues; and animate, as we have Occasion for them, every Species of Beings. So that, if there is a Necessity for it, the Spring may complain against its Stream; the File laugh at the Serpent; the Earthen and Iron Pot discourse with each other, and fwim in one another's Company.

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Those Actors that are least made use of, and the most extravagant, become natural, and ever deserve the Preserence of others, since they are the most proper, either through Justice, or their Analogy to represent the Truth we would discover. Besides this, Diversity gives us Room and Opportunity to vary our Images, and to lead the Imagination from Objects to Objects while the Mind proceeds from one Truth to another.



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### FABLE.

imagined his Fable, has furnished himself with his Actors, he has then nothing more to do but in its Execution to bestow upon it all the Graces it is capable of, and to enrich and embellish it with all the Particulars and Sentiments the Foundation can bear: For there

be ruined in the Hands of those who do not understand how to manage it, or neglect to give it its best and most

advantagious Figure.

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The same Justice which Necessity required should preside over the principal Invention, must with a curious Attention take an uncommon Care to range every Part in proper Order, that the whole may become entirely new. in that Measure and Proportion we It is not enough would render it. that every Part be in its place, it must be with that Proportion and Beauty as are agreeable to it, in relation to the whole; and nothing else but this continued Care of Particulars can give any Work a constant Merit and Reputation; or, if one may use the Expression, an ever blooming Beauty.

The predominant Thought borrows almost always its Effect from the accessfary Thoughts which accompany it, and will altogether compose that fine Set of Furniture which we call, Force, Beauty, Elegance, and which

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by an ill Choice are likewife the Source and Fountain of contrary Faults

and Blemilhes.

The Familiar is the general Tone, Stile, or Language of Fable. As Animals were the first Actors, it was believed they had sufficient Education for that Employ, by having bestowed on them our Language the the most ordinary; and People thought themselves obliged to make them speak as simply as they acted. When other Persons accidentally came in, the manner of Speech was already taken; People were willing to keep it up, and even the Gods themselves, in spight of their Majesty, where forced to follow in this Case the general Rule.

And in reality there was a great deal of Reason for maintaining Fable after this manner. The familiar Stile is much more proper for Insinuation than the elevated: The latter is the Language of Meditation and Study, the former the natural Language of the Thoughts. We stand upon our Guard against the one; we never think of de-

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fending our selves against the other; and Instruction will always exercise her Power on us with so much the more Certainty the less jealous she appears. A composed and formal Garb and Air does greater Prejudice than Service to her Regal Government and Authority.

But this familiar Language required in Fable does by no means exclude its proper Elegance, and notwithstanding the easy Air which gives it its Character, its Beauties are perhaps more difficult to find out than those of the elevated: This by a great deal is not so liable to offend as the other.

We perceive Things much better in a Language remote from the vulgar Language, than we do in it, if one has made a happy Choice for the Occasion one uses it in; and yet it is on this happy Choice all the Charms of the Familiar likewise depend. Elevated Expressions impose upon and seduce us, the they are not the best chosen, whereas the Familiar cannot gain any Relspect but through Justice and a happy Application.

Let

Let therefore the Author of Fables be very attentive to the Choice of his Expressions and his Turns; that under the pretence of Familiarity he never suffer any Thing careless or insipid; let him propose to himself through the whole a plain and simple Elegance, and let him work after that manner as if what he says might seem to have cost him nothing.

And thus the familiar Stile of Fable has different Degrees, according to the Subjects it treats of, and the Perfons it employs. It may even happen that the Subject may absolutely resist such Stile, and in that Case one must be a little Rich and Magnisicent in Expression: For after all, every Thing must be decided by Convenience and Agreeableness, to which Art, as to their proper ludges, submits her Pules

Together with this constant Choice of an ingenious familiar Stile, let us carefully endeavour to animate and enliven our Tales with what is most merry and agreeable, and to find out the Art of engaging the Mind to the lowest

Ob-

Objects, not by rich and stately Ornaments, but only by pleasant and amu-

fing Representations.

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One Species of the merry Stile in Fable, is to transfer to Animals those extrinsical Denominations we make use of one to another, as Gossip Crow, Goodwife Hawk, his roaning Majesty, &c. this playing with Words finely managed is very sertile and extensive.

And as I apply to Animals these Human Denominations, solin like manner do I give them all that belongs thereto. Their Species is a Commonwealth, an Assembly of many, a Diet, a Convention, a Senate, having their different Instincts, Regulations, Laws, An ingenious Masquerade Decrees. which does not tend to conceal them from our Knowledge, but only in them, the better to represent and shew us to our felves, and which prefents all at once to the Imagination, both the Animal and the Man played under the same Character.

odT'

Another Species of the Merry is fometimes to apply the greatest Comparisons to the smallest Things. Besides, that kind of Burlesque, or Travestie, under which may be couched the pretended Sublime, there is yet a certain kind of philosophical Gaiety in reproaching that which we most admire with that which appears the most contemptible; and in making us perceive at one View the strictest Analogy between the Little and the Great. As for Example.

Deux Coqs vivoient en Paix
Une Poule survint
Et voila la guerre allumee
Amour, tu perdis Troy!

Two Cocks, both Friends, together liv'd in Peace;

Came by a Pullet with a charming Air, Friendship no more, a bloody Fray ensues.

O Love, thou ruin'st Troy!

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The Author seems to look on these two Events with the same Eye; I see, with him, the essential Parity of the two Facts; and I laugh at the salse Grandeur I before applied to one of them.

Many Occasions of the agreeable Stile will likewise offer themselves: and Descriptions especially are its ordinary Employ. One should never be wanting to throw out these in Fables as much as the Subject can allow of them, but always with this Caution, not to let one's felf be so much carried away with the pleasure of describing, as to make the Description run into a perfect Digression. That which is the finest of this kind is, when the Description is the very Fact it self, as in the Fables of the Bramble and the Oak, and that of Boreas and the Reflexions are Prewile

But it is not enough to make use of the common and reigning Descriptions which less able Authors have been no Strangers to; a Genius ought to have recourse to others which he may intersperse

speise through the whole; he may, as he goes along, pourtray every Thing that offers it self to him, and very frequently one fingle Epithet: well thosen is a short Description, the Beauties of which are fo much the more lively and engaging the less they are attended; and which without delaying us in the -least; leceps usi (if I may fay fo) Comaparty in the Action we are willing to wanting to throw out thefe inwellers

To If have not confounded the Merry with the Agreeable, which very often laie taken one for the other, it is begaufe (as lothink) one should make Mome difference between them : The Mein receives its Character by its Opposition to the ferious and forrowful, whereas the Agreeable opposes it Melfitosthat which is difagreeable and and that of Boreagnishoone

Reflexions are likewise very great Ornaments to Fable; but they ought by no means to take an imperious Tone, burbe as natural in their Expuessions, as brought in naiturally by the Subject.
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Certaine Fille, un peu trop siere,
Pretendoit avoir un Mari.
Jeune, bien fait & beau, d'agreable
Manier,
Point froid & point jaloux notez ces deux
points ci.

A certain Girl somewhat too haughty grown,
Would have a Husband of her own.
Young, beautiful, well shap'd, agreeable:

Not Cold nor Jealous: These Two Points mark well.

This Reflexion, for it is one, tho' it be not displayed at its full length, and the Author only made it in telling us we should make it one; this Reflexion, I say, pleases by its natural Turn, for far from being forced, entirely ingenious as it is, it almost necessarily arises out of the Fact; and those Two Conditions the Girl required, present of themselves to ones Mind the Oppoposition they have to each other.

F Add

Add to this, that such rapid Reflexions, resembling (if I may dare to speak poetically) those Nymphs who ran over the Ears of Corn without bending of them, gives no Torture in the Narration; and one might say, that instead of being interrupted thereby, it rather becomes more easy and lively; these kinds of Touches throw Sense and Solidity into a Fable; and without doing any manner of Prejudice or Injury to the whole and essential Truth, display other supernumerary Truths which the Reader is very well pleased to gather up by the way; an Acquisition so much the more agreeable the less it was expected.

I would wish an Author of Fable no more, unless it be this, viz. That he be faithful to his Sentiment, and point it out with that Plainness and Simplicity that gives it its Character. For I dare make a Distinction between the Natural and the Simple. The Natural includes an Idea more undeterminate, and in general is opposite to what is forced and far setched; whereas the

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Sim-

Simple is peculiar to Reflexion, and

belongs only to Sentiment.

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The Sublime, according to this Idea, may be simple. The Answer of old Horatius to the Question put to him in relation to the Conduct of his Son; What would you have had him done against Three? Have died. This Answer, I say, is simple, for it is a plain down-right naked Expression of the Sentiment of that Roman who preferred the Death of his Son to Shame and Ignominy. He does not precisely answer what was asked him; he only spoke what he thought.

But in the following Verse, Re-

flexion fucceeds Simplicity.

Ou q'un beau désespoir alors le secourût.

Or that a fine Despair then gave him Aid.

In these Words he reasons, in the former he only gives his Sentiment.

The Occasions of the Simple are perhaps most frequent in Fable, and F 2 one

[ 52 ]

one of the chief Encomiums of LA FONTAINE is, that he never wanted them.

In the Fable of the Milk Pot, the Discourse he puts into the Mouth of the Milk Maid, is a Master Piece of Plainness and Simplicity, and is the more singularly and remarkably so, because under the Appearance of the most common way of Reasoning, the Sentiments shew themselves with all their Force and Energy, or to speak better, in all its Luxuriancy.

But in the following Verte, Re-



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# IMITATION.

most certain, that it is not by a too close and servile Imitation of a Writer one shall be able to arrive to the Perfection of orderly ranging these Beauties. One must only be careful to imitate Nature; an Imitation which only makes Originals, but is quite different from that which most Authors lay upon themselves. When an Author is resolved to write on any Subject, he studies those who have excelled therein, and that which

he unhappily calls studying, is nothing but observing, and imprinting in his Memory, their Phrases, their Expressions, and their Turns; this is to give a Stile an Attention purely grammatical, without considering that this Stile is a certain Choice, and a certain Order of Ideas, a necessary Consequence of the manner in which the Writer perceived and thought of Things.

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He would have done much better to have thought on the Character of the Mind that produced this Choice, and this Ranging of Words, than on the very Choice and Ranging of them, which offer'd themselves, on the like Occasions, to any one who thought as the Author did, who makes use of

A good Taste is not acquired by these servile Remarks, and mere Trisles, it must be formed by reading the best Writers, as Politeness is learn'd by conversing with Persons of Rank and Quality. No body in this Case proposes precisely to imitate the Carriage of any particular Person; those

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those who have done so never arrived at any Thing but a ridiculous and clownish Affectation: But by the Force of beholding with Satisfaction and Pleasure with what nice Behaviour and Deportment polite and well bred Men approach each other, one may arrive at that general Politeness, which is nothing but a quick and ready Sentiment of Civilities, and which every one differently makes use of, according to his Humour and personal Character.

There is nothing more dangerous than to defire to be what one is not, and it very often happens, that in such a Case a Man is neither he that he would be, nor himself. He strips himself of his proper Character, which being judiciously managed, might perhaps have had its Beauties, and he does not know how to put on the strange Character which he has looked upon, and is not made for him.

My Sentiment then is this, That when any one desires to write in any kind, he must form to himself a just

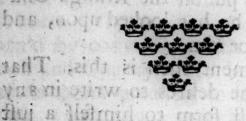
Idea of the different Beauties it necesfarily requires, to habituate himself to think on them, and be perfectly acquainted with them, to exercise the Bent or Inclination of his Genius therein, and then without any View of particular Imitation let himself be drawn on to his Subject; in a Word, to write copiously with good Taste and Thought without captivating his Genius to any body.

This in general is what I have said relating to Fable. I could descend to be more particular, but it is sit to leave the Reader somewhat to do; to make this Treatise a complete one must be

owing to his Reflexion.

Idea

It only remains now, that I speak something of the most celebrated Writers of Fables (Fabulists) and I shall begin with the Inventor of it.



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# E S O P.

Title, and without examining whether there were others before him, it is sufficient to know, that he made of this Art a very ingenious Use, insomuch, that he had the good Fortune to have every Thing of his Predecessors forgot, and that the best Things that ever were penned in this kind go under his Name.

Those who have transmitted down to us his Life, are pleased to exaggerate the Form of his Body. We learn the Spirit of Fable from what these Authors have written of him; and

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perhaps they have given him such a monstrous Body, only to make him, with the Beauty of his Wit, and the Uprightness of his Heart, the greatest

Contraste in the World.

To follow the Idea which his Works give us, it is certain that he composed his Fables according as those Occasions offered. He was an allegorical Cenfor, who presenting to every one his proper Image, gave him an Opportunity of thinking what the other did not expressly say. Content to enclose the Lesson in the Image, he lest his Audience the Pleasure of finding it out.

He studied, in all Appearance in Animals, that which every one of them had peculiar to themselves, that he might form as many Symbols as he afterwards employed according to the

Circumstances of Things.

He is so true and faithful to Nature in most of his Fables, that I dare not impute to him those that are sorced and extravagant. These are perhaps some ill Presents which some have made

## [ 59 ]

made him out of a design of doing him Honour; but these liberal Persons did not reslect that they impoverished him out of a desire of making him richer than he was.

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He is, through all his Works, Precise to an excess, ever neglecting the Occasions of Description, running rather than walking to the Fact, and knowing no middle between the Necessary and the Useful. In a Word, I see in Asop a Philosopher who stoops himself down that he may be within the Reach and Comprehension of the most Plain and Simple, and taking Things on their right side, I see in him a modest Genius, who did not make his Inventions with a design to give them Embellishment and Decoration.



Comms In A so the Taffe of Table



### tions of Description, running rather PH. E.D. R.U.S. and the Unfal. In a Word, I fee in

Jusceph Philosopher who thook him HEDRUS was a Slave as well as Æsop. He was made Free before him, but he had the Advantage of Education, which Æsop wanted. He had great Care taken of him in his Youth, whereas Æsop, to all Appearance, had no Master but his own good In Æsop the Tafte of Fable Genius. was a Gift of Nature, in PHEDRUS it was the Fruit of an Emulation of Ho-PHEDRUS would be the Æsop nour. of the LATINS, as VIRGIL would be the Homer, Terence the Menan-DER, and HORACE the PINDAR.

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Asop feems to have had his own Reputation less in view than the Profit of others; he does not speak one Word of himself. The Suffrages of Posterity are nothing to him, and his Fables have swelled into a Book only. because those who came after him took the pains to collect them.

PHADRUS, on the contrary, intended to make a Volume. One fees in his Compositions a continued care of Elegance; and though he is plain and easy, he is for all that never the less polished, nor has less of Number. Asor, as I said, was a Philosopher.

PHÆDRUS an Author.

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Being uneasy at the Reception his Works met with, he complains of the Injustice of Envy, and marks out himfelf what Portion of Reputation was his due. Some pretended to asperse him, by faying he did nothing else but copy Æsop; upon which he affures them that he invented more than he took, Others accused him of having spoiled the Original; he boasts that he has brought it to the highest Perfecti-

on; and if at any Time malicious Criticism lays any Obstacle to his Reputation, he fortifies himself with a stoical Patience, waiting the return of Peoples Praises, of which he seems not to

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make any manner of doubt.

Prejudice in favour of the Ancients is very antient it self. Of this there were timely Complaints, and Phanks tells us it prevailed in his Time. The Sculptors used to put the Names of Praxiteles and Phidias to their Statues, to make their Works valuable, which would not have been so good, had they not been thought to be the

Labour of these great Masters.

He makes use, he says, of the same Stratagem, to put the Jealousy of those of his Time to a loss, and he supported with the Name of Æsop several Things which were never borrowed from him, on purpose to draw from them that Respect of which antient Names had been long in Possession. But it is very shameful for us to give into those Notions, and that our Judgments be determined by Things so mean and trivial.

Phæ

PHEDRUS does not make his Fables of much extent, but take him altogether, he is prolix in comparison of Æsop. His Brevity is however very florid. He paints them out with fuitable Epithets, and his close Descriptions very often are compriz'd in one Word; nor does he omit to embellish his Works with fuch Beauties that were entirely unknown to the Inventor; Beauties however necessary to Fable, the end of which is Instruction.

One reads over indeed a dry Allegory which is void of Dress and Ornament, but one thinks of it no more. and the Instruction it, contains quickly escapes: Whereas particular Beauties often call it back to the Reader's Remembrance, and the Impression of its Foundation renews it self every Time it is perused.

PHEDRUS was not afraid with his Fables to interweave a History of his Time. He knew very well that Fable did not confift absolutely in Fiction, but in a Collection of Circumstances which concurred together to make

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one Truth understood. The History it self then became an Allegory, People did not take it for a real Fact, but only as an Image, and as the Occasion of an important Reflexion.

I can only reproach PHEDRUS for having put the Moral at the beginning of his Fables, and fometimes one that is too remote, and which does not

distinctly arise from the Allegory.

Let us, however, do him the Justice he deserves. He set off with a great deal of Art the Simplicity of Æsop. He engages with a pleasant and delightful Elegance, which he always contains within the Bounds of his Subject. But according to the Ideas which I have given of Things, I find in him more Politeness than Genius, and less of the Merry than the Agreeable, and more of the Natural than the Simple.





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# Beauty of his Maxims lent on purpose of the unit of the Gon the for and made Product the trans.

ted by his Physician.

Place, if not for the Merit of his Fables, at least for their Fame and Renown; and as he is an Inventor, we must not have that Esteem for him as for those who have been guided by Models: However, the Merit of Invention makes always amends for a great many Faults.

He governed Indostan a long while under a mighty Emperor; he was nevertheless a Slave, for the chief Ministers of those Monarchs are no less so than the meanest of their Subjects. And thus we see always Slavery con-

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firmed in the Honour of begetting

Pilear, in his Fables, lock'd up all his Politicks; it was a Book of the State and Discipline of Indostan. A King of Persia charmed with the Beauty of his Maxims, sent on purpose to gather up this Treasure upon the spot, and made Pilear be transfated by his Physician.

The Arabians have also done him the Honour of Translation; and he remains in Possession of all the Suffra-

ges of the Eaft.

However, I would rather quote him as an Example of Blemishes than a Model of Beauties. His Fables, very often, have neither Justice, Unity, nor Nature; he makes some of them contradict others, and sometimes they contradict themselves. He makes his Animals speak such long and serious Things, and withal so rational, that one looses sight of them in their Discourse; and there is often somewhat worse in their Actions which are not the similitude of any of ours, but strictly our own.

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Besides, his Fables are not distinct and separate enough; he crowds up one within another: The Actors of a Fable tell News which yet is again interrupted by other Matters; and the Collection of his Fictions is an extravagant Romance of Brutes, Men, and Genii, composed after his Way, as Cyrus and the banished Men, where the Adventures grow upon you every Moment, which always look'd to me an Art very importunate.

In short, excepting some Places, where Piepay appears to me ingenious and folid, I find him in all other Respects, at first View, very childish and ferious, diffused and dry, useless in relation to Instruction, though lawish and prodigal of Morality, the Reason of which is because, besides the Contradictions which destroy it, he does not support it for the generality with Allegories sufficiently just.

that would fuce ed him in his way, to the necessity eige contion, for of treating of the Good bjects: I fay treating,

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elides, his Falsles are not dulin



# and Genii, composed after his Warras

Moment, which always look'd to

A FONTAINE is our Esop, Phadrus, and Pil-Pay. He made Choice of what he found best in all Three, and having moreover enriched himself with whatever he could elsewhere collect of such like Allegories, he compiled that large Collection of Fables which has done such Honour to French Poesy. What he has left us to glean after him is scarce worth the while, and he has reduced all Authors that would succeed him in his way, to the necessity either of Invention, or of treating of the same Subjects: I say treating,

treating, not to make them better, for alas! who could hope to do so? It would be Time entirely lost. Let him undertake the Task who will; for my part, I have rather chosen the Toil of Invention, as frightful as it first appeared to be, but which I dare no longer to believe so difficult, since I have accomplished it.

LA FONTAINE had been long accused of too much Narration in his Tales, which in respect of the manner, have as much Conformity to Fables as they have Opposition in respect to their Foundation and Morality; but it appears by his Fables as if he had a mind to restore that to Morality which he took away by his Tales and the had a mind to restore that to Morality which he took

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He was a Man of Thought, of a Plainness agreeable and engaging, rather simple than modest; for Modesty supposes some Reslexion, and he acted, spoke, and writ nothing but from the Abundance of his Heart.

But as much an Original as he is in his way, he was notwithstanding an Admirer of the Antients, even to Prejudice, judice, as if they had been his Models.

Brevity, fays he, is the Soul of Fable, and it is needless to give the Reason why, it is enough that Quintilian says fave rather c

10.

Pursuant to this ingenious Admiration he believed himself to be much inferiour to PHEDRUS; but one of the greatest \* Men of our Age has told us, this ought not to be drawn into Confequence; and that LA FONTAINE thus yielded to PHEDRUS in nothing but Self-conceit: A pleasant but solid Expression, and which sirmly ipour trays the Character of a fuperiour Genius who was ignorant of it, for no other Reason, but because it did not look on it felf attentively enough ways

s The Publick more just in his Favour than himself, gives him (against himfelf) the Preference. In reality he has collected in his Stile all Sorts of Beauties. In geverya Line hone sperceives what is most Say and Airylin the But as much an Original as he is in

his way, he was notwithstanding an -91 \* Monfeiro FORTENELLE. onli 10 renimo A.

indice.

Merry, what most Attractive in the Agreeable. He makes the Familiar elegant and new by an ingenious Use he knows how to make of it; and to the whole adds the Freedom and Easiness of the Natural with all the Poignancy of the Simple. has ; yisirs V gall

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I would reproach him with nothing, but that he did not always know when to end where he ought. For Example, the Fable of the Milk Pot, which ought to have ended at the spilling the Milk, but to which he adds the cold Circumstances of the Milk Woman's being beaten by her Husband, and then related the Adventure called the Milk Furns, which I always manage, 10.109-

I would now premise somewhat to the Publick in relation to this present Work; but it does not belong to me to teach them what Opinion they ought to entertain of my Fables; on the contrary, it is their Judgment will teach me what I ought to think of them my felf. I shall therefore only premife well as odious, and fince agaidTeowTs

at prefeat do me the Honour to be my Friends:

I have embellished (or at least I have precended to do so) a great many of my Fables with Prologues. I believed by thus interrupting the continuity of Narrations, I should by this Method intersperse my Treatise with an amusing Variety; and that the Reader may pass with Pleasure from plain Recitals to Research prosound withal.

I have, however, in these Prologues endeavoured to give a certain Air and Gaiety to what I instance as most Serious; and if I soar a little, it is on account of the Sense, and without doing the least Prejudice or Injury to the familiar Turns, which I always manage, to preserve through the whole Work the

fame Air and Tone.

I fomerimes speak of Homer with a little freedom, but not at all with any Intention to raise new Disputes, or revive antient Quarrels. Such a Design would appear to me very ridiculous, since the Subject is quite exhausted, as well as odious, and since my Adversaries at present do me the Honour to be my Friends;

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Friends; but yet I believe, without breaking the publick Peace, one should always speak plainly what one thinks, and disguise ones Opinion so much the less, the more one is uncapable to preserbe it as a Rule.

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I doubt not but my illustrious Criticks will be the first to pass by my Gaieties on Homer. They know very well that Diversity of Sentiment is the Soul of Life, and the very Seasoning of Friendship, as I mention it in my Fables. In a Word, I do not wish or desire from the Publick a greater Indulgence for my Faults than I dare hope from them.

However, I expect Criticks of all Kinds. The familiar Turns which I frequently make use of will give them too great Occasion for Censure; I shall subscribe to it with all my Heart in those Places where I shall deserve it; but I know that even in those Points, wherein I shall be most happy, I shall however not be able to avoid its Injustice.

## [74]

For as the Shades which in this way of Writing distinguish the Familiar from the Low are not sufficiently determined, and 'tis only a delicate and experienced Sight can discover them; Ignorance easily confounds them, Prejudice looks on them as after the manner it will look on them, and Insincerity qualifies them as it pleases.

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## COURT FABLES.

BOOK I.

FABLE I.

To Monseigneur the Duke of OR-LEANS, Regent of the Kingdom.



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OUR Royal Highness, I know, fears nothing but being praised, and I must own, I love to praise Heroess How then shall we agree? I can scarce contain my self.

Let me say what I will, I know the great Man I am now speaking to, is the most Mo-H 2 dest. dest in the World; what Method shall I then make choice of to entertain him with a recital of his glorious Deeds? His Words, his very Actions have their Charms. I know I shall make him uneasy, but then Reason makes Answer, that he is on that very Account so much the more worthy of our Praises.

And here I must entreat your Royal Highness to call to mind your younger Years, a Time when we ferved our Apprenticeships, I that of an Author, and you that of Heroes. Apollo kindly fooked on me and fmiled to fee how I ranged my Words, while Mars instructed you in the great Art of War; under these great Masters we were disciplin'd, I in Discourse, but you in Actions. Sulli at that Time entertained you, white Campra pleased you with his Airs, and I thought my felf most Happy in furnishing him with the Words. But as foon as you faw your Name at the Front, a noble Red flushed in your Face. Praise even then feemed almost to affront you. I reprefented that you ought to submit to the publick Applause; and that when one knows how to do well, one must let the World fay so: In short, Sir, no one can be a Hero with Impunity. This is an incontestable Maxim, nor can you, I know, disallow it. And

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And fince a Thousand Virtues have made you yet more worthy of our Praise, and I am capable better than ever to pay this Tribute; I dare to make use of these Advantages, and with Pleasure sing aloud and celebrate those glorious Talents you are Master of, your high Wisdom and renowned Exploits - But here you interrupt me, and command my Silence; and why, Great Prince, do you thus enjoyn. me? But you will have it so and I must obey. though is it just to force me to oblige you in this Respect without thanking me? Well, what will you have? I'll tell you Sir, Apollo has distated to me a Hundred Fables, which I dedicate to the young King, and I am told they will be useful; to make themmore agreeable I think there should be a Hundred Copper Plates \*. They are, remember Sir, for LEWIS, and therefore must be beautiful: What will they cost? Two Thousand Crowns: A very slender Reward for not praising you, and o'my Conscience I shall loose by it; but I plainly see I must do every Thing to be at Peace with you. red greater Force and Vigour.

<sup>\*</sup> The first French Edition was in a fine Quarto with beautiful Cuts. H 3 AND

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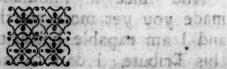
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of our Praise.



ND now will your Royal Highness. fee a Specimen of my Tales and Morals. Once upon a Time there was an Eaglet, an Orphan of the Royal Race, who was to support the Glory of a mighty Name. A Thousand Eyes were turned on him, a Thousand Tongues bid him grow, and wished a few Years might hasten on his glorious Destiny, You are the King of Birds; to you it belongs to give either Peace or War. Jupiter reckons you amongst those who eat at his Table, and you must bear his Thunder \*.

But that you may arrive at this, some generous Wing must guide you to the Skies. Fly swiftly up, and with intrepid Eye look stedfastly on the Sun. This Discourse enflamed him, and he tried his tender Wings. His Eyes yet trembling turned themselves towards Phabus. To ask more would be to abuse him, he must stay till he has required greater Force and Vigour.

Some

<sup>\*</sup> The Eagle was Jupiter's Bird, and carried his Thunder Bolts, as the Poets feigned.

### [79]

Some Time after he sees an Eagle tow'ring in the Air, almost lost in the vast Expanse, and who with siem intrepid Looks
sustained the radiant Glories of the Day.
At this Object the Eaglet took fresh Courage, and immediately making magnanimous Essorts, as a bold Rival of the Eagle,
soars up and attains the same Perfections.
Thus Reading may begin but 'tis Example
must accomplish all.

Your Royal Highness sees already who is this soaring Eaglet; tell me what Eagle 'tis

I here describe.

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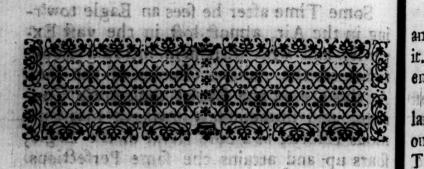
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#### Thus Reading may begin but his Example The PELICAN and the SPIDER.

#### FABLE

EASTS have their University ties; their Graduates, Doctors, B and Licentiates, ranged in their Goog Order, with their Hoods and Furs, and for general Instruction make Harangues and Declamations; every one preaches Morality according to his own System, and every Species is Judge of some Point of Doctrine; for which Reason Asses themselves have taken here their Doctor's Degree. A doughty Philosopher in this Class not long fince received his Cap.

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SOCRATES \* studied in this University, and took his Place accordingly, and became it. The Phrygian † Slave went through an entire Course.

LA FONTAINE, the worthy Heir of this last Sage, made here a large Commentary on his Works, and embellished them with a Turn, Beautiful tho' Plain, Sublime and yet Familiar, Solid but Merry and Agreeable. But such a Copist may well be stiled an Inventor.

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I likewise have passed my Course, and taken my Degrees in this same University. I am indeed but a new Dostor, and consequently not of so great Credit; however, bentertain Mankind with Things entirely new. Yes, Gentlemen, it is for your sakes this is done. We may all of us, whoever we are, find something here to correct our Faults, and from Disciples of Animals learn to become Men.

the at the Expense of any Davis, who exher-

Ens years and blustalative

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enterline for and Argebra of the Colors maneral test of the

<sup>\*</sup> Socrates was a Philosopher of Greece, and was believed to have composed Fables.

<sup>†</sup> Æsop, who past the greatest part of his Life in Slavery.



Tree: Providence had bestowed on him a numerous lifue, whom he took care to feed, and like a tender Parent delighted in doing fo. One Day he was so unfortunate as to return home without any Food for his Young, and the whole Nest cried for Hunger. In this Calamity, what alas! what can the Pather Bird now do? He does not hesitate, but generously plunges his Beak into his own Breast, and feeds his hungry little Ones with his Blood.

dam Arachne \* his Neighbour, a stender legged Lady, looking thro' her Window. I feed my Children, replies the Pelican, tho' at the Expence of my Days, who otherwise would pine away and die. Thou silly old sashioned Fool, says the Spider, And

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<sup>\*</sup> Arachne was excellent in making Tapistry, and imagined she could out-do Minerva at that Art, and had even the Rashness to challenge that Goddess. Minerva excelled her, and Arachne in Despair hanged her self, whom Minerva afterwards changed into a Spider.

why will you pay so dear for this ridiculous Tenderness? Would it not be much better to have no Issue at all, than thus to die for the vain Satisfaction of leaving Children behind you? You shall never catch me at such Fooleries. You see I have a whole Nation, and all my own Children; I am delivered of Four Hundred at a Birth †, and I shall devour them all if God spares my Life; my Table will always be well covered as long as the Brats live; and I shall munch them up as fast as they come.

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The Pelican shuddered at this dreadful Language, and almost fancied he saw the Sun run back, as once it did at such an Entertainment \*. Peace, says he, thou detestable Step-Mother, Nature is assonished at thy monstrous Appetite, devourthy Children! horrid! I tell thee Wretch, Death is infinitely more welcome to me, since I've thus saved my little Infants, than Life

would be in your Circumstances.

<sup>†</sup> The Spider devours its young, she brings forth at one Time Eight Hundred, according to the Observation of Monsieur de Reaumur of the Academy of Sciences.

<sup>\*</sup> The Poets feign that the Sun ran back, when at a Feast Atreus entertained Thyestes, who to revenge himilf caused his Son to be served up for one of the Dishes.

yed not liter to be

why will you pay to dear for this ridiculous underness? Work to be much better to have no liftee at 2000 an thus to die for the wain Satisfaction of the ving Children be-ING S and Rulers of the World, we hisare your Children, choose now whether you would be Spiders or Pelicans! Codrue \* faved his People at the Expence of his own Life, and Nere & fet Rome on Fire for his Pleafure Which of these Two Princes have you a defire to imitate ? To hefitate would be to choose mos vall as file

\* Codrus was King of Athens. He caused himself to be killed in Battle, basing been told by the Oracle, That his Army should never conquer till after his Death.

The Polican huddered at this dreadful

† Nero fet Rome on Fire through a Motive of pure Curiofity, more naturally to reprefent the Flames of Troy.

ministry more welcome to me, fince we

thus saved my little lutents,

would be in your Circumstances. Statistication of the 

The Spider devolution of the brings forth at one Time Light Hundred, 65.65 fing to the Observation of the xienas do Renament of secondary of Sciences.

\* The Poets sient that the Sun van back, when at at

leaft Atreus entertained. Threshes, who to receme himer caused his Son to be served up for one of the Diffees.

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what, you fay nothing? Are you afraid to be troubleforce and imperment at the more, faye Tip para Akela and Tof Gravity. Slidikins, a wife Head this, fays the

#### FABLELL

who was refolved to have with his prittle prattle, for you must know he was full of the good Woman. Away he runs to the Bird Man's scarce had he entered the Room but he was agreeably entertained with an infinite Variety of beautiful Feathers and delightful Songs. There was a great Number of Nightingales, Larks, Linaets, Gold Finches, Canary Birds, and abundance of Parrots. The worst of sides was very ingenious, and could talk prettily, call for a Cup of Sack, and

and a Quaker a Quaker a Cur; one would Cough, and another run over all the City Cries.

But while our good Man was doubting with himself which to choose, he perceived one that said nothing, squatting down upon a Table; Ah! says he, Mr. Unsociable, what, you fay nothing? Are you afraid to be troublesome and impertinent? I think the more, fays the Parrot like a Bird of Gravity. Slidikins, a wife Head this, fays the Buyer. Well, Mr. - what is the Price? So much. There, take it. I thank you, Sir, you are very Wellcome.

Away hies the Man home with his Bird, and promised himself Wonders, but, alas! notwithstanding all his Care, and continual Instructions, all that he could get from the wife Parrot (and that too only once a Month) was, I think the more. The Devil break thy Neck, fays he, thou art a meer Fool, and I am a Thousand Times more for passing my Judgment on thee for speaking

one Word only.



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#### The Fox and the CAT.

#### FABLE IV.

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o make Animals speak, was not the chief Art of Æsop. In his Fables he discovers to us their several Appetites and Inclinations, with their unequal Instincts. And indeed in such like Relations one must always keep faithfully up to Nature; One must not make the Wolf marry with the Sheep, nor Philomela \* warble out her Song after she has hatched her young.

<sup>\*</sup> Philomela was the Name of a Princes, who after great Misfortunes was changed into a Nightingale, and the Poets have continued to give this Name to that Bird.

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And as we say of a Picture, if the Pourtrait resembles the Original, that it is the Person himself in all Things but in Speech; so in our choice of Animals, we must take particular Care so to express their respective Altions, that the Reader may say, 'tis he himself I think, and if he does not speak I think I see him.

For Fable will have nothing in it forced and extravagant; for Example, I own I am pleased with Reynard, who said, the ripe Grapes were sowr and sit only for the Black Guard, when he could not reach them; but then he salls short of his natural Grace in the Affair of the Head \* without Brains. His Expression, I own, was excellent, but another ought to have made it.

And will you never be in the wrong? No doubt I shall, but then my Satyre will fall on my own Head, and it may justly be applied to me. It must not be imagined I can write without Faults, it would be ridiculous to think so; who would turn Author

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<sup>\*</sup> The Fable of the Fox that came into a Carrer's Shop.



HE Fox and the Cat were travelling together, and to shorten the tediousness of their Journey entertained themselves with many a moral Discourse. O! what a fine Thing it is to do good, and act upon Principles of true Honour and Conscience! Well, this Justice is an excellent Virtue, What do you think my Dear? O! no doubt of it, Coufin, answers the Fox, I'm charmed with it. I would not hurt any Thing in the World, God knows my Heart, I would not tread on a Worm. And thus they went on, and in their Turns extolled the Excellence of their found Morality, when all of a sudden Sir Martin Wolf (a Person of an antient Family, and a great Hunter) rushed hastily out of the Wood, and falling in upon a Flock of Sheep, whips away one of them, and devours him in an instant in spite of his Prayers and Tears.

Ah! Cousin Reynard, cries the Cat, what a villanious Act is this, how unjust? how cruel? What makes him devour so greedily that harmless innocent Creature, that never did Harm to any Soul in his Life? Why could not this treacherous Glut-

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or have dined upon some Shrub or another, or have been contented with his Belly-full of Acorns? I'm sure such Diet is not only innocent but much more wholesome.

Barbarous to the last Degree! says the Fox, I never saw the like in my Life. What has that poor Sheep done to loose his Life after this manner, and come to such an untimely End? Could not this rapacious Devil of a Wolf live by his Industry, like a good Christian, tho' he may be of never so good a Family, rather than spill innocent Blood? For my part, dear Cousin, I wonder at some People; I thank Heaven I never was so much left to my self as to be guilty of such Wickedness, I'm sure I would rather die sirst. Ay! my Dear, and so would I too, 'tis a burning Shame. And—Here a Milk White Pullet step'd grace-

Here a Milk White Pullet step'd gracefully out of a Farmer's Yard into the Road, which Sight so surprized our grave Doctor Reynard, that (to shew he could practise Morality as well as teach it) he seized on the poor Innocent and eats her up, just at the same Moment as the conscientious Cat was satisfying her Hunger with a little

ring

plump Rat that ran out of the Barn.

Bless me! and crossed her self, says Madamoiselle La Spider, who lived hard by, and saw all that passed from her Web. What's here

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here to do? And made the same judicious Reflections as they had on the Wolf, when a poor unguarded Fly fell into her Snare, and underwent the same Missortune.



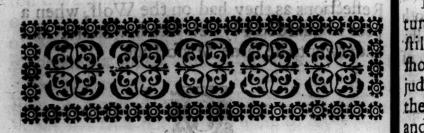
I ENCH we may learn. That we too often condemn others for those very Faults, which, when Opportunity offers, we our selves readily commit.

Apology) There was a Physical Calendre, Apology) There was a Physical Color was and that is vant (a br. Color was color) and acceptainly, that he plainly, that he die in one Day.

† Balen was a famous Physician in the froma Century, auchofe Method of Prastice most Physicians follow,

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### The Astrological Doctor.

#### FABLE V.

Apology) There was a Physician who was (and that is worse) an Astrologer, who cast the Nativity of Colin his Servant (a brisk, fresh, vigorous, young Fellow) and according to his Scheme, found plainly, that he and his Man should both die in one Day.

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<sup>†</sup> Galen was a famous Physician in the second Century, whose Method of Practice most Physicians follow.

He calculated it a Hundred Times, and tumbled over many a learned Folio, and still their Destiny was the same; he scarce should live an Hour after his Colin. Now judge you, if Colin's Health was not dear to the Doctor. He was always with him, and never let him stir a step out of his sight. How is it Child? How fares thy Health? May Heaven long continue it to you. Nay, he would see him eat, and silled out his Wine for him; and if he slept ill he was sure to give him betimes in the Morning an Anodyne Clyster.

By this exact Regimen the learned Doctor did so much to poor Colin, that partly by Diet, partly through Vexation, the Flower of his Youth and Vigour withered away. At last the poor meagre Boy was attacked by a slight Cholick, the Doctor opens a Vein, a Fever ensues, then he must be vomited; his Malady redoubles on a sudden, and he grows Light-headed, and through too much

Care poor Colin is in his Grave.

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The Doctor is alarmed, his Blood freezes in his Veins, he has but one Hour longer to breathe, he fends for the Attorney and makes his Will; in short, the fatal Hour passes away, then a whole Day and Night; nay, a whole Week, and still the Doctor lives. Experience, at last, opens his Eyes, and he

#### [ 94 ]

he abjures the Doctrine both of Cardan \* and Hippocrates to being convinced that both Arts are founded on Error and Folly. Happy for him to be cured at once both of Physick and Astrology. will die sysvis sow of and

never let him flir a then out of his \* Cardan was a Physician that ran mad with Aftrology, the bis Predictions very often deceived him. † Commonly called the Prince of Phylicians.

led out his Wine for him; and if he flept ill

he was fure to give him becimes in the Morning an Anodyne Clyfter. By this exalt Regimen the learned Doctor did so much to poor Colin, that partly by



his Wills in faort, the fatel Hour paties avay, then a whole from and Might; nav. whole, Week, and All the Doftor, lives.

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## ill-natur'd Things, who, form their own Punishmen I an Xho Ton Mi ad Thang there appear Works Divine, the mining Merit of which will give them sufficient

#### PRIME FILVE BLE PARECEIVE

TAND Reader, and give the Word, tell me true, are you a Party, or do you envy what is Good? Or, if by chance it should so happen to me to prefent you with something new, lively, and ingenious, are you not resolved before hand to find fault with it, and fay 'tis bad, because you will fay fo? William of Si

If this be the Case, I dispense with you, and you may go on, I don't write for you; go, give your haughty Censures on Corneille, Boileau, Racine, or La Fontaine. These are Writers worth exercifing your excellent Talent on, for my part, I am not worth your

[ 96 ]

your while, you would gain but very little in humbling me. I would, could I choose, have fuch an equitable Reader, who in his Centure would not take notice of what in effect is despicable; who would blame me when I deserve it, and when he finds any Thing that is good read it with pleafure; fuch a fociable Reader I admire, but for those ill-natur'd Things, who form their own Punishment from the Talents of others, may there appear Works Divine, the thining Merit of which will give them fufficient pain: From me they would at most receive but a small share of Chagrin.

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v chance it TATURE is very fertile every where, Country of the new World, where a Thoufand Species of Birds unknown to us inhabit, there is One most beautifully feathered, but to unfortunate as not to fing, his whole Talent confifts to imitate the Notes of

as (entire your haughty Centures on Caradas as (entire raid, si dad a roll rashor range), rashor range are foon as Aurers rifes in the East, is still atlute Your

lute the orient Day. The beautiful Railer tires them with his luscious Quavering, no one escapes him, he imicares them all in their Turns, From one he cakes a Cadence, from another a false Treble: He changes the moving Notes of an amorous Complaint into Sounds of an infipid Sorrow, and fprightly Warblings into an impertinent Whistle, In short, every Thing that he counterfeits carries an Aid with it of Ignorance and Imperfection.

But while he was thus, by his critical Eccho, treating these Choristers with Contempt, one amongst them steps up to him, and in the Name of the rest, said to him, Very well, Sir, we know our Songs are imperfect, but let us have a Specimen of

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Ale sa he lay on the Gro. suroy could give to the a Stable, Devil, with all my Soul, that ungriteful Mafter my hard Destiny has allotted marrie 1 1 done him? And Company and I will Day A must be seed on Stuff to Town, run from See To Door, and after wards, at my returns one must carry his flum 4 ysQx Dung to Field, or bring my Load of Fag, gots from the Farreft, ever employed, and continuelly on the Hoof. lute the orient Days of the ness Mil Kailer



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Whistle, in their every Thing that he counterfeits or grees An sed Th it of Ignorance and Interfection.

# But while he was thus by his critical archo. IIV g A L B A Ath Contempt, one among he trend to bim,

and in the Name of the reft, faid to him,

net am I born? said a certain
net am I born? said a certain
As as he lay on the Ground in
a Stable, I could give to the
Devil, with all my Soul, that
ungrateful Master my hard Destiny has allotted me. How many Services have I done
him? And how many Injuries must I still
undergo? A long while before it is Break of
Day I must trot, carry Garden Stuss to
Town, run from Door to Door, and afterwards, at my return home must carry his
Dung to Field, or bring my Load of Faggots from the Forrest, ever employed, and
continually on the Hoos.

When Sunday comes, or a Holiday, I carry him to Church or the Fair, with his Margery on my Crupper, and perhaps Molly and Tommy each in a Pannier. His curfed Monkey jumps upon my Head, and if I go a little out of the way for a morfel of Thiftle, or fo, I am fure to be rubbed down with an oaken Towel in an inflant, while Pug, that capering Jack-a-napes, lives free and eafy without thought or care, tumbling, and shewing his Backside, taring every Thing to pieces, dines at the Table, and is commended for every Folly he commits: Plague take this cruel Master, and may God confound him!

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Patience, good Friend, says an Ox of profound Judgment that lay next him, contain your self, Cursing is a mortal Sin. The Master the Fates have allotted you is no worse than another, for know, that in this lower World a Bussoon is more valued by great Men than an useful Servant.



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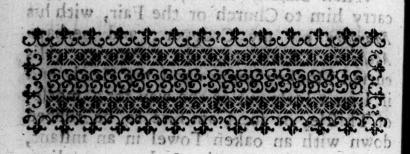
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# The CAT and the BAT.

while Pug, that capering Jack-a napes, lives

## every Folly he commens:

ET us take all the Care we can to feign nothing in vain. Truth ought to rife out of Fable, What fignifies a Story without any Defign in it? It is nothing but an idle Heap of useless Words jumbled together, for which a Man should be corrected. However, all Truths notwithstanding do not please. A Thing that is common and insipid, the never so true, is of no manner of Advantage.

What fignifies it to tell me a long impertinent Tale, in order to prove to me, that Two and Two make Four? Or that we must

#### [ 101 ]

must all Die? All this I knew before. By this Method no one learns any Thing. For my part, I am for Truths more refined, that may be acknowledged as such by every body, and which notwithstanding may make us wonder. Such Truths, the Seeds of which every Mind has in it self, which we do not cultivate, but are surprized to find them so when we think of them.

Leave off then your Fictions, perhaps, now may a difficult Critick say to me, Do you think you are capable of giving us any Instruction? No, indeed Sir, I do not pretend it, you are too knowing already; but there are Readers of an inferior Rank, and those Fictions which do not instruct you, may, notwithstanding, be instructive to them. We must let every body live,

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A CAT, the greatest Glutton that ever was born, knowing no Friend to dear to her as her own Belly, seized one Day on a Linnet, and without having any regard to her Song, strangled her, and eat her up. The Cat and the Linnet, you must know, lived under the same Roof, and had K3

the same Master. Scarce was the Murder of the poor Bird perceived, but the whole House was in an Uproar, every one vowed the Death of the Traytor, and not a Soul but what would have been glad to be the

Executioner.

The Affaffin heard all, and trembled for his Skin. Vows, we know, are the Children of Fear, and Puss accordingly made one. Oh! could he but only escape this Danger, he would endure patiently the rudest Attacks of the most violent Hunger; as for Birds, he renounced them for ever, and would not eat one to save his Life. He calls the Gods to witness, and begs their Grace; and as if it had been an effect of his Devotion, the Master forgot his Rage, and in a little Time grew calm and quiet.

Our grave Piece of Formality having thus escaped the Storm, about two Days after met with a Bat, and seized upon her. What shall he do now? He remembred the Solemnity of his Vow, which counselled him to act with Discretion, and let his Prisoner go, but his craving Stomach had other Sentiments. This was a nice Point, and there arose many Dissipulties, however, the Cat very judiciously decides it. As you are a Bird, says he, I'll have nothing to say to you, but as you are a Mouse, I eat you up.

#### [ 103]

Can Heaven be angry at this? No, by no means, fays this good Apostle to himself.

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GARDINER.



one after this manner? So you think now (and prithee speak freely) that I am in my right Place? What is the matter that I may the have the same Respect and Treatment and Treatment.

#### [ 404 ]

Can Heaven be augry at this? No, by no means, fays this good Apolitic to himfelt.

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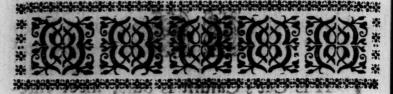
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The BRIER and should be the GARDINER.

an Argument. That which we forbid as

#### FABLE IX.

A Y S the Brier, one Day to the Gardiner, Hark ye me bonest John, one Word with you for Heavens sake, What is it I have done to you, that you should use me after this manner? Do you think now (and prithee speak freely) that I am in my

(and prithee speak freely) that I am in my right Place? What is the matter that I must not have the same Respect and Treatment

#### [ 105 ]

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ment as the other Fruit Trees here my Sisters? O'my Conscience, John, you don't use me with common Civility. No Christian Soul alive would bear this.

Why now, what fignifies it for me to fland staring up in a Hedge, as if I had nothing elfe to do but (marry come up) to be a Porter to your Enclosure? No, no, prichee put me into your Garden; for I thank my Stars, tho' I fay it, that should not fay it, I have as good Blood in my Veins as any finical Plant of em all, though they hold their Notes to high. Do as I bid you, if you have any regard to the Interest of your felf and Family. You'll never know what Advantage it will be to you, only try for once, and I solemnly promise you on my Word and Honour, as I hope to be faved (and I would not tell a Fib for the World) you'll gain by it \_\_\_ But what fignifies talking, But slas! thele pricebow Words and

Befides, I require the least Attendance of any Plant alive; why, Man, thou hast not thing to do but to water me now and then, and cover me a little from the North Wind, or so, and t'll engage to reward your Cane with Fruits of most excellent and delicious Flavour; and then for Flowers, your Roses and Lillies must not pretend to go beyond me. I could say a great deal more, if Modesty

delty would permit me, but I hate to praise my felf, only make the Experiment, and I am well fatisfied in a little Time you'll come and tell me that my Words bear no Proportion with my Actions.

In these Terms the Pride and Self-Love of a useles Plant exhaled, and poor John was for filly as to give entire Credit to every Syllable, for you must understand in those Times, when Plants could fpeak, Gardiners

were not fo cunning as they are now.

Well, the Brier was transplanted, and fpread outlagainst a Wall, and watted three or four Times a Day at leaft, for John was big with Expectation of mighty Things, and therefore would not truft to the Dew; in fhort, the favourite Brier was the Gardiner's only care; and indeed, the was as good as her Word, for the grew to a Miracle, spreading wide her Root and Branches.

But alas! these prickly Branches were Defiruction to the neighbouring Plants, every Thing within their reach withered away, Fruits and Pot Herbs expired, and the gayest Flowers drooped, and hung down their Heads and died. Poor John was then convinced of his Folly, and would never afterwards give credit to any Plant whatfoever on her own bare Word. flum seilli I bus

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HENCE we may learn, Never to hearken to those who commend themselves, and boast of their own Excellency and Perfection. Such People are but too frequent. In Words they do Miracles: Let them alone they spoil every Thing.

he APES.

#### FABLE X.

and the production of value of value of value of value of value and effect of value of value and effect of value and effect of value and effect for those who are our Governors, and from whom we receive our Laws.

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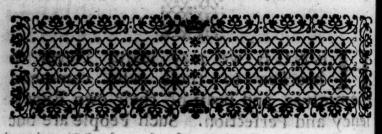
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too frequent. In Words they do Miracles: Let them alone they fooil every Thing.

#### The APES.

#### FABLE X.

Of the control of them a King, and they were refolved Merit and the chart who deserved most should wear the Crown: And indeed, in this they acted prudently, for Dependance grows uneasy when we have no manner of value and esteem for those who are our Governors, and from whom we receive our Laws.

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The Diet, or Convention, was held in the open Fields, where every one shewed Feats of his Ability, they leaped, danced, and caper'd; for the Scepter, as I told you before, was to be adjudged to the Ape of greatest Merit. Now you must know, that there hung an Apple on a pretty high Branch, and he amongst them that could be so nimble as to snatch it away was to mount the Throne.

Throne, avisido bus ve sial and the Hopes of Glory, prompt Mortals to? The Signal being given, the boldest advanced and jump'd, but to no purpose, they only shook the Fruit; one came short of the Bough, and another over shot it, and grasping only the

Air retired in Discontent.

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The Contention was long, but after many and many a fruitles Essay, and when the Fruit (the Branch having been severely shaken) was ready to fall where the Wind plew it, there came up two Pretenders who had not wer made any Attempt, one of whom was very nimble, the other a little heavy; they both started together, and the Fruit, by chance, fell just into the Mouth of the last. The nimble Ape was disappointed, all his Address availed him nothing, and he might value himself on his Perfections as long as he pleased.

#### [ 110 ]

The foolish Senate smiled, and loudly declared, He that had the Apple was their King, and to him only would they pay their Allegiance; Long Live the King was a Thousand Times repeated, and their filly Shoutings and Huzza's even pierced the Clouds.

O'my Conscience this is very comical, a very pleasant Decision truly, says a venerable old Ape that fate by and observed every Thing, and finiled. How foolish and ridiculous are we? But this comes of our fo closely imitating Men: WE JUDGE BY EVENTS. the Fruit sone came hort of the Bough, and



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OME Authors who have written the Historical Collections of the Kingdom of the Apes, have varied in the Relation of this Election. For my part, I am in doubt what side to take, but in either Case the Moral is absolutely good.

Some Authors will have it, that the old venerable Ape being weakned with Age, fat down at the Root of the Tree, and being an Animal of much Knowledge and Experience in the Affairs of the World, and forefeeing,

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that after the Branch had been so much shaken the Fruit would speedily fall off, very dexterously catched it as it fell, and that the People for his good Sense and Address accordingly adjudged him the Sovereignty. INDEED NO ONE IS A KING BUT BY WISDOM.

BAGS of LORIUNE



FABILE XI.

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# The BAGS of FORTUNE. FABLE XI.

A B.L. E., in my Opinion, is a delicious Morfel, which, besides the Moral it has an indispensable Necessity to lead us to at the Conclusion, very often encloses another Truth, the whole being understood without breach of Unity.

To let us wander about through fertile Vales, and gather in our Progress Fruits and Flowers, is a Task only of an able Genius, and the Fabulist's Master-piece. Be as good as your Word and give me what you promise. In an elegant Stile furnish Morality to the last.

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#### [ 113 ]

Happy! O Happy! that fertile, that luxuriant Fable, that informs me of something before it has told its all! Far, far then from hence ye cold and languid Performances, ye frozen Tales, where the unhappy. Author deals out nothing to us but a dry and wretched Abundance, where we grow tired before we reach the Moral. The Reader will not buy Fruit too dear.

This Advice certainly is very good, be it spoken without Vanity. But have I always followed it? I'm not so vain to think so; for we speak better than we know how to do.

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A M A N is never well when he wouldbe better. There was a certain Man
who being discontented with his own Condition, cast his Eyes on the happy State and
Fortunes of other Men. He continually
bewailed his own Wretchedness, and every
Day was plaguing the Gods with his importunate Complaints.

On a Sun-shiny Day Jupiter took him up into Heaven, and led him into his Cabinet of Rarities, where amongst other Things were sealed up by the Destinies in a vast num-

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ber :

ber of Bags that were ranged by each other in good Order, all the Estates and Condi-

tions of Human Life: blos and se eroleo guidi

Look there, fays Jupiter, thy Fate is in thy own Power, we will content a Man once in his Life. It is true, thou art not worthy of this, thy impious Murmurings rather deferve my utmost Rage than Benefits; however, as Heaven does not weigh with the same Ballance as wretched Mortals do below, we will pass it over. Here are all the States and Conditions of Men, weigh them well, and chuse thy Fortune. But to regulate thy Choice know, that those that are the happiest weigh the least.

Ten Thousand Thanks to my good Lord Jupiter, says the Man, since it is so, let us be Happy; with that he began to lift the first Bag, which was the Bag of Government and Sovereign Power, and covered, with a pompous Show and glittering Outside, the most cruel Cares. Soh! says the Man, this Bag is bloody heavy, it makes me sweat, what Mortal can carry this confounded Load? No, no, lye still there for me, I'll have nothing to say to you I'll promise you,

and fo proceeded to the fecond.

Now this was the Bag of Great Men in Authority, as Statesmen, Privy Counsellors and Judges, &c. This contained continual

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Labour and Toil, and racking of the Brains. and profound Thinking, a reftless Defire of growing Greater, and dreadful Fears and Apprehensions of being difgraced, and good Counsels baffled by meer Chance and Hazard. Thrice wretched those, says our good Man, that are in love with thee and thy heaviness, Heaven keep me ever from thee, and take thee they that will.

He still went on, and listed a Thousand and Thousand more, but he found them all too heavy; these were crammed full of ill Looks and fad Complaints, and those with unbounded vast Desires, others with Envy. lealousies, and Fears, and some few with Satiety of Pleasures. Ye Gods ! and is there then no easy Condition to be had? says our discontented Seeker. But why do I complain now I think on it? What I have already does not weigh near fo heavy as this. The inco how

It would weigh much less, fays Jupiter, if he that enjoys it was not ignorant of what it is: It is this Ignorance only that gives it weight. I am not fuch a Foot neither as that comes to; let me keep what I have, l'entreat your Divinity, fays the Man. Well, be it so, says Jupiter, 'tis your own fill. Farewel, and learn henceforward ne-

ver to complain of your Condition, about all

#### [ 116 ]

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# The Two Lizard S.

# the flandemore, but he found them all too heavill X is a B L E of it

I would along the River side, Two Lizards (fworn Friends) were basking in the Sun. My Dear, says one to the other, How mean and contemptible is our Condition! Is there any Thing like it in the World! For my part, I think we are the unhappiest Mortals alive. Indeed we breathe (and we may make the most of it) but that's all; scarce any Body knows us. No Rank, no Distinction. Thrice cursed Destiny, that gave me no other Fate than to crawl and creep about the World like a Worm!

Besides, as People say, there are in other Countries (beyond Sea) Lizards of prodigious gious Size, Grocodiles \* I think they call them, had I been born one of them 'twould have been something like, I might then have had my share of Honour and Respect. I would then have brought up the old Fashion, when Mankind received their Laws from the River Nile: Then should I have been adored in Clouds of Income like a Pagede for, and have preserved the Dignity of my high Rank and Station.

My dear Friend, fays the other Lizard, what is the Canfe lof all your Uneafines? Why do you thus complain? Do you count is nothing tolline at Liberty, free from Care and Trouble? The Air, the whole Country, the Water, the Sun, are all our own, bet us therefore enjoy them, nothing need thouble us here! But you will fly, Mande fpiles us, and what them ? Don't we know how to repay that proud Animal as he deferves the let us despile him too rise!

O! you have a very mean Soul, replies the ambitious Lizard. Notino, my obline ways of Living makes me diffracted; liwould naturally the Eyes of the whole

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<sup>\*</sup> The Crocodile is shaped like a Lizard, and was in old Times adored in Ægypt. Some of them, as Travellers report, are Forty Feet in length.

An Idol adored in the Indies.

World, and be gazed at and admired. Ah! how I envy the Stag with his haughty Mien, and those threatning Horns that strike us with such Terror and Amazement. How often have I seen that happy Creature look himself in this clear River, admiring his various Beauties, while I for meer Spite and Rage have been ready to drown my self! And then

The discontented Lizard was going on, but was interrupted by the Noise of the Hounds and Hunters, and the poor Stag wearied with the Chace fell down just before them a Victim to the Dogs, and in Tears expired. At the loud Noise of the Horn which founded his Funeral, the whole Company came in, but neither Men nor Hounds took any Notice of the Lizards, while the proud Beast had his Entrails delivered to the hungry Hounds, and Rockwood, Spring, and Joller with their Companions devoured their Prey.

As foon as this bloody Adventure was over, Well, my Dear, fays the wife Lizard, What think you now? Have you a mind to be a Stag? Alas! fays the convinced Fool, who would have thought it? Well, happy, for ever happy, be a private Life. We are little Folks 'tis true, but then our

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#### The Ox and the MAGGOT.

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# bes FABLE XIII.

HAT is Man? Aristotle tells us, He is a rational Animal. For my part, I can by no means acquiesce in this Definition of the Philosopher. We must give of him a deeper Definition. He is then an Animal foolish, proud, and miserable.

Every Man is pleased with his own Nothingness, and grows big in his own Fancy and Imagination. This thinks himself a Giant when he is not a Foot and half High. Aristotle then has not hit upon our right Name. Pride and Littleness mixed together. This is all the Composition, I think, which Man is made up with. And is this then what we call Reason? But be that as it will,

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I present you with your true Resemblance. For every Man almost is in effect a Maggot.



Onseigneur the Ox was weary of living in the Country, and left Accorgan for Paris. Monsieur te Maggot, the flender est Creature living, who had a great defire to see the World, took hold of this Opportunity, and very dexterously takes his Place upon one of the Horns of the Ox.

Scarce had he taken his Lodgings, but he began to pity the poor Ox, and judged by his mournful Air that he thought him felf over-burdened with his Charge. But no matter, he was resolved to continue his Journey; for alas! without this favourable Opportunity, how could our young Traveller satisfy his Curiosity? For the Ox would supply him with every Thing, he would be both Carriage and Inn, Bed and Supper, and it was absolutely necessary, as Times were to give the Ox this Fatigue.

They therefore fee out on their Journey. They travelled through many a Forest, and over many a Plain, when the Ox stop dand took Breath, Lord, fays the Maggot, he

is very uneasy, what Pain I give him! And if by chance, through the violent Heat of the Season (for it was in the Dog Days) the Ox made the Woods eccho with his Bellowings, our Atom upon the Horn farugged himself up through a compassionate Vanity to make himself the lighter. And for fear of making the Ox too lean he only took a slender Repast. Come, come, says he to himself, 'tis good to be Merry and Wife, as the faying is, Soft and Fair goes far. I must eat fo as my Provision may last out; I should not weaken him too much; he will not then be able to perform his Journey.

However, at last they arrived at Paris! Monfieur le Magget coming safe and sound to his Journey's end, humbly begged pardon of the Ox for having tired him as he believed. Who is that there above that fpeaks to me, fays the Ox with a hoarfe Voice? 'Tis I, fays the Maggot. Pray who are you? Look here, fays the Maggot, and thews himfelf. 'Tis very well Friend, fays the Ox, but who a Devil knew you were

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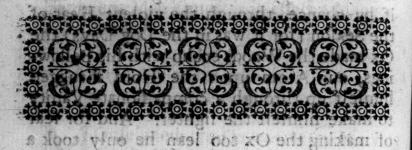
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I shall leave the Fable just naked as it is, fince fomething greater than a Maggot may fee himself in it. Whoever grows big in his own Opinion believes himself Something when he is Nothing one straining with one gain to the se



## Jupiter's LOTTERY.

#### FABLE XIV.

had a great Mind to please (if possible) Mankind his Servants, and accordingly, in a solemn Proclamation by Mercury, pub-

be able to perform his

lishes a large Lottery, abounding with Benefits of all kinds. Every Ticket was black, but then every Ticket was a Prize, and you were not obliged to give Six # Com. for prompt Payment, for you must know there are no Stock-jobbers in Heaven.

The highest Prizes were Pleasures, Riches, Honours, Government and Empire, but the great Prize of all was Wisdom; the greatest Number were made up of Hopes at least, of attaining what one desires.

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The Price of these Tickets were Sacrifices, and Altars the Shops where they were to be bought, Jupiter received all that came, Goats, Sheep, Heifers, Pigeons; nay, even little Cakes and farthing Pyes, and some brought nothing but their Vows; but Japiter, who loved Mankind as his own Children, and judged Men by their Intentions, would not have the most miserable Wretch excluded the Benefit of his gracious Lottery.

But I forgot to tell you every God had leave to put in, which foon filled the Lot-When the Time of drawing came the Tickets were thrown into the Wheel and turned about to fome Purpose. Well fays the Son of SATURN ", let CHANCE appear, I'll have her draw it, for being Blind there can be no manner of suspicion of Par-

tiality.

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CHANCE accordingly drew, and Mercury book'd down the Prizes, their Names and Numbers. Horas came out of the Wheel by Millions, and now and then between these would appear some of the high Prizes, as Fortunate Lovers, Riches, and Kings. but very feldom true Friends, for there

<sup>\*</sup> Jupiter was one of the Sons of Saturn.

were the fewest of that Sort in the Wheel.

At last comes the great Prize, called Wisdom, No. One Thousand—— That's mine, says Minerva. At this the Gods grew joyful all of a sudden, and all Heaven rung with Acclamations: While on the contrary with Man, there was nothing but Murmurings, Vexation, and Sorrow. This is very pretty truly, Jupiter has shewn himself a fine Father of a Family, not a bit of Partiality, but he can contrive we see to give the great Prize to his own Daughter \*. P'shaw said others, a Bite, a Bite, Jupiter has tricked us all, that's certain.

Now to quiet and punish this impious Infolence, what Method do you think good Jupiter invented? Why, instead of Wishom he gave Mankind Folly, and that pleased them full as well. There were heard no more Murmurings and Complaints of Injustice, For the greatest Fool in the World believes himself wifer than his Neighbour.

<sup>\*</sup> Minerva awas born from Jupiter's Brain, and called the Goddes of Wisdom.



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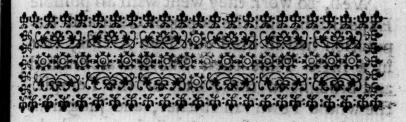
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## The Two STATUES.

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#### FABLE XV.

Times, the People were resoluted in the Statue of Pala ved to set up the Statue of Pala ved to set up the Statue of Pala ved to set up the Top of a magnisiwork the whole City contributed, and the Two Phidias's \* were pitched upon to make each of them one, and he that made the best was to have the Price, which was no small one. The People were to judge. One only was to have the Money, and consequently the Honour, and the other nothing.

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Well,

<sup>\*</sup> Phidias was an excellent Sculptor of Greece, and made the Statue of Jupites Olympus, which was reckened one of the Wonders of the World.

Well, to work they went with all possible Expedition, and the hopes of Gain and Reputation had so fired our Two Artists, that in a little Time their Work was finished and brought to the Porch of the Temple; the whole Town ran thither, and Judgment was soon given for one of them, and the other treated with Contempt. Well, this was a beautiful-Piece, it had a Thousand Graces; how soft and delicate were the Lines and Features, the Limbs round and lively; nothing could possibly come up to it, and Criticism it self (and that you'll say is much) could find no fault with it.

The other Statue was nothing but a rough, hapeless, piece of Marble, nothing finished, the Features big and ugly, the Limbs monstrous, and Shape frightful. Well, we must send this back again that's certain: This Man is only a Learner we see, a meer Novice, the other a perfect Master, and he

must have the Money.

They were going to give it him, when the despised Statuary steps up, Hold, Genlemen, says he, this must be tried, Do you think I made my Statue for the Porch? Let them be both put on the Top of the Temple, as they were intended, and then you'll see which is most perfect. ti

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This was done, but with a great deal of grumbling at the unnecessary Expence. But, alas! how Things then were changed? The Statue so much before admired lost as this Charms, they entirely vanished at such a distance, which gave the other all those Beauties no one imagined it could have when they surveyed it near. So true is it, that We must look at every Thing in its proper Place.



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A pelles and a famous Tainte

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#### The WITCH.

#### FABLE XVI.

To Monsieur Coypel the Son.

a new APELLES\*, who collecting his sublime industry, gives thee thy part of his Pencil as a pure Earnest of a rich Inheritance. What Progress soever his curious Art might make, he must fear, one Day to be equalled by you in Knowledge. For my part, it is a Pleasure to me that I believe you have already arrived to such Perfection; Na-

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<sup>\*</sup> Apelles was a famous Painter of Greece, and the only one of his Art that ALEXANDER the GREAT would suffer to draw his Picture.

#### [ 129 ]

ture has ravished those Honours due to Mo-

Joyn then thy Labours here to mine; and represent all what I here recount. My Stile looks well to me (and every one thinks thus of his own) but the readiest Impression of a Picture re-unites in one Moment, that which Discourse must successively explain. Collect all the Beauty, Life, and Vigour of this Work in thy exquisite Draughts; paint the Language in the Face and Air of those for whom I intend it, and let thy Pencil moralize before me, and if after thee I become almost useless, so much the better.

'Tis done —— and this pleafing dreadful Picture elevates my Tale into real Action. Every Particular speaks what you've painted, and he who has seen the Picture has read my Fable.



THE Night had given Repose to the whole World, a profound Silence reigned over universal Nature, and the obliging Morpheus \* for every Creature had

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<sup>\*</sup> The God of Sleep and Dreams.

made his Bed of Poppies. Then twas that a Sorceress of Caria, an old Medea \*, a fecond Canidia +, skillful in the Art of enquiring Dooms, came (in order to exercise her daring Science) into a shady Wood that

trembled at her approach. ( awo sid

In the centre of a large Gircle she laid the Scene of her several horrid Enchantments; on the Altar in Flames triangular burnt hallowed Vervain, whilst she pronounced those dreadful sovereign Words that command all Hell. For a Sacrifice to the black God of the infernal Strand, she blows from her baleful Lips blue Pestilence into the neighbouring Folds, and makes the innocent Cattle lose the Taste of the tender Herb and droop away and die.

Pruto, the immortal Vassal of this grand Art, sends to the Sorceres a Legion of Shades from the dark and gloomy Realms of Sorrow to appear before the magick Altar. But this is not all, the Moon was to be forced from Heaven, and come down to the enchanted Wood, and Lo! at a Word she descends from her Silver Chariot.

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<sup>\*</sup> A Witch famous in Fable for her Crimes.

<sup>†</sup> Another Witch Horace Speaks of.

[ 131 ]

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In vain the poor \* Carians shriek and bear their Drums, in vain their brazen Clarions sound, they call her back in vain, she cannot stir, and why? I'll tell you in a Moment. When they all had thus obeyed the Witches Charms, Tell me, says she, How I can find my little Dog I have laterly lost.

How! And is this all, says Hecate †, must you trouble the Order of Nature for your Dog? Alas! says the old Hag, what

if I do, provided I loofe nothing?



If OW many People have there been in the World, that if they had the same Power as this Witch would all more just and reasonable? For a Thing of no moment they would put the whole World in Disorder and Confusion. If their Caprices be but

fatis-

<sup>\*</sup> When the Moon was eclipsed, the Carians believed he was tormented by some Magician, and endeavoured to deliver her by their Cries, and other Noises, as of Drums, &c.

<sup>†</sup> Hecate had a Threefold Divinity, she was Prosepine in Hell, Diana upon Earth, and the Moon in Heaven.

#### [ 132 ]

fatisfied 'tis enough, and they are pleased, tho' all besides themselves are miserable and undone. They are pleased and standard standard

This does not exceed the Truth, it is no Hyperbole; for my Fable is built on a Fact well known to all Mankind, for ALEXANDER out of a Humour put the whole World in Chains.

Flow ! And is this all, fays Elecate to must you trouble the Order of Nature for your look? Alas! fays the old Hays, what I'ldo, provided I look nothing?



\* When Mo-Moon awas evaled, the Carians believed be was tormented by fome Maguitan, and endeavoured to dilver her by their Cries, and other Noises, as of Drums, &c. † Hecate had a Threefold Drainity, she was Profering the Hell, Diana upon Earth, and the Moon in

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Green Gentleman here has told you,

#### FABLE XVII.

red for your Ruin. And may I be ned

NE Morning, upon a high Oak that grew at the bottom of a Mountain, were affembled a Thousand Birds, which hopp'd from Bough to Bough, and with their various Notes gladded the neighbouring Plains. Thus without Care or Trouble they sung their Joys or tender Sufferings, waiting the Hour of their Repast, or rather Appetites.

While they were thus employed a Green Finch arrives, Gentlemen and Ladies, fays he, Do you know what o'Clock it is? Surely it is now Dinner Time: And, wou'd you think it? No farther than about a Mile off there is the rarest Entertainment in the

N World

World (which Jupiter himself, were he a Bird, would be glad to partake of) Wheat, Oats, and Barley, and the Lord knows what, in abundance; Ladies why fland ye so? Come, I'll show the Way, and

Thope you won't be so weak (says a Lark that sat listning all the while) the People only have a mind to take you, that's all. I'll allow there may be Grain of all kinds, as this Green Gentleman here has told you, but then there are such Things too as Trap-Cages which the Birdman has ingeniously placed for your Ruin. And may I be reckoned amongst the least of Birds, if—
The poor Lark was another \* Cassandra that was not believed or heard, and our winged Trojans provoked by Hunger (and alas! what will not Hunger do?) followed the Green Finch towards the Corn.

Here, don't you see what I said was true? says he, and alighted first, the others sollowed, and according to his Example began to eat; but alas! the Trap-Cage closed, and our poor Indiscreets were now imprisoned. Some of them were enraged, while

boi

<sup>\*</sup> CASSANDRA was Daughter to Priam King of Troy, who having received from Apollo the Gift of Prophecy, often foretold the Destruction of Troy, which the Trojans would not believe.

[ 135 ]

others hastily picked up the Grain, some Comfort still (tho' angry) to abound. Well, says the Lark, who only escaped the Trap and hovered without, I foretold the Danger, and have I deceived you? No, says one within; But we ever believe what we wish, and always know we are in the wrong when it is too late.

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FABLE XVIII

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# The Gods of Egypt. FABLE XVIII.



Eretofore in Egypt every Beast was a God, so much on the other Hand was Man become a Beast. That poor Animal which otherwise that neither House nor

Home had its Temple and Holiday.

One Day in the Cats Temple they made a pompous Sacrifice of a Milk White Rat without spot or stain. The next Day was a Festival sacred to the Honour of the God Rat, for it seems every God had its Day; and to make him propitious nothing less than a Cat must bleed at his Altars.

Well, Puss marched very gravely along, crowned with Flowers and Ribbons, attended by a solemn Procession of Priests, who m

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[ 137 ]

extolled to the Skies the Praises of the great God Rat. There was Chaunting enough, Hymns and Anthems in abundance, Base, Treble, and Counter Tenor, and fuch Quaverings as you never heard the like.

Every one entreated the Rat to take care of his Farm. Do not punish us, dear God Rat, with the Infults of these wicked Cats, and may the Blood of this here re-

venge thy Cause.

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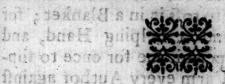
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He a God! cries the Cat; you cannot think fo, what then am I that eat him? It was but Yesterday you sacrificed to me, for me your Cenfers smoked; why do you thus país from one Extreme to another? I was a God and am now a Victim.

This was fuch a Reproach that gave no fmall Trouble, however, one Stroke of the

Hatchet folved the Difficulty.



TATE are all of us Egyptians, and acti V like them, and as ridiculously Idolatrous. What are our Passions but our Gods, which as Occasion serves we facrifice the one to the other? It ead pigmil bas What will you fay? Or rather,

second tay? I'll tell Mu, Paint the Miler

ies of the great



#### The Covetous MAN and He a God . 8 OS N. 1 M: Vou cannot think for what then am I made one me, for

#### FABLE XIX. from one Extreme to another ? I was a

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Fall the Vices Man is guilty of Avarice is the most ridicuof O so led. Indeed it is the foolisheft of all. It would be but just to tols it in a Blanket; for my part, I'll lend a helping Hand, and would Apello but permit me for once to supply his Place, I'd arm every Author against this stupid Vice, not a Soul of Parnassus but should inveigh against it.

But perhaps it may be faid, That the Subject is quite worn out, for in what Age and Climate has it not been laugh'd at? What will you fay? Or rather, What will you not fay? I'll tell you, Paint the Miser in

in his foolish Penury, Belzebub's infamous Hermit, the Devil's Fryer, who has made his Vows upon his own Gold to renounce it; who treats himself at his own cursed Table like an impudent Parasite, whom he

would dismiss with a stinking Dish.

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For when Vice is obstinate and stubborn Satire must be so too. Go then and laugh at it from Theatre to Theatre till you have put it out of Countenance, and sufficiently corrected it. But do not make use of the stout Arm of Hercules\*, that would be superfluous, the Features of Momus + will suffice. Surely Avarice can be no more when it sees it self ridiculed. Does not the Miser see this? Is not the Picture well drawn? Will he be ignorant (when it is clearly shewn) of this Truth, that by depriving himself of all Things for sear of suffice Want, he really brings on himself those Evils he so much stands in fear of?

But let one never so much laugh at him. I see he is insensible, and if he is not moved at any Satire 'tis because he cannot get a Farthing by it. And ———— But where

† Momus was the God of Railery and Satire.

<sup>\*</sup> Hercules was Inpiter's Son and conquered many.
Monsters.

#### [ 140 ]

am I going? The Cure of this Distemper is impossible, for a Vice that is without Shame can never be corrected.



A FTER having heaped up an immense Treasure a certain Miser died
of Want, and carried nothing along with
him but a Penny \*, which yet was begrudged him, for such is the Humour of all
Heirs, leave them Mountains of Gold they
will scarce allow the Dead either Cossin or
Bier.

The Soul of our Miser came to Styx † at the very instant that Charon || (like a Dutch Ferry-Man) was gathering his Passage Gelt, and pushing back those who had not wherewith to pay their Fare. Our Miser, who was so much in love with his Penny, did not care to part with it, but was thinking how to sheat the Ferry-Man, and accordingly, in the sight of the old Fellow, throws himself into the River. He might cry as long as he

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<sup>\*</sup> The Antients put a Penny into the Mouth of their Dead to pay their Passage into Hell.

<sup>†</sup> Styx was the River of Hell!

Il Charon Hell's Ferry man, not sit thus anthold !

#### [ 141 ]

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would the Miser never heeded him, but swam on till he came to the other side.

Cerberm when he saw him barked three Times, which dreadful Howling rouzed the three Black Sisters f, who in a Moment came to seize this hardy Ghost who had thus cheated his infernal Majesty of his Customs, and brought him before Lord Minos, one of Pluto's Justices of the King's Bench.

The Case was new, and gave the Court much trouble. His Lordship's Brain was at work in considering of the Nature of the Crime, and what Punishment was due to it. Does the Soul of this miserable Wretch, says he, deserve the Torment of Tantalus ? Or that of Ixion §? Or shall we send him to relieve Promethem ? Or help Sysiphus.

<sup>\*</sup> Cerberus was a Dog with three Heads that kept the Gates of Hell.

The three Tunes Alesto, Tiliphone and Megera.

He was put into the middle of a River, and tormented with a burning Thirst which he never could quench, because as he stoop'd to drink, the Water continually slid away from him.

<sup>§</sup> He was condemned to be turned round for ever on a Wheel of Serpents.

He was continually gnawed by a Vulture.

<sup>\*</sup> He was to roll a great Stone up to the Top of a high Mountain till it stopt, which was never to be, fince it was decreed it should continually tumble down again.

#### [ 147 ]

to roll his Stone? Or would it not be better to oblige him to fill the Tun where the deteflable Sifters † for ever labour in vain? No, continues his Lordship, he must be punished more, the Torments here are not thing. Let him return to the World: Open the Gates there, I condemn him to see what Use his Heirs makes of his Money.

t These were the Danaides, who for having killed their Husbands on the Wedding Night, were condemned to fill a Tun that had Holes in it.

Crime, and what Punishment was due to the Does the Soul of this miserable Wretch, fays he, deferve the Torment of Tantalas of that of Isrou &? Or shall we feed him to relieve Frematkam &? Or shall we feed him



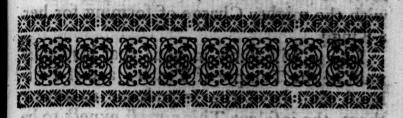
\* He was to vall a great Stone up to the Lip of a light belowned in villin laye, which was not en which fines it was

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#### COURT FABLES.

BOOK II.

## The Two ORACLES. FABLE I.

To His most Serene Highness Monseigneur the Duke.

My Lord,

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T

Esteem it nothing to give you the Title of Valiant, for Valiant and CONDE are the same, and I should be assumed to make an ill Repetition of the same Sense.

It is a noble Candor, an heroick Integrity I celebrate in you. O! how France loves

[ 144 ]

loves to see Conde the True, entrusted with the mighty Charge of forming for her

a King!

Lewis will know in you, that his Court must be the Temple of Truth; and if Falshood shall have the Impudence to appear there, the insolent Thing must expect to be treated like a Traytor. From your sincere Mouth he will often hear that he is only King for our Good. And Heaven in your Heart has taken care to pour out all that must regulate his.

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Watch therefore over this Soul committed to your Care; may his Virtues encrease with his Years, and may Flattery, banished from him for ever, seek Refuge in other Courts. There she'll be sure to find a safe Asylum. Kings suffer her too much, which is their greatest Fault. She corrupts, in short, the best of Princes. But take you care at least (by sending her elsewhere) never to let her

lodge with our King.

nov svin of



ONCE upon a Time a certain King of Greece attended by all his Nobles, went to the Temple of Delphos to consult the Oracle.

off I celebrate in you. O! now here

He had a mind to know such Friends whose Fidelity he need not doubt of; but the greatness of his Station is an Obstacle to this sure Judgment. For how to distinguish the Friend of his Person from the Friend of his Crown, Zeal from Interest, and real Love from what only appeared so, was what troubled the Heart of this Monarch.

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In this Perplexity he went alone into the Temple, and asked Apollo by what Mark he should know one that was worthy of that sine Title of a True Friend. And have you a desire, says Apollo, to have such a one? He is your True Friend who shall dare to tell you the Truth be it never so disagreeable. That is your Man, make much of him. Adieu.

The King came out, but took no notice what had been told him. Immediately the whole Court went in, and every Soul of them asked the Oracle how they might make a Friend of their Master. By Flattering always, says the Oracle, in every Thing he says or does: False Praise pleases, and Pride seconds it. Don't speak Truth whatever you do, for if you do, you are undone.

This God knew very well what People he had to deal with. But how did this double

Oracle end? You fhall hear presently.

Every one being thus warned came to the Feast to which the Prince, who designed to prove on them his Destiny, had invited them. My Friends, says he to them, just as they began to be Merry; let Liberty reign, your Friendship. I ask no more, we are all equal. But to begin, pray tell me

my Faults.

If you have any, my Leige (faid they all in a Chorus) 'tis because you believe we can find them in you. And then the Glass went merrily about, Vive le Roy, Huzza! But there was one old Courtier (of the Queen's) that did not speak one Word. Well, fays the King, and what are you dreaming of? I dream of your Honour, fays he, every one here flatters you; I don't like it; you have a hundred Virtues to embellish History, this I own with Joy, and I know their Value. But I am afraid one Fault has escaped your Memory, and that is, your Laurels wither; you love Wine too much, and fometimes you are fudled; and, let me tell you, that takes off a great deal of the Majesty of your Face.

Infolent! fays the King, there, take the Reward of your audacious Folly, and threw his Javelin at him that pierced him through. Well, Sir, fays the dying Lord, I fee at last

my

[ 847 ]

my Friendship has drawn on me your Hate; I consulted the Oracle, and it foretold me certain Death if I dared to tell my King the Truth. Hurried on by an Excess of Zeal I could not hold my Peace, and — thus—am — punished.

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What have I done? fays the King, pardon ye angry Gods, restore my Friend; I acknowledge his sincere Zeal, he truly loved me; and will you leave me up to this cruel Troop of Flatterers? To whom his faithful Friend made this Reply, I die content if you make a good use of this Restection.





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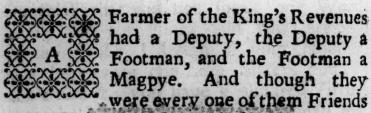
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## The MAGPYE.

#### FABLE II.

Troop of Platterent To whom his fathing



to Rapine, yet of the Four the Magpye was

For in the first Place the Farmer robbed the King, in the second Place the Deputy robbed the Farmer, the Footman cheated his Master, and the Magpye made a hand of the Gains of the Footman. And thus their whole Life was nothing but a Circle of cheating one another.

However, the Footman missing every Day some of his Pieces, What is the meaning of

of this? fays he, What Rogue is it that thus cheats me? I am fure ho Soul comes here but the Magpye. Upon which he watched her, and alas! caught her in the very Fact. He faw Mrs. Margaret jump upon the Table, and casting an Eye looking towards the Door, whips up a piece of Money in her Beak, and very genteelly hops up with it into the Garret, for there, you must know, she kept a strong Box, heaping up Riches without enjoying them. But others do so besides her.

So, says the Footman, surprizing her, I've found you out and my Money too, you are a very pretty Creature truly I shall cheat my Master for you, shall I? And you

have all the Profit and I the Pains!

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At these Words he pronounced Sentence of Death, at which Mrs. Margarer after her way fell down on her Marrow Bones; Take pity upon me, the cried, a little more Compassion, for in reality I have done nothing but what you all do. Either through Justice or Mercy grant me the like Pardon as you your selves would expect.

This Petition was very reasonable, but the inexorable Footman put an end to her Discourse by twisting off her Headon Thus little Rogues are punished first, and your woy

The Weakest goes to the Wall,

But O 3 The



## The Boy and the Nurs.

## FABLE III.

How I am in love with a simple image, which in Appearance feems only a Lesson for a Child, and yet encloses in it an important Precept, and is instructive to the wise.

The greatest Truths charm us under this Disguise, we do not give much Attention, and yet one sees them on a sudden. This Surprize gives them Strength and Vigor. Give us an Example say you. Well, I will, but to speak like a Philosopher to you, Be contented with the middle State; it will not cost you loss of Rest, or Money, you may enjoy it without much difficulty.

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#### [ 151 ]

But I see your Mind is agitated with a thousand Projects, your Desires have no Limits; all Fortunes are too little for you, you would have every Thing, and therefore every Thing slies from you.

These are fine Lessons indeed, but Man pursues his restless Appetite; what must I do to make him come to himself? Why, I'll ev'n tell him a Fable, and that will do it.



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A Certain Boy (I borrow this from Epitterus\*) half a Glutton and half a
Fool, put his Hand into a Pot where were a
great many Figs and Nuts, he grasp'd as
many as he could hold, and would have
pulled his Hand out, but the narrowness of
the Neck hindred him. Upon this he burst
into Tears, and sadly bemoaned himself:
He would have them all but could not get
his Hand out.

One that stood by (and I say the same to a Man) only grasp half the Quantity my Boy, and you'll have it.

<sup>\*</sup> A Stoick Philosopher subo lived under Nero, and left behind him great Lessons of Morality.

The

#### [ 152 ]



## The LINX and the Mole.

#### FABLE IV.

Eretofore in the Age of Fables, in the Time when there were Sirens\*, Sphinxes f, Centaurs, and the like, lived one S. Timothy Linx S, the very Argus of Animals, whose Sight was so piercing

\* Mermaids, or Sea Nymphs, half Women half Fish, renowned for their Singing.

H Half Men balf Horses.

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<sup>†</sup> Sphinx was the Name of a Monster partly Edgle, Woman and Lion, and famous for the Riddles she proposed.

S An Animal that can fee (as they fay) through a Stone Wal!

Argus sent by Juno to spy into Jupiter's Love Intrigues, and who was supposed to have a hundred Eyes.

that it never found any Obstacle. He could see through a Stone Wall with more ease

than the Sun Beams pierce a Cloud.

One Day as he was sitting under a Hedge whetting his Teeth, and waiting for his Prey (for you must know he was a professed Hunter) he chanced to see a Mole lurking in her Hole under Ground. Ah! says he, poor Soul, how I pity thee, what hast thou to do with Life? Poor Creature, thou hast no Eyes. Jupiter certainly was no better than a Fool when he made thee, to take away from thee the Light of the Day which rejoices the whole Creation. You do very well to hide your self under Ground; for my part, I take you to be half dead, and 'twould be a Kindens, methinks, to eat you up.

As to that, indeed Sir, I must ask your pardon (says the Mole) I am very sensible I am entirely alive. It is true I have no Eyes, but what then, must one blame Jupiter for that? O'my Soul now, and I would have you believe me, I think he has done very well by me. Has he any need of our Advice? He has been so gracious to bestow upon me an Ear, which is more valuable to me than Eyes, and serves me to all Intents and Purposes as well. Hark, for Example, it hears this Moment, while I am speaking

#### [ 154 ]

to you, a strange Noise behind you, and I am afraid to your Prejudice. Hafte away and avoid the Danger. To ampost not add

And what was this? But the drawing of a Bow firing, whence flew an Arrow which with mortal Stroke fent our Argun to the Realms of eternal Night, and on Change

in her Hole under Ground. Ah! fays he, roor Soul, how I per what haft thou to do with life? Topies thou hart no Eyes. Supites to better

ENCE learn, all ye indifcreet Defpifers of other Men, that you know nothing. The Gifts of Heaven are juffly divided, and every one has what is proper swould be a Kindenis, methinks; mid. 702

As to that, indeed Sir, I must ask your an er de were har continued to continue to the continue of the continue on me an Ear, which is more valuable to the than Eyes, and ferves me to all intents and Purpofes as well. Hank, for Meanings, The Moment, while I am theaking QJ-

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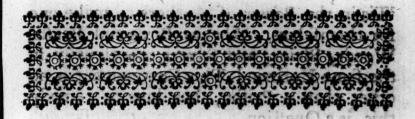
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# The Two DREAMS. The Read of the State of the Read of the State of the

## importance. Latter that Sugarer from his

ARIETY, to thee I have vowed my Heart, and he that V See has loft fight of thee, tho' but for a Moment, falls into a kind తేత్త తేత్తతో of languid Heaviness. No Thing continues long to charm; thou only canst delight and please for ever. I pity Graces from the Author.

Preside then over my Tales, preside over my Images, paint thy felf in my Landskips. Let us change our Objects and our Climate. Lead me in my Works from Earth to Hell, and from Hell to Heaven; Nature is scarce fertile enough, every Thing has been faid,

and all grown common-

OWIT

Conquerors would have a new World. Tis in the Power of Authors to make one for themselves. Always Birds and Beasts, Woods, Plains, and Rivers, continually in the same Horizon! This Confinement is no other than a Prison, but how to remedy

this, is a Question.

The Graces are Companions of Variety, on which account, in my Works, I'll dress up Reason in a pleasant Garb, make her Gay and Airy; I'll bring upon the Stage a Maggot that believes himself a Person of Importance. After that, Jupiter from his shining Throne shall gratify Mankind. Thence I descend to the infernal Realms (where stern Minos sits as Judge) and give Language to the dead. To Day I am in the North, to Morrow shall be in Africa; this Day I am an Iroquois, the next entirely Person. Gay, Serious, Gallant, or Political, I will be every Thing as far as is consistent with Truth.

Come then my Muse, put on the Turbant, and paint me out the Dreams of a Grand

Let'us change out Objects and our

Seignior.





WO Dreams, great Liars, one Black and Melancholy, the other White and Red like Coral and Alabaster, went out. one Morning together from the Seraglio \*.

The White Dream took a Slave for his Domestick, and the Black would be contented with nothing less than the GRAND

SEIGNIGR.

Sleep

Mann Samm

Some Time after in the dusk of the Evening they met each other. Well, fays the White Dream to the Black, have you fufficiently tormented your Man? Yes, that I have, fays the other. Twenty Times, at leaft, I made him fart out of his Sleep; fcarce had he composed himself again to rest, but a more dreadful Scene ensued, He fancied he faw his Brother delivered out of Prison by a Traytor Janizary is, and himfelf thrown violently from his Throne and ready to be firangled : He awoke all troubled and in Tears. I waited till he began

\* The Grand Seignior's Palace. To word and !!

<sup>†</sup> A Soldier of the Sultan's Guard, they are very numerous, and formidable when they revolt.

to sleep again, when immediately I transformed my self into a second Tamerlane ||.

I attacked his Highness, and surprized his Capital, and all Things submitted to my Power: I made a terrible Slaughter of his Children, and like another Bajazet put him

into a Cage.

At this he gave new Starts, and as soon as he had reposed himself again upon his Pillow, I raised new Phantoms still more dreadful. In short, I tortured him as I could wish. This was my Task every Night. I corrupted his Viziers,\*, the Musti † declared against him, his Guards revolt, and a Sultaness stabs him to Death with her Poignard. These were my little Pleasures. I made the Nights so dreadful and horrid that the succeeding Days could not efface their Terrors.

Ay, says the White Dream, but I served my Man quite otherwise, all my Skill was to make him Happy, and to refresh his Spirits. Scarce had he laid himself down on his poor Matress, and entred into his first

\* The Chief Ministers of State to the Grand Seignior.

of Chief Priest in the Law of Mahomet,

<sup>||</sup> An Emperor of the Tartars who conquered Bajazet the Sultan, and put him into an Iron Cage, who after-wards beat his Brains out against the Bars.

Sleep, but I made him a Sultan in a Mozment. He mounted the Throne and affembled the Divan \*, made Laws, declared War, and added Conquest to Conquest till he made himself Lord of the Universe, and the whole World Mahometan.

Then to divert himself after the glittering Cares of Royalty, he went from one Sultaness to another, talked to them a thousand soft Things of Love, examined particularly their Charms, and having well considered each Beauty, cast down the wellcome Handkerchief.

I pleased his Sight with nothing but the beautiful Pistures of the Albani, Raphael, and Michael Angelo di Buonarota ||. Every Night through my Skill and Address I placed him in Mahomet's S Paradise.

<sup>\*</sup> The Grand Seignior's Council of State.

<sup>†</sup> The Grand Seignior by throwing down his Handkerchief to the Sultaness he most fancies, gives her to understand she must be his Bed-fellow that Night.

If The most famous Painters of Italy.

<sup>§</sup> Mahomet promised nothing in the other Life but sensual Pleasures.



OH troublesome Probleme! Oh thorny Question! Which of these two Conditions shall we chuse? A Life is often Happy or Unfortunate by those Circumstances we do not see. An ambitious Man in quest of Honours and mighty Power is haunted with the sable Dream. We envy the State of the Great, because we only see their Pomp, but never know their Sorrows.





# The Apes turn'd Sailors.

#### FABLE VI.

Ship laden with a Colony of Apes from the Forest of Narsinge, dropt Anchor in a certain Port. The vent of this Commodity was very certain in

this Country, for the King loved them mightily. But whether in this he had a good or bad Tast Authors are not determined. The People however had the same Inclination, for the People are ever conformable to their Lord, and take Example from the Court.

If the Prince has got a Cold, the Courtier coughs, and the Fashion runs over the whole Kingdom in a Moment.

Our Merchant went ashore to inform the Town of their Lading, while the whole P 3 Crew Crew went to drink, and not a Soul was left on board but the Apes. Their President (a very able Person) rising up, Gentlemen, says he, I am thinking of something for our Advantage, Let us free our selves from this Slavery, Fortune now smiles on us, let us hasten our return. You have observed what Management governs the Winds and Waves, let's try our Skill, I'll be the Pilot and you the Mariners.

Huzzah, cry'd the whole Company, and threw up their Caps, Liberty, Liberty, my Lads.

Upon this they weighed Anchor, the Sails were unfurled, and the Ship went merrily, on before the Wind. There you might have feen many a nimble little Powder-Monkey skipping from Yard to Yard, and climbing up the Masts; while the old Ape planted himself very gravely at the Helm, affecting all the Grimaces of a careful Pilot. You would certainly have taken him for another Tiphis \* by his demure Phiz.

My Lads, fays he, there's a Storm a coming, I fee an ugly black Cloud yonder,

<sup>\*</sup> Tiphis was Pilot of the Ship Argo which carried the Argonauts to Colchis for the Golden Fleece,

the Sky begins to look a little Greafy \*, the Sea too swells and blackens, we shall have stormy Weather that's certain, but fear no-

thing.

Indeed as to the Storm he made a right Judgment, but it was another Case in respect of his Art, for the Winds in a Moment displayed their Rage, and repeated Thunders with their horrid Roar frightned the poor Crew out of their Wits, and they thought themselves every Moment within two Inches of Destruction.

This made them do at all Adventures what they saw the Sailors, but very soolishly, and every Thing quite wrong, for when they should have surled the Sails they did the contrary, and instead of avoiding a Rock as they intended, their skilful Pilot steered directly upon it. And as they had observed on the like Occasion that the Sailors would Swear and Curse and make Vows, so did our Apes, they swore, and prayed and vowed. Thus Cursing, Swearing and Praying, they did as well (or rather as ill) as they could.

But alas! what fignified all their blind Industry and unskilful Toil? The Vessel

<sup>\*</sup> An Expression among the Sailors when a Storm is gathering.

# [ 164 ]

touched on a Rock and split in a thousand Pieces before their Eyes, and the whole Crew were swallowed up in the Deep.



AKE Warning, all ye Imitators of other Mens Works, by my Apes: You'll certainly split upon a Rock, your Art will not possibly bring you off.

what they faw the salters, but very rooting by, and every whing quite wrong, for when they should have fin led the Saus they did

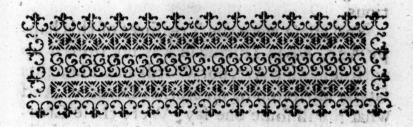
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# The Rose and the But-TER-FLY.

# FABLE VII.

WWW when Nature continually smiled on Human Kind? That Golden Age the Picture of which still pleases and delights us? This is

a sweet tho' vain and fruitless Wish.

But I do not here recall those serene Days, and calm and happy Nights, when Nature was most gay, beautiful and charming; when Flora had more Variety of Flowers, more Fruits Pomona. This is not what gives me the least Chagrin or Uneasiness; no, I regret other Delights than these; naked Faith, and simple Candor. Virtues that possessed the Heart, and even

an Ignorance of what was criminal and vi-

Yes, these were the Treasures of this happy Age, when Discourse was not dress'd up with designing Art, nor Words and Thoughts fatally separated by an eternal Divorce. And what? will some one say, Were these Creatures Men? So singular in their Conduct,

and to different from us!

Yes, this was certainly the Case, these good honest People were our Fore-fathers. And can you believe Gentlemen that you are their Posterity? That you are descended from high sincere Ancesters? Now address you give Lessons of continual Falshood, every Thing is deceived and corrupted. Oaths and Promises are meer Songs; he is an Ass that trusts to the one, and a Fool that keeps the other.

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To see our selves in this unhappy State, makes us at present regret no more the Golden Age. No, it would be too much to wish for the return of those blest Hours. The utmost of my Wishes is to have the Brazen \* Age return, for at that Time slou-

rished my beautiful Coquet.

<sup>\*</sup> The Poets said there were four Ages of the World, the Golden Age, the Silver Age, the Brazen Age, and the Iron Age.

ONCE



NCE upon a Time there was a Rofe growing in a fine Garden full of beautiful Flowers, which had an eager defire to triumph over all the blooming Flowers of

the Spring.

. . .

A youthful Butter-Fly with gay shining, painted Wings, fit to be her Favourite, at the rifing of the Sun fighed out to her his tender Paffion. The Rose blushed and fighed. In those Days it was not so as with us, no room for long Delays, they foon ftruck up the Bargain.

I am yours, my Soul, fays he, and I am always yours, fays she, my Dear, my Life, my All, and fwore for ever to be true.

The contented Butter-Fly left her for a Time, and did not return at Noon. And are all your Flames fo lovely, fo fincere, fo foon grown cold and languid? It is an Age (it was about three or four Hours) fince you have paid your Vows to me the Iworn Mistress of your Heart.

I've feen you, ungrateful as you are, in this very Place, wandring from Flower to Flower, and bestowing those Blisses which I claim my own. How have I feen you kiss the Violet, the fillieft

filliest and most aukward Flower alive, a Wretch no Soul regards in this Enclosure; but, fwarthy as she is, it seems she has her Charms.

Nay, you've careffed the sensless Tulip; paid your Devotions to that yellow faced Gill-flirt the Jonquille, and the Tuberose with her stinking Breath. Is it thus you betray me, perfidious Creature? And are you

pleased in doing so?

My young Mafter the Butter-Fly answered her in the same Stile. You do well, Madam, Coquet as you are, thus to condemn my little Airs; but I have only done like you. For I must tell you, I am not such a blind Fool, but have taken Notice of your

volatile Amours.

fillieft

With what excess of Pleasure have I seen you smile at the endearing Breathings of the amorous Zephire! This indeed I could ex-But not content with that, I've feen you wonderfully pleased with the eager Kiffings of the Bee. This fweet Gentleman had no fooner taken his leave, but like an Insatiate, you admitted the rude Embraces of the clownish Hornet; nay, you have prostituted your self to every little scandalous Fly. In short, you refuse the Homage of no Christian Soul. Every one is very wellcome it seems in his Turn. PRO-



PROVIDENCE in Love has so ordered it, that Justice should proportionably be distributed to every Body, it is therefore but highly reasonable that a Coquette should ever find a wandring and inconstant Lover.

FABLE VIIL



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The

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has done me a great deal of Wrong: I make

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### The ELM and the NUT-TREE.

#### FABLE VIII.



PON the Brow of a high and lofty Mountain Lord of the neighbouring Plain, lived an Elm hard by a Nut-Tree. They were very good Friends, and frequent-

ly conversed together.

Says the Elm one Day to the Nut-Tree, Truly, my dear Friend, I have Reason to complain of my cruel Destiny; I am indeed very Tall, Green and Strong, but very Barren withal, no Fruit, let me do what I will; I shall never bear any that's certain; Nature has done me a great deal of Wrong: I make a fine Shade and that's all, and this vexes me to Death.

His Neighbour, the Nut-Tree, comforted him as well as fhe could. I know it makes you uneafy that you cannot have Iffue like me: I have too much of what you want. But what would you have? Heaven bestows its Graces as it pleases, not as we would have them. Why now, you are Higher than I by twenty Foot, this is Heaven's Gift to you, it has bestowed others on me. I have undoubtedly, in all Respects, the better Fortune. Fruit certainly looks well upon us; and in my Opinion, a Tree that cannot bring forth Fruit is but half a Treeand no more. Comfort your felf then, my Dear, you will never get any Thing by Murmuring against the Gods; in short, one-must be content with what Nature has allotted us.

The babling Nut-Tree would have went on, had not a Company of Boys interrupted her Discourse, and cruelly engaged her with Sticks and Stones. The poor Creature had not one Nut but cost her a Wound at least, for she received a Hundred at a Time. Adieu now Fruit and Leaves, happy was he who could secure the most in his Pockets; but this was not all, without any Ceremony they climbed up, and unmercifully broke down her Branches and stripp'd her entirely.

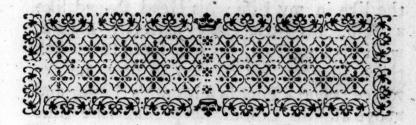
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[ 172 ]

At last, laden with Nuts, they retired under the Shade of the peaceful Elm, where they fell a cracking of their Prey, which they soon devoured. The Elm looked down and saw all; Well, says he, like a sage Philosopher, 'Tis a Missortune sometimes to be too Useful.



The



# The CAMELEON.

#### FABLE IX.

with the World, who for the fake of faying, I have feen it and ought to know it, have (if you'll believe them) traversed the whole Globe.

In short, two Travellers (no matter for their Names) were once upon a Time trotting on in the Plains of Arabia, and discourfing of the Nature of the Cameleon. A wonderful Creature this Cameleon! (says one of them) and very particular! I never saw

<sup>\*</sup> What is faid here of the Cameleon has been reported by Travellers.

the like in my Life; his Head shaped like a Fish, his little Body perfectly Lizard, with his long Tail, his four little Paws with three Fingers, his Motion so slow, he can scarce travel a Foot in a Month's Time, and above all, his Colour deep Mazarine Blue and ———

Hold there I befeech you, I must here beg your Pardon indeed Sir, for it is a beautiful Green; I have seen him with these two Eyes of mine very plain, and as long as I pleased; he was then basking in the Sun with his Mouth wide open, sucking in the

pure Air for his Dinner.

Agree, agree, says our grave Judge, for to tell you the Truth he is neither, he is Coal

#### [ 175]

Coal Black. Last Night, I am sure, I examined him very carefully, and here I have

him in my Handkerchief.

No, no, that is impossible, says one of the Contenders, he is Green, I'll give you my Word and Honour. He is Blue, by G, says the other, and I'll lay my Soul on't.

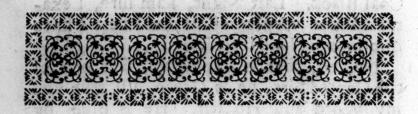
\* Gentlemen, are you not a couple of very filly Fellows, when I know he is Black, and to confute you both look here, and opened his Handkerchief, and the poor Creature, to the Astonishment of both Judge and Par-

ties, appeared as White as Snow.

Get you about your Business, says the Cameleon, like Three childish Creatures as you are. You are all right, and all in the wrong. Believe henceforward there are Eyes as good as your own. Speak your own Sentiments, but don't be such Fools as to imagine you can make every Man's Judgment submit to yours.

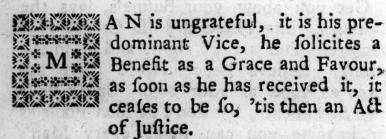
To Man the whole Creation is a Cameleon.

<sup>\*</sup> Words a learned Person is very fond of in his Advertisements.



# Apollo, Mercury, and the Shepherd.

#### FABLE X.



When a prime Minister of State is made, his Palace must be enlarged for his Flatterers, but as soon as he ceases to be the Dispenser of high Posts of Honour and Prosit, he is lest in a wretched Solitude, and deserted even by his own Servants. The Crowd presses on where there is something to be had, but when one has no more to give the Hurry is over.

This.

#### [ 177 ]

This is the Way of the World, but is it just? Those Pleasures and Advantages which we receive from a gracious Hand, demand at least our hearty Acknowledgment, to retain this Debt is to rob our Benefactor.

But let us, without any Views of Interest, oblige Mankind. Let the bare Honour and Reputation of serving them pay that Service. Virtue in this respect supplies the Place of Avarice, and pays her self with her own Hands.



APOLLO the most obliging God alive, and Mercury the most waggish, laid once a Wager. People adore me for my Bounty, says Apollo, and me for my Ill-Nature, says Mercury, and I am sure, for that Reason, to have more Votaries and greater Reputation. Come, let us make trial of our Authority, and he of us Two who has the first Sacrifice shall win the Wager. To this Phabus readily agreed.

Apollo at that inftant spied a Shepherd (who awakened the Ecchoes with the Sounds of his chearful Pipe) and threw a Present in

his

his Way; this was a Stone, whereon were written these Words, viz.

In this Place lyes a Treasure, APOLLO tells

Is it possible? says the Shepherd, throwing by his Pipe. O Heavens! What Luck is this? Immediately he turns up the Stone and found the Treasure. He looked at it with Eyes of Joy, and told it over. This Sum, says he, makes me Happy for ever, I'll buy an Estate, and set up a splendid Equipage; Adieu for ever my poor Flock, Adieu, Colin is no more your Man.

While he was in this Soliloquy, drunk with his good Fortune, his Thoughts wandred, and his Eyes roved, Mercury, the malicious God, stole it away in a mo-

ment.

Colin recalled his wandring Sight, and would once more have the Pleasure of viewing the Golden Mass before he removed, but, alas! it was no more. Just Gods, says he, and was this a Dream? No, I am awake, my Eyes are open, here is the Hole and the Stone too I just now turned up.

This faid, he looked a little nearer, and

faw these Words inscribed.

#### [ 179]

Apollo gave it you, and Mercury has taken it.

O Heavens! has Mercury taken it away? O cruel Destiny! At this poor Colin sell on his Marrow Bones. Take pity on me, dear God Mercury, says he, sighing as if his Heart would break. Calm your Rage propitious Deity? I'll offer you the finest Lamb in my Fold.

He no sooner said this but it was done, and with Tears in his Eyes he sets Fire to

the Wood and the poor Beast expired.

Mercury laughed aloud in Heaven, and without troubling his Head with the Shepherd's impertinent Sacrifice and Prayers and Tears; Camerade, says he to Apollo, I've won the Wager by Jupiter.

Interest always prevails, Gratitude never.



0



#### The CHEESE.

#### FABLE XI.

or other (no matter how) got a Cheese between them, to which they had undoubtedly an equal Right. Disputes (as they often happen on ill gotten Goods) arose between them how to make an equal Dividend, and to end the Controversy they mutually agreed Dame Justice should decide it.

Well, away these Contenders go to a Monkey, a Neighbour of theirs, who was chief Clerk to a Judge that lived in the Village, and whom one would take for my Lord himself, especially when he had his Furs

and corner'd Cap on.

TDE

The Cheese was brought into Court before my Lord Pug, who sitting on the Bench, with a very serious and demure Countenance (you must think) coughed, put his Thumbs into his Girdle, and commanded Silence.

This done, he very gravely divides it into two Parts, and holding up the Scales with one Hand, puts in the two Pieces with the other; We fit here to do Justice, says he, and therefore let us weigh this Matter with Circumspection. Let Equity always prevail, say I. So; but — a — this Piece here out-weighs the other a little methinks; and bites off a large bit.

O'my Conscience, says he, I believe now it will do, but it happened the other Piece drew down the Scale. Cod-so, says he, now this Piece is the heaviest, but I'll make both equal by and by, as you shall see, for I love to do the Thing that is right, and bites off another Piece for the same weighty Reason.

When he had made a third Trial one Scale only just drew down the other. 'Tis mighty well my Lord now, said the Cats, pray give it us, we are very well satisfied.

Satisfied! why ay, you may be so indeed, quoth the Monkey, but if you are satisfied, Justice is not. You are a couple of ignorant Fellows (Lord, how was I mistaken?) why now can you imagine that we will let Things

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#### [ 182 ]

be decided after such a gross manner as you would have it. No, no, this is a nice Point, and we may perhaps direct a special Verdict (and began gently to nibble away from the larger Piece what he thought it might exceed the other in) and thus by strict Rules of Justice he had pretty well de-

voured good part of both Pieces.

The two Antagonists seeing this, desired however that they might have the rest for their Share. Soft and fair, good Gentlemen, says the Monkey, you may retire if you please, for what remains belongs to me for my Fees. For we must do Justice to our selves as well as other People, so you may go about your Business, and thank God it is no worse.

Could any Lawyer in the World have

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judged more a propos.





# The ECLIPSE.

#### FABLE XII.



fer

A R from our Tales be mighty Energy; we leave the lofty Stile to those daring Souls, who fired with heroick Ardor, celebrate the famed Exploits

of Gods and Demy-Gods.

I, who write of Brutes, a simple Fabulist, must write most plain and easy, and follow-Nature in her Tracts. We know this well, fuch are our Rudiments: But still let us be careful to avoid the Low, which borders too near on the Familiar!

An Author oftentimes has a mind to be plain and simple without Address, and happens to be dull. No trivial Turn, no low R 2 Images, Images, Apollo expresly forbids it, he will have one gracefully Rustick, and elegantly

Popular.

This is not fo easy, I allow it, but what then, tays the Reader, this is not my Business, get over this Difficulty your self. If your Works do but please me I never trouble my Head what Pains they may cost you; but then you may depend upon it, I shall commend you, and surely this Salary

well deserves to be purchased.

You speak good Sense, dear Reader, and I allow this solid Way of Reasoning. An Author must chuse whether he will please or displease, to write with Ease or Care. It is by Labour that one hides the very Air of Labour, which in our Writings is so disgusting. A plain, beautiful Expression comes out of ones Head, and appears easy and natural when perhaps it has cost some Time to find it.

But let us return to the Stile of Fable, which must be easy, without Pride and Ambition, and have only, as Occasion requires, a higher Tone, and when it is most convenient to the Subject. We know every Rule has its Exception.

LA FONTAINE is simple and easy 'tis true, and yet LA FONTAINE calls the Wind that tore up the Oak by the Roots, The most terrible

terrible Child that till then the North Wind

He did well, the Fact deserved it. And now I am just in the same Condition, I raise my Voice a little, and can you blame me? Can I do less when I am going to paint the full Glories of the Sun.



THE Sun was one Day travelling over the azure Plains of Heaven in his glittering Car, preceded by the Hours, his radiant Glories pierced through the Regions of the Air, and from the high Realms of Olympus displayed the finest Day that ever the World beheld.

The Earth grew more beautiful, fertile and luxuriant; Flora \* shone in every Climate in her Embroidery and Tissue, and Ceres + with her golden Tresses displayed her Treasures in the scattered Plains. A Thousand young Suns sparkled in the Water. In short, all Nature smiled, and it

<sup>\*</sup> The Goddess of Flowers.

t The Goddess of Corn.

feemed as if the whole World had a mind by her Beauties to engage him to look on and admire her.

Ah! Says the Moon, this is too much, so much Splendor offends my Eyes. Does the Sun pretend to have the sole Dominion of Heaven, and reign Lord Puramount there? I must destroy that pompous importunate Lustre; so much Glory is injurious to my Person. I have a Thought in my Head, which when executed will teach the World what I am: It has ever belonged to Us to make beautiful and pleasant Nights; let us now, by right of Conquest, shew we can make fine Days too. The Sun gives too much Light, what I bestow is just enough.

What she had projected the filly Fool put in Execution, and went and placed her self between Us and Phabus; and gave him Battle. But alas! What was the event of all this Struggle? Did she shine more for that? No, on the contrary, this Adventure, which spread a horrid Darkness over the whole Horizon, teaches us, that my Lady Moon was only an obscure Planet, and only borrowed her Light from the Sun her Bro-

ther.

- Hambil

The College of Fi

[ 187 ]



Y this may Mankind fee their Folly and Imprudence. We very often endeavour to make our felves efteemed by fuch mad Ways as serve to display our jealous Infufficiency the more.

FABLE XII

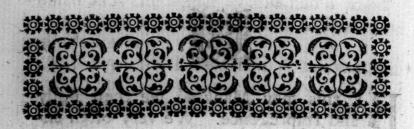


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### MERCURY and the SHADES.

#### FABLE XIII.

conducted some Shades to Hell.
The first was a young Lady,
the second a Father of a Family, the third a Hero, and the
fourth, in mort, — what d'ye think? —
why? a Maker of Verses, a Poet, and't
please ye.

These were all of a Company, and followed the Caduceus + very gravely, enter-

•= 57

<sup>\*</sup> One of the Employments of Mercury was to conduct Shades (or Souls) to Hell.

<sup>†</sup> This was the Name of the Wand Mercury received from Apollo in lieu of the Harp he gave him.

taining each other on the Road after this

Alas! fays the young Lady Shade, be-wailing her Destiny, How they grieve for me above! My Lover (I read it in his Thoughts) dies for Sorrow. He has told me a thousand Times (and in such a moving Tone one could not but believe him) that in my Absence Life it self were nothing worth. What Love! what dear enchanting Words! what Sighs! what Languishments! each Moment faster tyed the am'rous Chain. To love me, to please me, was all his Pleasure, all his Glory. And though I'm dead, I'm sure I shall live for ever in his Memory.

As for my Part, says the Father Shade, I've left several Children above well born, and a good tender loving Wife, tho' I say it that should not say it, and they all loved me as their own Souls. I am very well satisfied in my Conscience that this very Moment they lament me as they ought: And upon my Word they'll think of me with Regret a long while, depend upon't. Poor Creatures! Heaven comfort them.

P'shaw, says the Hero, what are you? I died gloriously, after a thousand Battles. I am well satisfied that this very instant the Cries of the People make my funeral Oration.

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#### [ 190 ]

tion. My Name will never die, but through the whole World beget Astonishment and Wonder.

Well, and what then? Says our Rhymer with a stern Countenance, what signifies it to mention Achilles \* after Homer †, they are not to be named in a Day, People will read me all over, and get me by Heart. God knows, while I am speaking to you the World laments my Loss.

Hark ye me good Folks, Mistress, Father, Hero, Poet, says Mercury, you are every Soul of you consoundedly deceived.

As for you, pretty Miss, with your soft, languishing, killing Eyes, your Lover comforts himself for Loss of you with another that has captivated his Heart, to whom he sighs and whines as he did to you, and talks of Darts and Flames and Fires.

And then, Sir Father, your Children are together by the Ears in dividing what you left them, and your dear good natured Wife is cheating them too, as fast as she can, but the Devil a Word of you all the while; they are thinking on nothing but their Shares.

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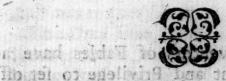
<sup>\*</sup> Achilles was the Son of Peleus and Thetis, and the most caliant amongst the Greeks at the Siege of Troy.

† A Greek Poet cubo writ the Trojan Way.

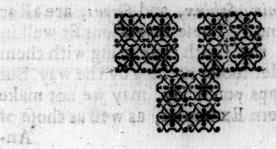
#### [ 191 ]

And now, Noble General, I must speak to you, prichee don't be uneasy at what is done above, for I do affure you they have already named your Successor. He is the Hero of the Day; and his Renown has made him far more famous than his Predeceffor.

And, Laftly, Mr. Author, who could not comprehend that any one could out do you, you must know that every Soul above fays that Death did mighty well in taking you away, for you began to grow very dull and stupid.



THESE Shades deceived themfelves. and we do just the same. When People are dead, like absent Friends, they are no longer thought of. When we die we leave the World as it is. To reckon on its regreting us, is to recken without ones Hoft.



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# you He Lee A Y FISH. By that that Deep do you,

# FABLE XIV. biquit

Right and Privilege to fet off our Works with every Thing that is probable, nay, even with what is false. We can if we please give you for certain Truths the Chimera's of past Ages. Let a Fact be false, 'tis no matter, it is enough that it was once believed.

The Phenix, Sphinx, and Sirens, are all at our command. These Inventions sit well in Fable, and the Truth they bring with them to the Reader looses nothing by the way. But why, perhaps you'll say, may we not make use of modern Examples, as well as those of An-

Antiquity? What were your Plinys heretofore? Our Moderns are, if you believe

their Testimony, as good.

They know how to reject the common Opinion, which has no other Foundation than the Peoples Credulity. They'll look and examine Things a hundred Times over, and doubt of a Fact attested by all the World besides. Every Thing must be thoroughly discussed and a sound sound the common of the common o

It is therefore upon the scrupulous Testimany of these Gentlemen I presume to introduce into my Works one of the most curi-

ous Facts in the World in the rest ens stand

Claws; that is, as foon as one is broken and ther is kindly substituted in its room by Natture. A Claw then is a Magazine of Claws. You may laugh now, and fancy this a false Relation, but you may depend upon it, it is an undoubted Fact.

Hut you must take notice (by the way) that these new Claws do not grow with the same facility. There are some Places more favourable than others, and when she has accidentally broken her Claw at a Place less

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<sup>\*</sup> Pliny lived under the Emperor Vespasian, and the most considerable of his Works is his natural History.

## [ 194 ]

proper for the Production of a new one, the breaks it again at a Place more convenient\*. This is sufficient to premise. Come we now to the Fable.



A Cray-Fish once upon a Time went to seek her Fortune, but as she was travelling along upon the Road she had the ill Luck to break her Leg. So many Accidents are there in this World common both to Brutes and Men! No one, alas! is free. We are all born to Misery, Care and Trouble.

But to return to our Female Traveller, the Cray-Fish moved on with a great deal of Pain. In short, she could hardly draw her

Legs after her.

In this deplorable Condition, at the brink of a River, up starts a Lady Frog (a young aukward Creature all in Green) who fancied her self a Wit, that is, had a little smattering of Railery, but generally made use of it out of Season.

<sup>\*</sup> This is an Observation of Monsieur Reaumur of the Academy of Sciences.

Lord.

### [ 195 ]

Lord, Creature, says she, methinks you don't walk regularly, sometimes to the right, and sometimes to the lest, backwards and forwards, hobling to and fro, and I don't know how, o'my Conscience good Woman, you should stay at home.

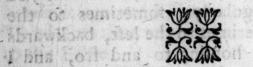
Not as you know of, sweet Madam, says the Cray-Fish, I shall walk yet very well by the help of God. I have Legs enow in store: Ay, say you so, says the Frog, and where good now do you put them? and tosed up her Nose with a scornful Smile.

No matter, says the Cray-Fish, I shall find them when I have occasion for them, and I am just now going to make a better, and immediately broke her Leg a little

higher than before.

Is that your Remedy? says the Frog. Indeed it is, replied the Cray-Fish. Well, says the Frog, much good may it do you, but I think this is like plunging ones self into the Water for fear of wetting ones. Feet.

Stay only five or fix Days, fays the other, and you'll fee, and accordingly in that Time (thanks to indulgent Nature) theregrew out a new Leg.



ave the lest only son

REASON sometimes does that which has been done by Instinct. There are some Evils very difficult of Cure. Remedies are oftentimes apparent Evils. To discern the Times, and to make a good Use of them, is not the Part of ignorant Persons, but the Master-piece of the wise.

No matter, lays the Gray-Fift, I first first them,





## The Oyste R.

which this Pertilenity.

## FABLE XV. Bewey

WO Gentlemen had a mind to fee the World, and accordingly went on Ship-Board, where for fome Days they went merrily before the Wind. Our Travellers were charmed with the fair Wear

ther; and furely there could be no greater.
Pleasure in the World than going to Sea.

But as there is nothing in this World to be depended on, and every Thing subject to change; so it happened, all of a sudden a violent Storm arose, and the poor Vessels dashed against a Rock, and our two Companions were thrown upon a wild and desorbate Island, where a fresh Danger attends them, I mean a dreadful Hunger.

## [ 198 ]

To satisfy their craving Appetites was their only Care, they travelled here and there, climbing up many a craggy Rock, but could discover nothing but a horrid and frightful Landskip, a barren Soil, no Fruit,

nor Beaft, nor Herb.

In this Perplexity, which lasted three or four Days successively, they were walking on the Shore, and grown desperate were resolved to follow their Companions swallowed up by the Deep, when by chance they discovered a great number of Oysters

taking the Air with their Shells open.

Codfo, fays one, we shall be very much obliged to the Sea if these Things should be good to eat; upon which he takes one up, and dividing the Shells, Heavens bless my Eye-sight, says he, this is frightful Meat, and quite turns my Stomach, fogh! I had rather die a thousand Deaths than let a Morsel of it touch my Lips. Hunger is not worse than Poison; and threw it into the Sea.

He was as resolute as he said, and pined

away, and died with Hunger.

The other, reduced to as great an Extremity, was not quite so squeamish: Hang it, says he, I can but die if I taste this same slip slop, and so I shall if I don't, and swallows it down with a cursed wry Face. Ah! Ah!

## [ 199 ]

fays he, excellent Eating if aith! what a foolish Blockhead was that dead Puppy yonder? I never tasted the like in my Life, it has an exquisite Flavour: And swallows two or three more.

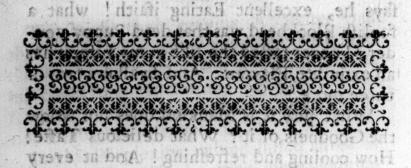
What pity it is Mankind does not know the Goodness of it? What delicious Taste! How cooling and refreshing! And at every Oyster he devoured made loud Exclamations of their Excellency. Long live this savoury Liquor, says he, for my part, I could be contented to spend the rest of my Days with such Provision.

Dame Temperance seeing this grew a little importunate, and cried aloud that he had eaten enough, but he was deaf to all Advice. I'll eat only one more, says he; well, now I will eat but this one, but by one and one the imprudent Glutton so gorged himself that he burst his Belly.



Y OU see here a Specimen of Humane Extravagance. We ruin our selves by Excess. And when Reason goes to Law with Pleasure and Repugnance she is sure to loose her Cause..

### [ 200 ]



## The Crow and the Faul-

#### FABLE XVI.

he was deaf to all Advice

Flower and Vigor of his Age, over Hills and Dales used to get his Bread. Not far from his own Habitation lived an old Crow, all bald and gouty with Years (you see in old Age People are but in an ill State of Health) This old grave Gentleman was so weak he could not budge one step out of his hole, and every moment expected he should die with extremity of Hunger.

The young Crow happened to see a charitable Faulcon \* carry some Victuals to the antient Crow. So, says he, this is very pretty, while my old Brother lyes saug in his Nest, and makes good Cheer without stirring a step from home, I, poor Devil, can scarce get Bread to eat, though I work from Morning to Night every Day in the Week, not excepting Saints Days and Holy Days.

Well, fince Providence has furnished us Crows with Purveyors and Clerks of the Kitchen, I shall depend upon these Gentlemen the good natured Faulcons for my Subsistence for the future. And he acted accordingly, keeping himself very close and quiet at home, and indulged himself in Indolence and Ease, expecting to gratify his Palate with delicate Entertainment at free

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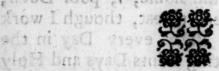
His Belly had often firuck Noon, but no Faulcon came, at which he was highly affronted, and began to complain of the Infolence of those vulgar ill-bred Birds; however, he was resolved not to flir, and contented himself with bitter invectives and Complaints.

<sup>\*</sup> This Fast of the Faulcon bringing Food to the Crow is related by Pilpay.

After

#### [ 202 ]

After some Days past in this lazy, idle manner, he sound himself faint at Heart, and had a mind to go abroad, but alas! he was so feeble he could not stand, and the silly Fool died with Hunger a little after.



II EAVEN tells us, We should hope for its Assistance, but one must distinguish between Cases. Do what you can do. Providence is a common Mother, Trust in her, but do not tempt her.

accordingly, keeping himtelf very clofe and quiet at home, and indulged himself in Indolence and Hale, expeding to gratify his Palate with delicate Homestainment at free



The



## The MAN and the MER-

## FABLE XVII.



HAT strange Species is Man! Poor unhappy Mortal, where are your happy Days? You are ever hoping and desiring, sigh and wish, and languish a long Time

for Enjoyment, and when you have obtained the Sum of your Wishes (dearest Fruition) you still complain and are unhappy.

A Thousand and a Thousand Projects perplex your Thoughts; when shall I be this? Or, when shall I be that? If Heaven grants your Wishes, you still ask more, and still are disappointed. But the Fault is not in the nature of Things but in your selves. By framing wrong Ideas only you are cheated and deluded.

Every

### [ 204 ]

Every Thing in the World has two Faces, one beautiful, the other deformed. How charming is that Object! How happy should I be in its Possession! Which when you have experienced, the Scene is changed; how frightful is it then! How ugly!

That which we wish we see through a Telescope, but when enjoyed we turn the

other end of the Perspective.



THERE was a young Fellow once upon a Time, that was so foolishly Amorous as to fall in love with a Mermaid. He was continually on the Sea shore, and pouring out Prayers and Tears to Venus. He sighed as if his Heart would break, and could scarce prevail with himself to retire when Night came on.

When in Bed, he could take no Repose, for his Thoughts were still employed in contemplating the Beauties of his beloved fair One. He ran over every Line of her Face, and every Feature had its peculiar Charms. The whole Night, and every Night, was

Venus is the Goddess of Love and Beauty.

passed after this manner, and with Vows and Prayers to the Sun to hasten his approach, and bring on the wellcome Day, that he might enjoy the fight of his lovely Sirene\*.

O what Eyes are there! fays he, in a Rapture. What charming Shape! what delicate Limbs! What admirable Symmetry and Proportion! and then, ye Gods! What enchanting Voice! What Divine Musick dwells upon her Tongue! Sure Heaven it felf contains no such Miracle of Excellence and Beauty, endued with such like moving Graces!

In short, the young Fellow languished, and pined away for Love. Neptune of saw and heard all from his Throne bedecked with Pearl and Coral, and took Pity on the wretched Inamorato. There, says he, unhappy Youth, the Mermaid's yours, and

quench your amorous Flame.

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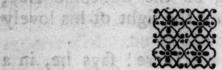
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They were accordingly married; and he at the height of his Joys; the Night was pass'd in such fost Caresses, and rapturous Endearments, which only ardent Lovers know. But the next Morning instead of a

<sup>\*</sup> Another Name for a Mermaid.
† The God of the Sea.

### [ 206 ]

fine Woman he found a Monster in his Arms.



On thee in proportion to thy Transports. Before Enjoyment, in the height of Expectation, you see nothing but the Head and Body, but after Fruition the Tail and Scales appear.





## The Ass and the HARE. FABLE XVIII.

before our Time) there hapbefore our Time) there happened a bloody War amongst the Brutes; and, with Submission to Instinct, they often act as foolishly as Men.

The House of Commons had a mind to be the higher House, to extirpate the Lords, or to Rump it; or, what else you'll call it. They armed accordingly, and met well accounted in the Field, being fully resolved to

try their utmost Skill.

The fatal Day of Battle arrived, when the Ass and the Hare offered their Service to the Commons; not to fight, no, that was not their Business; but they said, their

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Talents confisted in rousing up the Courage of other Folks. The Ass, a most excellent Trumpeter (you would have taken him, by his artful Sounding, to be Misenus \* of Arceadia) was to inspire the Warriors with martial Fire, and with his loud intrepid

Voice force on a bloody Battle.

The Hare of was the Drummer, and therein it seemed consisted his Excellency. Their Post was behind a Hedge, where beginning their warlike Symphonies, they succeeded according to their Wishes. The Attack was begun, an obstinate Fight ensued, and the Field covered with a Thousand saughtered Foes.

But our Trumpeter and Drummer soon grew useless, for, alas! (who would have thought it of the Good Old Cause) the Lords Army was full of shining Heroes, their Camp glitter'd with many an undaunted Ajax ||, and valiant Achilles ||, which struck such Terror into the Army of the Commons, that they very fairly took every Soul of them to their Heels, and the Word

\* A Trumpeter celebrated by Virgil.

<sup>†</sup> They say one may easily teach a Hare to beat a Drum.

W Two of the most valiant Grecian Captains at the Siege of Troy.

was, The Devil take the hindmost. But the Ass, with his Companion the Hare (who did not know what to do with his Drum) were taken behind the Bush.

Our two Scoundrels were ready to die for fear; they trembled like Aspin Leaves, and you would have sworn they had gotten a violent Fit of an Ague, for they were told their Execution would put an end to that

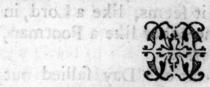
important Day.

They did all they could to obtain Mercy; they kneeled down, and with demure, puritanical Looks, and humble Expressions, alledged to the Conquerors that they were no Soldiers; never struck a Stroke, not they, nor handled a Musquet, nor, indeed, advanced one step.

That may be, faid a grave Lord, but you excited others, and fo, like a couple of feditious Pultroons, you shall both swing in a

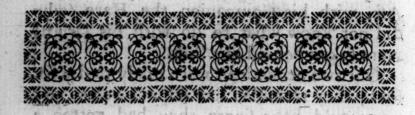
hempen Noose, that's all.

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IN my Opinion, This was a very just Decision. For to incourage an evil Action is the same Thing as to do it.

## [ 210 ]



## The CRICKETS.

## FABLE XIX.

both Aldermen of a City, took up their Lodging in the spacious Palace of a certain great Man, a Minister of State, who, for some Reasons, shall be nameless. And though they both lived a considerable Time under the same Roof yet they did not know it; for one lodged, it seems, like a Lord, in the Cabinet, and the other like a Footman, in the Anti-Chamber.

Sir Humphrey Cricket one Day sallied out of his Chimney corner, and trotted a long from one Room to another with a great deal of Satisfaction, in viewing the fine Furniture, of which he was a good Judge (for his Father was an Upholsterer) and was resolved.

to make the Tour of the whole House, as

At last he came into the Cabinet, where he heard the other Cricket finging Cherry Chace. Good Morrow, good Brother, fays he, good Morrow to you, good Sir Hum-phrey, if you go to that, fays the other. Your humble Servant, fays the Knight. I am always yours, fays the other, pray feat your felf there. O, no Ceremony, I befeech you! I beg you would make no Stranger of me, for I am at home, I lodge but here hard by in the Anti-Chamber, where I have feen my Lord receive many a Petition. Well, he is certainly a very wife Man. How he edifies me with his Conduct (with that he turned up the White of his Eyes) no manner of Interest! So much Modesty and Equity! In short, he is every Thing that is good. It is a Pleasure to have a Cause depending before him. Right is fure to take Place before such a Judge. Well, God bless and preferve so precious a Man for the Good of his Country.

Friend, says my Lord Cricket (for he was a Lord Mayor) you are quite deceived in your Man, I know him to the bottom. You take him in the Anti-Chamber without for what he appears to be, now I see him

here as Nature made him.

#### [ 212 ]

For the Rich he has his Baise les Mains, for the fine Ladies his fine Looks and Ogles! for the Favourites at Court the greatest Obsequiousness and Complaisance in the World. These are the Books which employ the Studies of a treacherous deceitful Heart. But this is the way of Courts.

However, don't you no longer be cheated and deluded with meer Out-side and Shew; let the Vulgar, the Populace, the Crowd, be pleased with Masquerade. For us, my dear Brother, Let us not confound Things.

Let us distinguish two Men in one, the Man

in private, and the Man in publick.



<sup>\*</sup> These Words, in French, mean Compliments.



## MINOS and DEATH.

## enjoy their Pleatures, which cody viewing through XX on A L B A B Live

Ty, and crown our felves with Roses. May gentle Zephirs blow and refresh us with their cooling Breezes. Let us indulge our selves in every certain, soft Delight; double our Doses both of Wine and Love. Haste then, tet's away, and let no Mirth or Joy escape us, For to Morrow we die.

But this is a very bad Conclusion, with Submission to Master Horace, and the old Sage of Theos \*. They every where, in all

<sup>\*</sup> Anacreon, a Greek Poet, very voluptuous.

#### [ 214 ]

their Writings, lay down this as a Maxim, but I in a few Words must insist to lay

down quite the reverse.

Let us lay all Pleasures by. Let us think on Justice. The Moments we defer doing this are lost to us; nay, they are gained to Vice. Haste then, let's away, to do good,

For to Morrow we die.

These Gentlemen make use of this Affirmative sounded on approaching Death, to enjoy their Pleasures, which only viewing through the wrong end of the Perspective, they talked, but never seriously thought of it. For he who really believes he shall die to Merrow, thinks how he shall live to Day. It would be just to scruple, and do every Thing by Weight and Measure.

Minos\*, and his Brother Judges, make no Account of Pleasures below; Virtue is what they consider. But to come to the

Point.



I A DY Death came one Day to pay a Visit to my Lord Chief Justice Minos, who received her with loud Complaints.

<sup>\*</sup> Minos, with Eacus and Rhadamanthus, judged Souls in Hell.

Your meagre Ladyship sends us now-a-days, nothing but a Company of pitiful, perverse Scoundrels. Do the Good defy your Power, and laugh at your mortal Bow? There has not come to these lower Regions a good Soul the Lord knows when; nothing but dissolute Voluptuaries, persidious Traitors, covetous Misers, debauched Husbands, faithless Wives, cruel Parents, disobedient Children, tyrant Princes and rebellious Subjects, fill our dusky Plains, and these descend to us in shoals, and the whole Time of the Court is taken up in sinding ways to punish them.

Tartarus \* is brim full of them. Megara† is quite broke; her Stock of Whips and Scourges are entirely exhausted; if there come any more down, What, in the Name of Pluto, shall we do with them? The Elysum || Fields are grown a perfect Desart, and the happy Shades harbour no new Inhabitants.

Here and there indeed straggle a few solitary Sages on the Bank of the River, and

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<sup>\*</sup> Tartarus is that part of Hell where the Wicked are punished.

<sup>†</sup> One of the three Furies.

H The bleft Abodes of good Men after Death.

I am afraid they'll grow melancholy and discontented for want of Company. Well, Hell is no more like the Hell when I knew it first, than Besides, what signifies slowry Meads, refreshing Woods, and a delightful Country? I am sure unless your send us a Recruit all's lost, We depend on you.

For my part, fays Death, I assure your Lordship upon my Honour, I let none I can meet with escape me. But what for, if Minos disapproves of every Person that falls by my Sickle? What is it to me, if they are

bad, is it my Fault?

Yes indeed is it, and your Ladyship must excuse me if I am so plain as to tell you so. You wound them without shewing your self; use them a little more severely; pierce them with a useful Terror; cure them of that epidemick Distemper that affects almost all Mankind, the Hopes of a long Life, and you'll see a wonderful Change in a moment: Make an Experiment of this only, for your Diversion, and Ehystern will soon be filled with Inhabitants.

With all my Heart, fays Death, and away she slew hashily into the middle of a City, where she took up her Lodgings. Here she began to shew her Power, and made the most undaunted quake and trem-

ble.

ble. She shewed her self to every Body, and let them dream of nothing but a Sword

hanging over their Heads.

Feafting was now no more, no more foolish Balls and Masquerades; every Body where-ever they went fancied they saw a frightful Skeleton preaching to them their Duty and the Fear of the Gods. Every Thing had a new Face. The Magistrate was just, and the Priest grew religious, the Husband discreet, and the Wife faithful, and Children obedient.

It is true, Death's Arrow they were afraid of, but then that brought along with it Wisdom.

By proper Means she made her self beloved. This City became like that in Greece which Plato \* of old would model; here were no Crimes of any kind soever.

Minos was satisfie I, and Elyfium filled with

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<sup>\*</sup> Plato was a Philosopher very famous in Greece, and wrote a Book, wherein he gives us the Idea of a Commonwealth in Perfection.





## COURT FABLES.

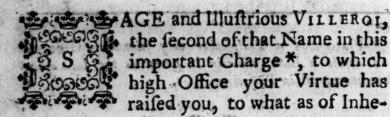
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ACHILLES and CHIRON.

## FABLEI

To Monseigneur the Marshal De VILLEROI.



<sup>\*</sup> The Father of Monseigneur the Marshal de Villezoi was Governor to Lewis the Fourteenth.

ritance became your due. You are going, of our young King, to make a Rival to the Macedonian \* Hero.

Remember that in your Hands reposes all the Hopes of the People whom he must one Day govern; that your Instructions now sow the Seed of those Fruits they must hereaster reap. Thus much to promise us is in effect to give it us already. Enjoy this your self before-hand, and in admiring the Effects of your august Pupil prevent even Time; and may your Fore-sight give you the Success of happy suture Times.

In the early Pity and Compassion that tender Prince shews to the miserable and wretched, behold another Titus || ready to

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<sup>\*</sup> Alexander the Great.

the Great had a mind to engage in Battle, having heard of his Valour.

Bounty, and surnamed the Delight of Mankind.

give Relief and Succour to the Unfortunate: of easy Access, comforting the afflicted, and preventing all our Wishes. And, even bewailing those Days whose setting Sun sees from his Hands no Benefit bestowed.

That Oracle, those moving Words \*. wherein the Soul of dying Lewis yet refides, his Son would ever have before his Eyes, and whose Heart is entirely attached to this precious Treasure. How many Virtues does this Action promise? Do not you forefee, my Lord, that Reason, like a Sovereign Queen, shall drive from his Royal Soul all blind Passion? Shall we not hence presage Peace without Luxury and unmanly Pleafures, War without Ambition, Success without Pride, its Reverse without Weakness, and an entire Reign animated with Religion ?

Yes, VILLEROI, this is the Master you are to educate. His Birth has beguin, 'tis your Office to complete the Hero. know how to make a great King is as much as to be one. Read this Fable and you'll find it

true:

at hiera a meet to \* The last Words of Lewis the Fourteenth, which the King would have written in Letters of God, and hung up in his Chamber. M to regula Controva and have the soll

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N antient Times Peleus was married in Heaven to the beautiful Thetis \*. Nine Months after the fair One brought a Son into the World, so well did Love manage his Time.

He grew apace, and Reason began to display it self, a proper Education therefore became absolutely necessary. But who could undertake this mighty Charge? No less than Chiron was to educate a Hero, a

Demi-god

This Person was wife, noble, valiant, nay, more than that, he was Just +; this Word fays all, Instruction belongs only to the Just. Such a one was the Governor of Chiron took fuch Care, that every Achilles. Virtue in his Royal Soul should have its proper Place, and thus by his fure and loyal Conduct, every Vice was exterminated, An-

+ It was said Chiron was the first that taught Man-

kind Justice.

dan , sellies

<sup>\*</sup> Thetis was Goddess of the Sea, beloved by Jupiter, who being told by the Destinies she should have a Son greater than his Father, married her to Peleus.

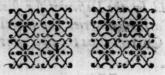
ger only excepted; This was innate in A-chilles, otherwise he never offended against

the Rules of Morality.

The Gods place the Virtues of Heroes to their Governor's Account. Vice was ever held shameful in a Prince. Chiran used all his Skill to cure this Evil, and therefore was himself enrolled amongst the Gods. It is Sagittary \* that yet shines amongst the Signs Cælestial an eternal Monument: From whence we learn how we participate of the Virtues of others. Those generous Efforts which we inspire are accounted as our own.

But here, O VILLEROI, you must permit me to make an Observation on my Fable. Achilles had an incurable Vice, Lewis, thank Heaven, has none; he offers up a Heart susceptible of every Virtue, and Heaven has expressly formed him for our Good. You are more valuable than Chiron, He better than Achilles, and the Consequence is easy. You must give him to us persect, we'll bate you nothing.

<sup>\*</sup> One of the Twelve Signs of the Zodiack.





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## TE Feede et al Boked deceived

HE Clock one Day infulted the Sun-Dial. Pray, Neighbour, fays he, what is it a Clock? Now, you must understand, the Sun did not shine. I cannot tell you, says the Dial. Why, what do you do there then if you don't know? I wait the coming of the Sun, replies the other, for without him I know nothing.

Wait then if you will for him, fays the Clock, for my part, I have nothing to fay to him; I can always go my way without him, thank Providence. Once in feven Days a little Turn of a Hand is sufficient for me a whole Week together. I go continually,

[ 224 ]

tinually, and it is not in vain the Hand walks round my Dial Plate. Hark, the Hour strikes this very moment, One, Two,

Three, Four, it is just to much.

But while the Clock was so positive, the Sun broke out through a Cloud, and looked full upon the Sun-Dial, which, ever saithful to his Guide, shewed it to be Four and Three Quarters. My Child, says he, to the Clock, you must reckon again, you are behind hand in your Account. You brag, indeed, that you can tell without hese tation what People enquire of you; however, he that trusts to you may be deceived you see; take my Advice, and do like me, if I don't see very clearly I say I don't know.



To speak little and well, is the Character of a wife Man.





## The SPECTACLES.

## Enclosing and another than the same was the same of th

own Senfe, but we are made so, all of us, I except none, the manner after which I see, think and reason, I shall ever maintain against you to be good, while you believe me on the other Hand, to be in the wrong.

That which appears to me to be true, you think a mighty Error, and we agree in nothing. But how, I befeech you, do you prove I'm in the wrong? Is it because you say you are in the right? I say the same to you. Considence is our Fortress and Defence. Which of us is opinionated? For my part I cannot yield to you; will you to me? I speak it once again, we are all alike, everyone is an Idolater to his own Opinion.

ONE



NE Day Jupiter being Merry over a Bowl of Nettar, was resolved to make Mankind a Present. Momus \* was to carry it, who, mounted on a rapid Car, tra-

versed the large Plain of Heaven.

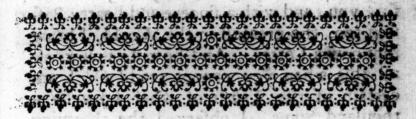
Come, fays he, come hither happy Mortals, for you great Jupiter opens his gracious Hand. He has, it is true, made you fomewhat short sighted, but to repair that Inconveniency, see what he has sent you, upon which he opened his Portmanteau, the Spectacles tumbled out by Thousands, and Man-

kind picked them up.

There was enough for all; every Man had his Pair, giving great Jupiter thanks in finding such Means to supply our feeble Sight. But, however, these Spectacles shewed Objects quite different from what they were, for one Pair was Blue, another Purple; some Black, some White, some Green; in short, of all manner of Colours. But notwithstanding this Diversity, every Man was charmed with his own, as believing he had the best, and enjoyed in Error all the Pleasure of Truth.

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<sup>\*</sup> The God of Mirth and Railery



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## The Two PIGEONS.

## FABLE IV.

Prigons are the Letter Carri-Prigons are the Letter Carri-Prigons are the Letter Carri-Prigons I was a sent to the feather than the Air. Two of the feather than the Air. Well met, says one, come, let us retire to yonder spreading Palm, let's prattle a little, pray what News? Does your Miftress continue to love Us? By Us I mean Damon (this, you must know, was his Mafter's Name.)

Love

<sup>\*</sup> They say in the Levant it is usual for two Persons to correspond after this nanner, by ty ng Letters about Pigeons Necks.

Love you! fays the other, Yes, I do affure you, and with a fincere and hearty Patsion too, the greatest in the World, I bring him now a Letter. And how do you know all this when you cannot read? O! I am certain of the Truth of what I say by a thousand Signs. I observed the charming Iris as she writ: Her Eyes changed at every Line; sometimes all o'Fire, then Soft and Languishing. I read her Thoughts and Words by every little Action, and I know exactly the bottom of her Soul. Sometimes she reproached, and then immediately excused her Lover; then resolved never to love him more, the next Sentence vowed she would love him for ever, afraid that Damon would be inconftant, and presently after credulously hoping the thould fix his Heart. You see plainly now, though I cannot read, yet I can tell you the whole Contents of fair Iris's Letter. I forgot to tell you it is long, and if I must speak out, she did not fludy it, it was artless all, and nothing but her very Soul.

O! how I pity Iris! says the other, Damon is the most ungrateful Wretch in the World. Iris receives a Billet from him now; see here, it hangs about my Neck, but it is very short, three Lines, and the poor Man was four Hours studying how to write

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write it. Well, give me the Passions of a sudden Eloquence. We need not seek elsewhere for lively Airs, these are Originals, a Man copies with Pain, and very often the Imitations are bad.

But you'll say, How came this? Where made he these strong Conjectures by his Art? Where do you think? in his own Dove-House. Pigeons are by Nature and Condition Lovers.

#### EVERY ONE SHOULD KNOW HIS OWN TRADE.



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# [ 230 ]



# The Frogs and the CHILDREN.

# FABLE V.

Princes of the Earth, you fet up for noble Sentiments. To wage War, conquer Provinces and Nations, are your Amusements. But don't you know at the same Time that we the People are the Victims of these your Diversions? Well, it will only cost us a few Men, say you. And is that nothing? You know well how to cast up your Treasures, but the Lives of the Wretched are nothing but meer Cyphers. A sine Arithmetick this which your Politicks have introduced into the World!



In Frogland the People lived in Peace; grumbling and croaking as they pleafed. While the Frogs were in this happy State, a Company of Boys came down to the Marsh, to disturb their Quiet and Tranquility.

Hark ye, my Lads, says one of them, I have found out a very pretty Play, an innocent War. He that throws his Stone the farthest shall be our King. Done, said they, agreed,

and to it they went.

The Stones flew like Hail, every one had a mind to be Conqueror. Children, you see, are like Men, they love Honour. The whole Marsh was covered with Stones in a moment, and the poor Frogs had no Place to retire to. One had his Shoulder put out of joint, another complained he had his Ribs broken, this (to speak in the Language of the Greek Poet \*) received a Contusion in the Place where the Neck joyns

<sup>\*</sup> Homer, who writ the Trojan War, and often gives. Anatomical Descriptions of Wounds.

### [ 232 ]

to the Breast, and that died of a great Wound in his Chine.

At last the stoutest of them lifting up his Head, Hark ye, my Masters, says he, for God's sake move a little farther off for your Diversions; chuse a King at a gentler Play than this. This is no Play for us, your Pastimes cost us our Lives; shall we, O Princes, be always Frogs in your Opinion!

Seattle territoristica accombination

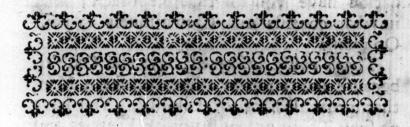
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# The BEAVER and the Ox.

### FABLE VI

HEIR High Mightinesses the Beavers in Canada, set up for a free People, such as were those conquering Folks \* whom Romulus founded on the Banks of Tiber †.

One of these amphibious Gentlemen happen'd once upon a Time to be taxed of Clownishness by a certain Ox. Clownishness! says the Beaver, nay, my Friend, now you forget your self, but Resections aside, let us reason together. What Foun-

<sup>\*</sup> The Romans.

<sup>†</sup> The River that runs through Rome.

dation have you for that Reproach? And in what confifts our Clownishness in your

Opinion?

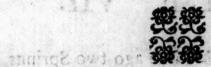
That's easily answered, says the Ox, 'tis because you run away when you see a Man, that great Doctor of Civility. You have no such Thing amongst you as Treaties and Alliances. Man is a Creature savoured with Science; the wifest and most discreet of other Animals go to School to him; he knows much more than we do; and, in reality, to live with him is to become so much the more Polite and Genteel.

It is true, there have been a great many wonderful Things said of you, and my Ears are filled every Day with what I can by no means conceive. They say you are good Builders, and that it is a Pleasure to see your Management, and your Houses three Stories high. You have Dykes and Causeys of all Sorts; you carry Earth and Wood where-ever you please; you are, People say, both Wheel-Barrows and Masons.

But, what fignifies all this? In spite of all Endeavours it is impossible to civilize you. Man says he looses all his Labour in trying to make you Trastable and Genteel.

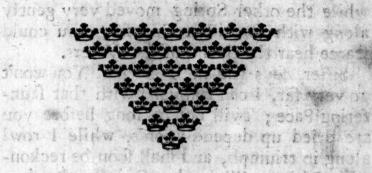
And call you this being Clownish and Ill-bred? Says the Beaver. Most certainly, replies the Ox. Now, see how you are mistaken, [ 235 ]

mistaken, says our Republican, for this is nothing but the highest Prudence in the World, for without this Conduct, how is it possible we could live Independent? Should we act after the same manner as you do, and make our selves familiar with Man, they would make us their Servants to draw for them, carry Burdens, and build their Houses, not ours. Alas! who is there that does not see your Yokes and Collars? By your Missortunes we foresee our own.



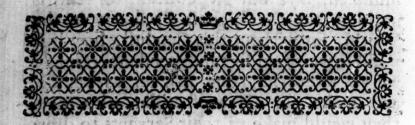
To keep at a Distance from those who are too Mighty for us, is not Stupidity but good Sense.

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# [ 236 ]



# The Two Springs. FABLE VII.

Daughters of the same Mounby S of tain, began their Course. One with a mighty Noise, the Waves tumbled hastily one over another, while the other Spring moved very gently along with so still a Current, you could scarce hear the Sound of its Waters.

Sifter, says the noisy Spring, You won't go very far, I can tell you, with that sauntering Pace; 'twill not be long before you are dried up depend upon't, while I rowl along in triumph, and shall soon be reckoned a River. I'll hold a Guinea, that in a little Time I shall be big enough to bear a

Boat ;

Boat; after that I make no doubt but to extend my Banks, and make whole Territories hear my Voice, and bring Trade and Commerce through my whole Jurisdiction; and then, with mighty Pomp and Majesty, pay my Tribute to the Ocean. Adieu Child, to arrive at my happy Destiny I must make all possible hast, I should be much to blame else. As for your part, you'll never rise higher than a Rivulet, but take all patiently. Once more, good Sister, adieu.

The other knew not what Answer to make to this proud and haughty Language, but continued on her gentle Course. She opened her felf a Way, and fell foftly down into the Meadows, taking along with her a Thousand little winding Rivulets, that washed their flowry Banks; and thus, by degrees, her Waters swelled, and she grew a mighty River. A thousand Mariners were seen upon her Coasts; she had her beautiful Bridges, and gave Sustenance and Habitation to whole Nations of the scaly Herd; water'd whole Countries and made them fruitful; and many a River was glad to throw its Waters into hers. And thus by Degrees the despised Spring became a River of a large extent, while the proud Spring, who fometime before infulted and despised her, and thought

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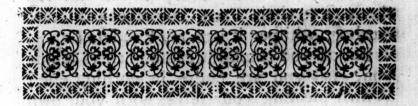
thought by her own Strength to make her felf great and powerful, remained only a little Stream, and thought her felf too Happy, at last, to throw her self into the Arms of her Sister.



In vain does the proud Fool make himfelf the Object of his own Admiration and Applause; but let no one expect any Thing great from those who trust in their own Sufficiency.

IN THIS WORLD WE HELP ONE ANOTHER.





# The CATERPILLAR and the ANT.

## FABLE VIII.

N E had as good not write at all, as to write barely for Amuse-ment. To speak, and say nothing, is an Abuse to Language. It is to you, Authors, I address my Discourse, you spoil the Profession by your whipt Cream and Froth. When I consider you, I can take you for nothing but a Company of Jack-Puddings, applauded by Fools, and hissed at by the Wise.

All your Discourses (if they deserve that Name) are no better than Feats of Legerdemain, fit only to please the Vulgar, in which Word I comprehend even those of highest Rank, for there is the great Vulgar

and the *small*. However, I will not tell them so to their Face, but like a discreet Author, whisper it into my Readers Ear.

But do you think, because in this I blame you, that you are faulty in nothing else? Whilst pleasing your selves with your own vain Fictions, you go about with frightful Beauties to set off and imbellish Vice and unlawful Passion.

Indeed, in this respect, I own you admirable; there are others worse than you I grant; but then, in this Concession, do you imagine you are a good Sort of People? This is no Consequence. I would punish an Author who studies to do hurt, as a Disturber of Society, and would cashire another, who knows not how to instruct, for an insignist-cant useless Animal.

Every Man is bound to serve his Country; the Soldier with his Blood; the Priest with his Zeal; the Judge maintains Order, and saves the little from being crushed to Death by the great, and the faithful Merchant keeps for all our Wants his choicest Stores. But, for Heaven's sake, what does the Commonweal require from my Brother Authors? Is it not, that every Soul of them employ all their Talents to cultivate and improve the Mind, and correct Immoralities?

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#### [ 241 ]

Curse on those frivolous Scriblers, who are accused, and convicted of neglecting this great Good! What Fruit, what Recompense or Return, do they expect from their vain Babbling? Is not Nothing the Reward of Nothing?

For my part, I would remove this Scandal, at least I endeavour to stick close to my Profession. I beautify, as well as I can, some little Pieces of Morality: Let any other do it better; I shall be the first to thank him.



Madamoiselle the Ant was scutling along the Road, giving her self abundance of French Airs when she met a Caterpillar that could hardly move along. The Blessing of Heaven go along with you, Madam, says he to the Ant, and made as handsome a Leg as any Caterpillar of them all.

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But the Ant was too stiff in her Behaviour to return Civilities, but to sed up her Head with a distainful Air. Poor Animal! says she, how I pity thee! For indeed, poor Thing! between you and I, no Soul alive

can believe but Nature has been very defective in making of you. Who, in the Name of God, would take thee for a Creature? Who look'ft like a Thing half made, which Nature, not liking, threw by unfinished.

For my part, Dame Nature has dealt otherwise with me (God be praised) and put me into a little better Form: I go and come at my ease, and am as nimble about the Legs as any Lady of our Country; can dance Minuits and Rigadoons with such a swimming Air, that I have made many Monsieur fall in Love with me. And then—But I talk too much for one of my Quality to such little Creatures, and so, poor creeping Thing adieu, for I am going to the Masquerade.

The humble Caterpillar was struck Dumb at this haughty, disdainful Language, retired into his Shell, and went to work; but just in the very instant he was coming out the proud Ant passed by. The Caterpillar came out a beautiful Buttersly. Stop a Moment, for God's sake, says he to the Ant, I would advise you never to despise any Body. There is no one in so mean a Condition but may one Day change his Fortune. You see me now in the Air, and you must creep as

long is you live.



# The WASPS and the ELEPHANTS.

#### FABLE IX.

W O Armies were in the Field,
both animated with equal Courage, but their Forces were
vafily different. A long Rank
of Elephants with Towers on
their Backs, full of expert Archers, covered
the Front of one. The other had none of
these, and had nothing to depend upon but
their Courage.

At last the fatal Instant comes, the Charge is sounded, and the Signal given. The Elephants began to advance, and from their wooden Towers the Arrows slew as thick as Hail. For some Time the Victory was dubious,

bious, but at last the lesser Army unable longer to withstand superiour Force gave way.

Victory then declared her self of the Elephants side, and the conquering Monsters silled the Air with their tumultuous Clamour, which returned in frightful Ecchoes.

In the midst of their Triumph sted by a swarm of Wasps, who were not so deaf but could hear their consused Harmony, and like good Christians, took pity on the vanquished Army, and aversion to the hideous Shoutings of our bulky Conquerors. Come Children, says the Father Wasp, let us punish this vain Ostentation. Let us fall upon these hugh Proudlings, and do something too, to be talked on.

This was no sooner proposed but put in Execution; there was never a Hide of them all, so hard but selt their Rage, and were it greater Gentlemen (buzzed they one to another) i'saith you should have it; we'll teach you to whom Fortune will decree the Glory of Conquest, and immediately they began to dart their sharp Stings into the Elephants Eyes: Some got into their Ears, whilst others crept into their Trunks, and plagued them to that degree, that grown quite mad and desperate, they turned back

on their own Army, broke their Ranks, and

dispersed them.

Which when the conquered Army perceived, they took new Heart, and renewed the Battle; their Courage then turned to Rage, they gave no Quarter; in short, never was such a dreadful Slaughter seen, not a Soul escaped to tell the News, and the Field groaned under Mountains of the slain.

This gave a fatal Change to a flourishing Empire, every Thing had a new Face: The King was dethroned, and a Stranger

placed in his Room.

History has given us many nice Reasons for this Revolution; the vanquished Army, though greater in Number, yet had no Management; their Officers did not well understand Discipline: Or, that the Conqueror (wife as Olysses\*) had gained some of the Soldiery in the other Army, and that it was those Traytors that were the Occasion of their Disorder, and a Thousand such like Stories, as History is frequently full of, where the Conjectures of the Historian pass

<sup>\*</sup> One of the Greek Captains at the Seige of Troy, famous in Military Policy.

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for the greatest Truths, and are firmly believed as Articles of Faith.

But not one Syllable of the Wasps. And why so? I'll tell you, Great Events must have great Causes. This is a fixed Maxim. But he who knows the Truth of Things, is very well satisfied that,

THE GREATEST REVOLUTIONS IN THE WORLD HAVE A-RISEN FROM TRIFLES.



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# The SHEEP and the Bush.

# FABLE X.

Fable to be short, and they are in the right of it; but Excess in any Thing is good for nothing. He who speaks too little can't be

faid to speak well. To be Dry is not to be

agreeable.

Afop himself was too concise, and I have often wonder'd at it, for he was a Greek, and they are great Talkers in that Country, witness our Divine Homer. These two Story-Tellers were not one bit alike. One by an infinity of Verses tells us one must agree. Go ask the other, and he dispatches you in two Words. These two Extremes I can by no means relish. We do well to avoid a long Rhapsody. And as we are obliged to say nothing too much, so on the other Hand, we ought to say enough.

La Fontaine well understood his Laconick Original. Every Thing slows in his Verse; the meanest Animal is eloquent. Every Thing has Sentiment and Moral. All Things converse, and one would think we were amongst those of our own Species. Precept gently glides under his agreeable and delightful Garb.

He is my Master, and I have the Vanity to boast of it. By his Example and Authority, I give my Tales a competent Extent: However, for Variety sake, I here present you with one without any Dress at all.



A Sheep to shelter her self from a Storm, retired under a wide spreading Bush of Thorns, where, indeed, she saved her self from the Rain, but lest good part of her Wool behind. And don't you think she did very wisely?

Pray all Clients make a Comment upon this my Fable. You go to Law for nothing at all, or for very little, at the Expence of a great deal of Trouble, Time and Money, and then you get your Cause, and recover Costs. But did you ever know the Costs pay your Charges?

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# The Lion, the Fox, and the RAT.

## FABLE XI.

HE Lion and the Tyger had been a long while at War together, but at last the Lion proved the Conqueror. The whole Earth was dumb in his Presence, and the animal World acknowledged him their Sovereign Lord. Every Species sent their Deputies to pay Homage to the King. And so like another Olysses, after some Dispute, Reynard was made choice of to go and compliment his Roaring Majesty, who told him, That his Front was so

<sup>\*</sup> All the Poets celebrated his Eloquence.

Noble and Majestick, that he of all Beasts alive deserved best to wear a Crown. That he was like Jupiter, who when seated on his Throne, could make Heaven tremble with his Nod, and frighten the inferior Deities

by knitting of his Brows.

And just so was the Lion, he made the whole World tremble when he pleased, that his Pleasure was a Law, and every Species of Animals owned him for their Sovereign, that they were his faithful Vasfals, his Slaves, and that he might play with other Creatures as a Cat does with a Rat.

This Discourse was not over pleasing to the Rat, who made Mows at him behind his Back. Z—nds, thought he, here's fine Doings indeed, if I am not even with you I'm much mistaken. However, the Lion being charmed with Reynard's Harangue, gave him a Warrant for a good round Sum, payable at a certain Time by Count Dragon his Lord Treasurer. The Monkey, as Secretary of State, drew it up in Form, who presented the Fox with the Royal Grant, signed LION in Capitals, and a little lower Pug.

Reynard kissed the Royal Paw, and concluded now his Fortune was made, and dream'd of nothing but Ducks, Geese, and Poultry, which he would buy cheap, but the

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mischief of it was, he had not yet finger'd

the Money.

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On the other Hand, the Rat grumbled in his Gizzard, and meditated Vengeance, for Reynard's Speech to the King in Council stuck in his Stomach, and he burnt with Revenge: And accordingly takes an Opportunity when the Fox was abroad, and whips into his Apartment, and gnaws the Warrant all to pieces.

Thus what the Ratter'd Lion lavishly be-

stowed, the offended Rat destroyed.



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# PLUTO and PROSERPINE. FABLE XII.

Mmediately after the amorous Pluto had forcibly carried away Proservine, her Mowas I was Proservine, her Mowas ther Ceres made loud Complaints of the Injustice of the infernal Monarch. Nay, she slew up to Heaven, and filled the coelestial Apartments with her Complaints. Jupiter, says she, and will you suffer Pluto thus to murder me? I've lost my Daughter. Alas! if it be just to take her from me, take from me my Immortality.

Your Case gives me much Trouble, good Madam, says Jupiter to Ceres, that younger Brother of mine is of an uncharitable Humour, and always keeps what he has: However, compose your self, I beseech you; and that

that I may have Peace in my Family, I've found out an expedient which Fate shall put her Seal to, which is this, fix Months of the Year he shall keep your Daughter, the other fix she lives with you. This is my Decree. Here Mercury, go and carry it to the God of Hell.

Heaven's Messenger obeyed, and swift as a Thought that down to the gloomy Regions, and informed Plute of the Decree, who was not very well pleased you must think, but fell a grumbling most horridly; What, fays he, and does my Brother think to curb my Defires, and pretend to limit me my Pleafures? We let him and his alone, and tis but reasonable for us to expect the same from him. Shall I only possess my dear charming Beauty but fix Months in the Year! How shall I live the other fix? Is a whole Eternity too long to adore her in?

You have, indeed, Reason to complain, fays Mercury, but Fate has so ordered it. Such as it is you must stand by it now; you would do well to acquiesce in it, fince there

is no Remedy.

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Well, Proferpine was married, and it was high Holiday in Hell; every Torment ceafed, nay, they fay, that in Tartarus \*, as

<sup>\*</sup> That part of Hell where the Poets feigned wicked Souls were punished. well

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well as in the Elysium Fields, they danced

at the Wedding.

About fifteen Days after Pluto told his Wife that she must be forced from his Arms. In short, says he, my Dear, the Time draws on when you must leave me. Here we can neither count Days nor Months; our immoveable Stars \* know not how to meafure Time; but this I know, that many a Moment has past since my Heart has been at Peace. We must part. O fruitless Regret! The Time of your Return however, is a long way off, six Months at least, an Age, an Eternity.

Well, about a Fortnight after this Separation, Pluto began to grow very uneasy, he wonder'd at the length of the Time. What, says he yawning, these six Months are terrible long. After two Fortnights more had passed, he began to suspect Jupiter's Sincerity; he fancied he had a mind to trick him, and not stand to the Clause of six Months. This put him upon fresh Complaints, but he might complain as long as he pleased, he must stay as well as his Lady, Proserpine, till the Time prefix'd by Fate

<sup>\*</sup> The Antients believed that Elysium, the Residence of happy Souls, received Light from particular Stars of its own.

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was come. But when Mercury came to restore her, his infernal Majesty had ten Times more Pleasure than before; but in a little while he grew perfectly indifferent.



What mighty Charms do we suppose in a Good we wish for and desire, but when we have a Time enjoyed the Object of our Wishes, how does that Good decrease? Every Day lessens it somewhat, till at last it grows intirely disagreeable.



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# JUDGMENT, MEMORY, and IMAGINATION.

#### FABLF XIII.

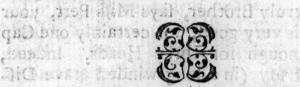
中央中央中央UDGMENT, Memory, and Imagination; What strange Actions of Joseph tors are these, say you, in a Fable! But whoever makes the fuch a Criticism, has not them

all Three, upon my Word.

Judgment would tell him that these three Personages make as good a Figure in Fable, as the Fox, the Wolf, and the Lamb; and let him consider whether I have been able to form these Images to make a a good Picture. Every Thing is allowable, provided from the Tale there results some Truth.

The Fable lies in the Morality; when an Author goes directly to that, the Reader has what he defires, if he trifles and quibbles he has a wretched Tafte. The Actors (who or whatever they are) fignify but little, and one is at liberty to make choice of those one likes. If I am contradicted here I shall always maintain it, that to end the Dispute one must appeal to the best of Judges, that is, to good Sense, and if my Antagonist will not subscribe to this, I shall not submit to him.

Besides, to sollow a Rule strictly, according to the Letter, very often looses all its Life and Spirit.



OR D Judgment, Lady Memory, and Miss Imagination (tho' neither Fable nor History makes any mention of it) lived heretofore together in the same House: They lived in common, for they were Children to the same Father.

For some Time they enjoyed all the sweets of Peace; but alas! Unity amongst Relations seldom lasts long; ill Humours soon set the Brother and Sister at variance; Imagi-

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nation gave way to her Sallies; Memory was continually babbling, and Judgment tired to Death with their Folly and Tittle Tattle grumbled cruelly; and after this manner they passed their Days. There was continually some wrangling or other between them, and quarrelling at every infignificant Accident. They were never without calling one another Names; one was a Fool, the other a perfect Gossip, and t'other a meer downright Pedant.

We must part, Sisters, said Judgment, one Day, Pray what do you think on't? This Life can never continue long that's certain; we were born, I think, to live apart.

Why truly Brother, fays Miss Pert, your Counsel is very good, for certainly one Cap is not enough for three Heads. Indeed, says my Lady (in a long-winded grave Discourse of about two Hours long) the Sons of Saturn authorize this Fact. And so they all concluded to separate that very Moment. The Example was noble, and they would follow it; adieu, a good Journey, and so they packed up, and went each their way to seek out a new Habitation.

<sup>\*</sup> Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto, who divided the World between them. Heaven fell to Jupiter, the Sea to Neptune, and Hell to Pluto.

It was not long before they found Entertainment, and this was with three quarrelfome Neighbours that never would see one another, the most lucky Circumstance in the World for them.

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He with whom Memory lodged became very learned, God knows, and knew every Thing in his way, Languages, Opinions, Customs, Fable, History, and what not? Imagination too, quickly made her Man a hardy Poet, but the most unrestrained in the World, Extravagant, Enthusiastick; in short, a great Inventor of ill connected Objects, and as great a coupler of Words that were naturally afraid of each other.

Lord Judgment was made in another Mould, and took particular Care of his obliging Landlord. In the twinkling of an Eye he became a Philosopher; no, I mistake, a Man of good Sense; one who judged of every Thing according to its intrinsick Value, a Friend to Truth and Justice, asting always well, and never dreading any Thing without being well acquainted with its true Cause.

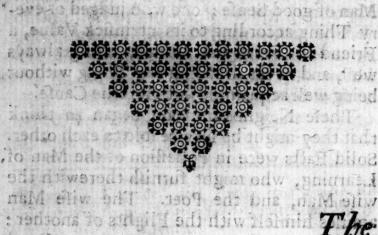
These Neighbours soon began to think that they might be serviceable to each other. Solid Fasts were in Possession of the Man of Learning, who might furnish therewith the wise Man, and the Poet. The wise Man amuses himself with the Flights of another:

Good

Good Sense must now and then unbend it self and be diverted. The Poet, on the other Hand, thinks it adviseable to make use of his Counsels as a good Guide to Parnassus. As for the Man of Learning, he despised — whom? Why all the World, and his Neighbours too, no doubt on't. But he must chat now and then, and with whom do you think? Why with his Neighbours, and he did so.



I T is for the common good of Mankind that in this World all Talents are not possessed by one Person. No Man has them all: But this Division is the Chain of all Society.



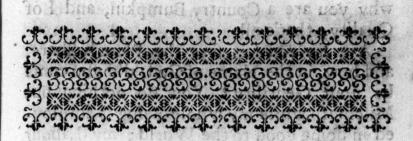
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# The PLOUGH-SHARE and the Sword.

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### to find Two smeat a pa FABLE XIV.

have feen miglay Conquerors retire, ar NCE upon a Time, a great many Years fince, the Plough-Share and the Sword met one another in the Rields. The Sword, it feems, being a Perfon of Quality, had his Head fo full of his Nobility, that he would hardly look at any one beneath his Rank, at 1 19 vol vm it is in in

The Plough-Share faluted him after his way, and made a reverend Bow, but the Sword took no manner of Notice. Pray, good Sir, fays he, whence comes this flately Carriage? And, Don't you know? fays the Sword, a very pretty Question truly; why

why you are a Country Bumpkin, and I of

Quality, that's all.

Ay, fay you so, says the Plough-Share, and how, in the Name of God, did you come by your Gentility? You do nothing but Mischief, while my whole Being is employed in doing good to the World; my Labour and Industry is the Support of Mankind; they can't live without me: You take away Lives by Dozens, and very often for nothing at all.

Poor creeping Thing, says the Sword, What a mean Soul hast thou? And, dost think great Men are of thy silly Opinion? Yes, indeed, replies the Plough-share, we have seen mighty Conquerors retire, and lay their triumphant Hands again to the Plough. Witness the Romans, our Lords and Masters.

But dost thou think, Blockhead, that these Romans could, without my help, have subdued the World? Rome had been only a small Village, and no one would have talked of her, if my Power had not made Mankind her Slaves.

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<sup>\*</sup> Several famous Romans after having rode in Tri-

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So much the worse, says the Plough-Share, she had much better have been quiet: A very fine Necessity truly, that the whole World should become Slaves to one Town, which by her prodigious Cruelties frighten d all Europe, Africa and Asia into Subjection! And why, for what End, good your Honour? Only to please a restless Ambition which is never satisfied. And do you think this deserves such Commendation?

The Sword was now at the end of his Logick, and very much like a Gentleman, challenged Gaffer Plough-Share. Come, fays he, let us fight it out, for Demme, I'll have Satisfaction. That's your Trade, fays the Plough-Share, but it is not mine; I am a rude Country Bumpkin, as your Honour is pleafed to call me; and never practifed the Gentleman like way of cutting one anothers Throats for Trifles. I work Sir, and never fight.

But I'll tell you what I'll do with you, let a third Person decide the Controversy. Let us chuse the Mole for our Arbitrator, she is like Themis \*, she has no Eyes, has a very grave Air, and wears a black furred

Gown,

<sup>\*</sup> The Goddess of Justice, who was painted with a Scarf tied over her Eyes.

### [ 264 ]

Gown, you cannot chuse better. This was agreed upon, and each told his Story.

Our new Themis heard all distinctly in her Hole, and having very judiciously weigh'd all Circumstances, pronounc'd Sentence in this Proverb.

HE THAT FORGED THE PLOUGH-SHARE WAS A WISE MAN, BUT HE THAT MADE THE SWORD WAS A FOOL.

Logicky and rely meditall as Weightening



\* The Goldes of Sussice, who was printed with a Seath of Trong level Eyes.



## The Two Dogs.

#### FABLE XV.

To Madam the Marchioness De LAM-BERT.

Madam,

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I live, that my Muse owes you a pleasing Tribute; and this throbbing Thing speaks at its ease, since it knows the Pleasure will be all its own, and the Mind have all the Trouble, though I am so ill qualified to describe your sine Taste, your Reason, your Virtues, your rich Endowments: But these like Truths are troublesome for some certain Person to mention. The Wise are Gods who resule Incense.

I will not then celebrate your Praises, though my Heart inspires me. I had rather congratulate you, and participate of that exquisite Joy, which with true Friends, you A a Madam.

Madam, know so well how to relish. Learning, Politeness, Wit and Genius, introduced by Friendship, lives with you. These in you have found their URANIA. They love her; and indeed, Madam, here I speak

a Word or two for my felf.

Ask every one of these choice Friends what attractive Charms, what powerful Magick, have made you thus engaging! They'll all contribute their Pencil to touch up your Picture, and when that's done, all Merit must collectively appear, and consequently your true Pourtrait.

But what have I said? The Word escaped me. You blush, I beg your Pardon; my Intention was good. I resolved, indeed, not to praise you; but you see, Madam, when the Heart is willing, in vain does our Mind oppose, which in such like Accidents is ever

foiled.

However, read my Fable; the Fact is what you are a good Judge of. I here defcribe the Difgrace and Misfortunes of a Dog, which will shew the World what you so well know, that Friendship requires Prudence.

R AY was one of the most Gentlemanlike Dogs in the World, well Bred, civil and agreeable in Conversation. He happened, pened, one Day, as he was travelling, to overtake Mr. Jowler upon the Road, one of the most peevish, ill mannerly, over-

grown Puppies you ever faw.

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pd, Sir, said he, with a great deal of Humility, (methinks I've seen some Body in the side Box not unlike him) I beg your Pardon, perhaps I disturb your Contemplation, but if you'll be pleased to accept of my Company, 'tis at your Service with all my Heart, and I shall take it as a great deal of Honour.

Jowler was not very difficult of Access, as it then happen'd (for the most brutal People have sometimes their Intervals) and our two Dogs struck up a Friendship, shook Paws, and embraced, and very lovingly kept on their Journey. Tray, for his part, placed an intire Considence in his new-Friend, and began to entertain him with his Employment, his Amours, and the Management of his domestick Affairs. (New Friendship has ever this fault, of talking too much.) In short, to amuse his grave Companion, who spoke little, and seemed to be out of Humour; he chatted on, and omitted none of his Adventures to put him into a gay and pleasant Humour.

At last they came into a Village, when our grave, sullen Gentleman, sell a barking at all the Dogs he met, biting now one, and

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then another, and did a Thousand-ill-natur'd Things, till at laft the Alarm-Bell rung out against our two Brothers, and they were both taken up for Rogues and Disturbers of the Peace. Poor TRAY would have given his Ears to get off, but all Intreaties availed him nothing, he fared neither better nor worse than his Companion; one was whipp'd feverely, and the other had his share. I cannot but pity him: But these Things generally happen to those who chuse Friends at hap-hazard.

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The Conqueror and the poor WOMAN.

#### FABLE XVI.



INGS, you love Glory, and to you it justly belongs. You have nothing to do but to know it well, be what you ought, and fhe offers you her richest Treafures.

But what is it that you ought to be? And what is the Duty of a Monarch? He is rather a Shepherd, than a Master of the Flock; Your Rule and Empire extends it self over all the Globe, a thousand Nations submit to your Command, and yet you are no more but mighty Lords. TO GOVERN WELLIS TO BE A KING.

The famous Conqueror \* of Asia, was no King, but an armed Traveller, who to please and gratify his Fancy, had a mind (as he passed it over) to see the whole World in Uproar and Confusion. To little purpose did Aristotle † endeavour to convince him, that a King should apply himself to the good of his People. He lost all his Time in Conquest, and had none for Government.

If God has stamp'd on your Foreheads his Resemblance, 'tis not so much that you should imitate him in Power, as to make you Substitutes of his Providence for our Good. Watch therefore over us for this Good with which he has intrusted you. Place there, your only Glory, and seek no other. To fear, to love, to obey You, is our Duty, to make Us happy is yours.

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<sup>\*</sup> Alexander the Great.

<sup>†</sup> Alexander's Preceptor.

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A Certain Sophy\*, who entertained Bellona † in his Service, by Profession a Conqueror, but a good Man for all that, and had no Vice but Ambition, if that be one; if we ask our modern Heroes if it be so, they'll tell you otherwise: It is the Mark of a great Soul, and we must not rea-

fon with these Gentlemen.

This Persian Monarch went successfully on from Conquest to Conquest, and saw all the neighbouring Nations under his Subjection; Lord of twenty Crowns, and thro' his Dominions a hundred Rivers rolled. He made a good use of his Victories, and would have Justice slourish every where. He heard the Complaints of his People himself, and read their Petitions and Memorials; the Innocent triumphed, and the Unjust was punished.

Hearing this good Fame of her Prince, an Old Woman who had suffered very much, came from the very Borders of his vast and mighty Empire, to throw her self at her Sovereign's Feet, and implore Redress.

t The Goddess of War.

<sup>\*</sup> The Name of the Emperor of Persia:

[ 271 ]

Sir, said she, by the Right of Conquest, my self and Daughter are your Slaves. She has been defloured, and I have had my Estate plundered and destroyed. Must one suffer these Cruelties under a good King? Tis you, Sir, I call upon for Redress—here she lest off and cried.

Poor Woman, said the Prince, how I pity thee! I make it my whole Care to put the Laws in Execution, but what can I do at such a distance? Can I think on every Thing? Does the Sun which gives us Light shine upon every part of the World at once? It must not be thought strange that my good Laws are soill observed at so great a distance from my Throne.

Alas! Is it so, replied the Woman, a little briskly, why then cannot we — the People—Govern? For we have Conquered you.

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sypendical at 1851.

## [ 372 ]



## The Two NINNIES.

#### FABLE XVII.

dom, lived not many Hundred Years ago two Ninnies, Father and Son, and both Barristers at Law. The Father (as well as the Son was Chamber-Council, and) very often confulted in Affairs of Importance, while the Son very gravely (and that too not seldom) would nod away half an Hour of good Advice at an Audience of Clients; and who would have thought this of a Norman?

The Father made up, and agreed Suits of a long dependance, and reminded the Parties of the great Charge and Expences they had been at, and that it would be much better now to agree and be Friends.

The Son admired the Success, but had his Eye much more upon the Gains such Con-

<sup>\*</sup> A City in Normandy:

dust brought the old Gentleman. Every Day some one or other was thanking him for his good Offices done the Family. Well, this is a Lawyer of a Thousand, he perswades Folks to Peace and Unity, and brotherly Love. One owed him all his Goods, and another his Life, and then there dropt a Broad-Piece, and it may be, a couple of Capons, or a fat Turkey into the bargain.

The Son was ravished with his Father's Conduct, and was resolved to imitate him, and accommodate Law-Suits too. I'll make my self a Friend to one, says he, and a Companion to the other, and I'll warrant I cure my Countrymen the Normans of going to

Law, or else the Devil's in't.

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Soon after, upon the least difference that he heard of amongst his Neighbours, he sent for both Parties, and preached to them brotherly Love and Agreement, For, says he, it is a sad Thing this going to Law, a long and tedious Process, besides a great deal of Pains and Care, &c. Trouble and Vexation, &c. Molestation and Disturbance, &c. Charges and Expences, &c. ad dampnum ipsus, &c. and at last very often Ruin, &c.

You preach very well, Monsieur Advocate, says the Plaintiff, but Peter here, is a damn'd Rogue, and like your Worship. No more a Rogue than your felf, says Peter,

and

and thus they went on, calling one another Names, not minding one Word what the Lawyer said, but went both away in a Passion to the Bailiffs to get one another ar-

Some Time after, our new Judge would make up a Difference between these two Neighbours, one of whom had given the other the Lie. The Fact was told, but before Monsieur Ninny had spoke ten Words, he that gave the Lie was rewarded with a good stap in the Face by his Adversary, and away they went again to the Serjeants.

For this good Success our Advocate got neither Honour nor Fee, not so much as a

little Pullet, or a Pigeon.

But running away to the Old one, How comes this to pais? fays he, How do you manage Matters? You do every Thing as you please, and agree what Causes you have a mind. The Devil of one (Pox on it) can I make up for my Soul. I endeavour'd to prevent one Suit and have made Four: For let me fay what I could they would go to Law.

You Fool, faid the Father, don't you. know that you should never perswade People to make up a Cause 'till they are quite

Roque than your fels, flys Perer

dame'd Rogue, and like your Worthin

weary of it themselves?

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## The STOMACH.

## FABLE XVIII.

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This same Stomach was a great Lover of Ragous, rich Soups, and savoury Dishes, dressed a la Daub, and a la Royale, that please the Taste after the Appetite is satisfied; and it was observed, he never said he had enough. All went down, hence insensibly proceeded bad Chile, and that produced bad Blood, which in a little Time made every part of the Body heavy, dull, and languishing.

Every Thing was out of Sorts. Sometimes the Head ached as if it would burst in Pieces, then a violent Cholick or Pains in the Back. The Breast was out of Order. Order, or a Rheumatism skipt from one Shoulder to the other, and to crown all, Madam Gout seized both upon Hands and Feet.

What's all this? fays the fick Man. What can be the Cause of the great Disorder and Pain I labour under? It is not I, at least, says the Stomach, I do you all the Service I'm capable of, I'm sure I have not been idle, and never had the least Disserence with you. Have I injured you? Put your Hand upon me and feel; Can you have other Witnesses? The Breast, my Companion, is not so true to you as I am. The Head too raves too much, and o'my Conscience, the Feet do not exercise enough.

Thus this Calumniator affigned a Fault to every part of the Body, and that none of them ferved him so well as he did. The fick Man believed every Syllable, and like the World, punishes in others the Faults of a Traytor. Incisions now were made by Dozens where the Pain was most exquisite; Plaisters and Cataplasms, and God knows what; at last a Fever comes, and the poor Body, no longer able to resist its Rage, trem-

bles in Agonies of Death.

Poor Stomach! Your Business is done, say your Pater-Noster; the Physicians by their Rules of Art have given You and all the Members over.

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he N N vain do we cast our Faults on others, we suffer for them either soon or late.

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# thought and contradict your felvera

## FABLE MXIX.

ENCE all ye Readers, whose Criticism blows hot and cold; His who, without distinguishing Right or Wrong, brand every Thing with odious Characters: With you all Perfection's faulty. If we are Sublime, we are affected, and full of bombast and fulsom; if Simple, then we are low and mean; all Art is artifice, and every Thing that pleases painted.

Opinion contains strong and nervous Sense, What a Shame is this, say you, to shew this Picture to Children? But tell me pray, is Fable an Enemy either to the Prosound or Delicate, if it be a propos? Or is it a Toy to

quiet froward Children and seven front

But you'll quickly alter your Tone at the first common Things, I shall dare to say. Are these for Children to peruse? To imprint these Truths in them would be no easy Matter, and thus at every turn you vary your Weights and Balance; black or white, for or against, and contradict your selves a thousand Times, that you might not ap-

prove of any one Thing.

Well, Gentlemen, do as you please, no one will force your Inclination. For my part, trusting intirely to Fortune, I shall go on in my own Pace, without troubling my self about you, I do assure you, only must tell you before hand, that, in reality, my Intention is to instruct and amuse Childhood, not forgetting Man at the same Time. I should be glad that every Age might learn something from my Works, I think and write for all.

Leave to your Children what they can comprehend, and keep the rest for your

felves.

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DEATH, the Daughter of Time, and Love, were heretofore (as they do now-a-days) travelling over the World with their Bows and Quivers, and went very lovingly on together.

It was Jupiter's Order Love should only wound the young, in order to supply the Decays of Human Race, and Death was to strike old Age, and free the World from a useles Charge. This was the Decree, and by this Plan were our two Travellers to frame their Conduct.

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Clotha , says Love, will have her Bellyfull of spinning, we shall cut her out Work enough. And I, says Death, shall not be behind hand with you in furnishing her-Sister Atropos + in Employment; she'll have cutting enough I'll warrant; if she has but good Scissors she need not doubt my Power.

Thus they passed on, entertaining each other in Discourse, till they came to the entrance of a Wood, where, being wearied with much Work and Travelling, they laid them down for some small Time to rest (for they never sleep long) and threw down confusedly their Bows and Quivers. When the Time was come to pursue their Journey, they took them up in hast, without Resection. The Skeleton took up a good many Arrows belonging to Cupid, and he as many of Death's. This made horrid Work, for Death think-

<sup>\*</sup> One of the three Fates, which spun out the Lives of Men, according to the Poets.

<sup>†</sup> Another of them who cuts off the Thread of Life.

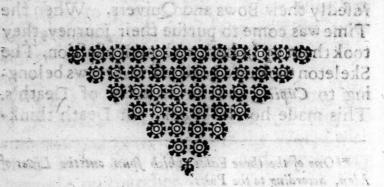
## [ 280 ]

ing to give a fatal Wound to old Age, set many a decrepid Couple a giggling and toying, and playing all the little mad Fooleries of youthful Lovers. While Cupid, who design'd to engage two youthful Hearts with mutual Passion, saw them instantly expire.

Jupiter smiled at the Mistake, but would give no Remedy, as believing some good might come through this their careless Error. And in reality, if we were really wise, after this Change, we should ever be assaid of Death and our Passions, notwithstanding the Strength or Weakness of our Age.

Without this Danger, which I look upon to be very happy for us, in the vigour of our Youth, or in the declention of our Days, Vice would have no Bridle, Virtue no Ex-

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## COURT FABLES.

BOOK IV.

The King of the Beasts.

FABLE I.

To Monseigneur the Bishop of FREJUS.

of a new Telemachus f, who, leading F ing through diftant Ages past, for the good of another Ithaca, shew'st him so many different Objects, so many virtuous Deeds and Actions suiting Heroes.

B b 3

You.

<sup>\*</sup> A Greek famous for his great Wifdom, he was Go-

<sup>†</sup> Son of Ulysses King of Ithaca.

You guide him without fear of Shipwreck from Country to Country, picking the choicest and most useful Flowers, forming as you pass, his Mind and Manners. You know how to instruct him in History, a fertile Study, where all is smiling and agreeable; by this he knows to distinguish between true and false Glory: At every Fact that enriches his Memory some new Virtue rises in his Heart.

But would you know on what I found the Hopes of the greatest Success from these your Lessons? It is this, my Lord, that in your Instructions you know how to please and make your self be loved. While your sage Discourses invite him to begin to be what he one Day should be, your Sweetness and graceful Manner engages his Love. When the Master knows to please, Lessons are then successful. Make good use of this Ascendant; the Love which he has for you at present, is the Measure and Source of that Zeal the People will one Day have for him.

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Commonwealth, the Beasts heretofore had a mind to be governed by a King,
and accordingly they made Choice of an

Ox, who for his quiet Disposition and Humanity.

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The People promised themselves all the Happiness in the World under his Govern-The new King being of a sweet Temper, delighting in doing Good, very Affable, and easy of Access, was loved by every Body, and that was all. He only knew how to pity the Wretched and Unfortunate; And he had scarce the Heart to punish any Criminal. A Thousand little Tyrants ravaged his Provinces, Tygers and Lions were continually robbing him of his Subjects. What should he do? He preached up Peace, and Love, and Unanimity. It was pity fo good a Prince fhould have fuch wicked People; they might have had as many Favours from him as they pleased. no Punishment, but a general Pardon for all.

However, at last they deposed him, and set up the Lion in his Room. The Name of Conqueror sollowed this Election. The new King enlarged his Frontiers, and made all his Neighbours submit to his Ambition. His Subjects trembled, and there was no more Rebellion, but then there was no longer any Love, for he inspired nothing but Fear and Terror. His cruel Majesty ever bestained with Blood frighten'd even his Sycophants and Flatterers. Upon the

least Complaint, or bare Suspicion, the Accusers as well as the Accused, were sure to be destroyed, and feel the Fury of his Rage.

What's here to do? faid the People. What a fine Choice is this? The DXRT have made a rare piece of Work on't; of two Kings not one worth a Cherry Stone: We did not Fear the other, and how a Devil can we Love this, who knows no other Law than his Rage? In short, grown quite desperate under such cruel Slavery, the whole Nation sell at once upon this Nero of the Wood. You may imagine what a Slaughter this was, it cost them some Blood, however the Tyrant died.

Upon this the good Ox, whom they had fo quietly deposed, without any Reluctance on his part, made a signal for Silence. My Lords and Gentlemen, said he, I have found out a King will do your Business. Lord Elephant, here is your Man, he is good temper'd, like me, and terrible when he pleases, like the other; he'll govern you like his Children, and defend your Rights and Liberties. I give him my Vote, pray let him have yours. For what Royal Qualities

† A Roman Emperor famous for his Cruelty.

<sup>\*</sup> Dyet in Germany and Poland, signifies a General Assembly of the States.

## [ 285 ]

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does he want? None at all cried the People. He was accordingly chosen, and his happy Reign repaired all past Missortunes.

INGS, we must both love and fear you, one without the other is not sufficient.

## \*\*\*\*

The PEACH-TREE and the MULBERRY-TREE.

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Peach-Tree, the Love and Hopes of his Master, the favourite Tree of the whole Garden, scarce can the Spring appear, but he displays his Blossoms, priding himself in his gawdy Apparel, and his early Bloom. He advised the Mulberry Tree (one Day) which was as naked as in the depth of Winter, to give him some sign that he was alive, since he had neither Leaf nor Blossom, but Branches all languishing and chilled, to Flora's Shame.

<sup>\*</sup> The Gaddess of Flowers.

Friend, flays the Peach Tree, what does the Spring fignify to you? Your Laziness is a Distinguour to it. A long while since has the warbling Philomel \* proclaimed it to the Ecchoes of these Woods. All Nature is awake. Every Morning the blushing Aurona bedews us with her pearly Tears; delicious Nectar of Trees and Flowers! In vain, thousally Thing, may gentle Zephyrus blow his spicy Gales; you seep when the whole Creation is awake.

Why don't you follow my Example? Look, and confider how I have toiled. You fee me covered with blooming Flowers, long fince have I regaled my Master with finest Hopes, and I'll be as good as my Word; he may reckon before-hand that my Fruit will

be equal in Number to my Blossoms.

Scarce had he said this, but an unlucky North Wind blew, and in an instant stript him intirely of his painted Livery; all hopes of Fruit were now no more, and scarce had

he left one barren Leaf.

Well, haughty Sir, says the Mulberry-Tree, and was I in the wrong not to be so hasty? Zephyrus may blow as long as he pleases, it is the nipping North I'm yet

<sup>\*</sup> The Nightingale.

## [ 287 ]

afraid of. Learn this Truth from me, That if you would bring an Enterprize to Perfection, you must begin at proper Seasons, and take due Time.

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### FABLE III.

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Succour I implore. I cannot work on antique Models, those Pictures displease me; if I do not form somewhat of my own, and give my imagination its career, I'm out of Humour, and throw away my Pencil and my Colours, for mere Vexation.

The Fictions of another never excite my Fancy; and if the Foundation is not my own, the Structure rifes with Pain. I should be afraid lest some Quirk or Quibble should, under the specious Mask of Justice, put me out of Possession, and the Ground Landlord, some Time or other, claim the Building.

Let

Let us not then embroider another's Tiffue. People invented heretofore, let us do so now; our Fore-fathers in this did well, cannot we do so too? No, say you, the Time is past; O! to do this, one should have been born in the Days of Esop or Homer. You come too late, if you can but imitate, it is

enough for you.

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But, with your leave, I'm not of your Mind, according to this way of Reasoning, the World must be on its last Legs, its most decrepid Age; and has seen and said every Thing: But there wants a great deal of that, it is now only in the Flower of its Age; nay, I've said too much, it is only six or seven Thousand Years old; now for these Millions of Years as it is likely yet to live, it is still productive; and we are Children.

We are afraid, and dare not advance without our Guides. We enquire at every step, has any one been that Way? No. Let us then by no means venture. This is the Discourse of us, poor Children as we are, we shall have more Courage when we come to be Men. What vast Territories remain yet undiscovered! Fiction is a Country of an unbounded Extent, and one may go prodigious Lengths, provided we do but think. Do there want Roads? Let us make them our selves. Let us imagine Facts, and form

fit Actors, and if we find any savage Criticks by the way, let us still proceed, though they make never so much Clamour and Out-cry.

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Cheer.

APOLLO points us out the Glory of Invention, and we are, in spite of Envy, Makers of our own Trade. By virtue of this Privilege see here new Actors, Dame Ignorance and her Relations, Laziness and Pride: Let us hear these Doctors, they have already, I see, set the whole Critick World a grumbling against a Metaphysical Tale.

or Virtue officer Agent

Do you ask me who abused her? Indeed I cannot tell, but one may easily comprehend that it is no difficult Matter to abuse Ignorance. In short, she grew very big, and nine Months were now nigh well compleated. Every Oracle was consulted, and in pompous Words declared, That she should be delivered of the Queen of the whole World; of a Child that should make Kings and Demi-Gods, and reign Despotick over all Mankind; should found Schools and Universities for the grave Sages in Literature, and that hereafter the whole World should see every Thing through her Eyes.

Cc

Ladies

## [ 290 ]

Ladies generally are deliver'd with Fears and Pain, but poor Ignorance with Admiration, and the Oracles were fulfilled: How? Why with the Birth of pretty Mademoiselle Opinion. Pride and Laziness, near Relations to Ignorance, and her greatest and most intimate Friends, were sent for, and the Honour of naming the Child were referred to them. The God-Mother admired the pretty Infant, and was continually smiling upon her. The God-Father looked grave, and slattered and caressed her, and by Virtue of their Authority call'd her — What? — Truth.

## KENKENKEN KEN KENKEN

# The Dogs.

# Tree F AbBull E IV.

Number of bold Dogs made of Dogs made a firm League together, that they might feek their Fortunes with greater Security. Let us share our Wealth and Honour in common, said a certain Squire amongst the n, an able Orator, in his great elbow Chair.

Chair. You might have heard him by his learned Harangue fire the Breasts of the Confederates, and his nimble Tongue display the sacred Rights of Peace and Concord.

This old Dog, you must know, had taken his Degrees in the University, and was well acquainted with the Trencher Cap. You'll have many a stout Hestor \*, said he, to pursue, Wolves and wild Boars: But Courage, my Lads, I'll deliver every Mother's Son of them into your Power, provided you keep close to each other in Unity.

But if any of you grows peevish and quarrelsome, raises Dissentions amongst you, and calls his Companion Dog's Face t for nothing at all; in short, if you open a Door to a civil War, you are undone, and I call the angry Manes of ACHILLES to witness this Truth.

You see our Orator here (thank God) was a great Scholar, and a Plagiary too. However, this pathetick Discourse wrought so much on our Confederates, that they took an Oath to be firmly united to each other.

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Handa

<sup>\*</sup> The Son of Priam, who defended Troy, and was the most fatal to the Greeks.

<sup>†</sup> Achilles affronted Agamemnon after this manner in Homer's Iliad.

And thus without any private Interest they were zealously resolved to stand up for the general Good of the Commonwealth.

Our Heroes undertook their Journey, and soon sound a wild Boar, which they attacked and tore to Pieces. The Question now was, how to divide the Spoil. This was a nice Point. Our Sparks disagreed in their Sentiments. Says one, I'll eat the biggest part, for I was the Person, though I say it, that should not say it, who brought the Enemy to the Ground. Nay, Sir, said another, but then I throttled him, or else your throwing of him upon his Back would not have signified a double Stiver; and then, for those Curs who were mere Spectators at a distance, do they think to feast like them who were most in the Action, and displayed their Valour? No, let them saft, or seek a Dinner elsewhere.

In short, so much was said Pro and Con, that they grew very hot headed and surious, and sell to it heartily for their Shares: Their Barbarity increased every Moment; sierce Bellona and implacable Mars incited their Rage, and you might see nothing but Blood and Slaughter. This Field of Battle proved a second Pharsalia\*, where was heard no-

<sup>\*</sup> The Field of Battle where Cafar conquered Pompey.
thing

## [ 293 ]

thing but brutal Rage, Brothers against Brothers, Parents encountred Children, and every one disputed about the wild Boar which no Soul had meddled of.

But while they were thus employed in killing one another, they were furrounded by a Company of Wolves. He that could run away took fairly to his Heels, but all could not do that, and what remained became a Prey to their Enemies.

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ROM hence may be learned two Truths. 1. It is Interest that makes and breaks Treaties. 2. Discord produces Ruin. We learn no more from the Divine Iliad in fixteen Thousand well founding Verses.



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The



# The PICTURE. FABLE V.

HE World is full of false Centrefures. If one shews those Gentlemen a good Piece, their bold Ignorance pronounces very dogmatically that it is nothing but Dawbing. It has no manner of Goût, no Strength, Proportion or Justice; this is displeasing, and that has an ill Look with it, blaming and condemning every Thing through the whole Alphabet.

Well Messeurs, I must tell you, this is nothing in the World but Pride, and you are very ignorant, how knowing so ever you

fancy your felves.

A Certain Gentleman, once upon a Time, had a great mind to have his Picture drawn. Every Man would be painted once in his Life: Self-love of its own Nature is a Friend to Limning: This Art, which copies

us, seems to make us likewise multiply, but

this is not our only Folly.

Well, the Picture was finished, and our Spark had a mind to have the Advice of his Friends, People that were Judges of Painting. Pray, Gentlemen, look upon it, that Piece was drawn for me; has he done me Justice? Why a - fays one, if I must speak my mind, I think he has made you fwarthy, whereas you are perfectly fair: The Mouth, fays another, is somewhat awry. I am fure, fays a Third, no one can fay that Nofe is well fhaped; besides, I would fain know, if you have fuch little Eyes, and fo dull and heavy? What Occasion is there for fo many Shades? In short, Sir, It is not you; he must touch it over again, that's certain.

In vain did the Painter undertake to juflify his Work; he might vex and fret himfelf never so much, it was all one, he was to begin again. Well, to work he goes, and finished it to his Mind, and would lay all he was worth in the World, that it was now a

perfect Likeness.

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The Judges were summoned a-new; well, Gentlemen, and what do you think now; Think, why —— a —— this is worse and worse, your Face is too long by half, you have Furrows in your Cheeks, and your Chin

Chin is wrinkled, and you look as old and ugly as Fourscore, whereas (and God knows we would not flatter you) you are really

young and handsome.

Well, says the Painter, I see I must go to work again, I'll engage to please you now, or I'll burn my Pencil. When they were gone home, says the Painter to the Gentleman, Your Friends, Sir, if I may give them that Title, are only a Company of free spoken Dunces, and if you please, I'll convince you they are so to Morrow. I'll cut out the Head of a Picture just like this, and go you behind, and put your Head in its Place: I'll prepare the Piece by the Time they are here. With all my Heart, says the Gentleman, till then adieu.

Our Men of Judgment accordingly came at the appointed Time, and the Painter shewed them the Picture at a greater distance than before. Does the Piece please you now, Gentlemen? says he: Tell me, Has it a Likeness now? At least, I am sure I have taken a great deal of Care to touch up the Head. Impertinent, said they, why do you send for us to see such stuff? Where is the necessity to trouble us over and over again with the same ridiculous Trumpery? If we must be plain with you, we tell you, That Head is no more our worthy Friends, than

## [ 297 ]

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than Prester John's. You are out there, Gentlemen Criticks, says the Head, for 'tis I my self.

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#### The WINE-CONNERS.

#### FABLE VI.

good Taste and Judgment in this World? Undoubtedly there are, but these are very rare, and seldom met with. Happy those who find them! Happy those who hear them! But much more Happy those who please them! Let this be our Endeavour, cost what it will.

A Master of a Family had tap'd a fresh House in to give their Opinions. The Cup went merrily about. One after twenty Swallows declared it excellent, and fit for the

<sup>\*</sup> This Fable is of the Same Nature with the preceding.

Table of Princes. Another, after two or three Rummers, cried out, That this Wine was worth all the Sovereign Liquor the Gods above got fuddled with; and defied Bacchus \* himself to find the least fault with it.

While every one was giving his Judgment, there came in two Wine-Conners, who were defired to take a Glass. Well, Gentlemen, and what do you think? Don't your Thoughts jump with ours? It taftes of Iron, fays one. Of Leather, fays the other. Well, what different Notions do Men frame of Things? And the merry Company laughed at them for a couple of Fools. But their Joy was but short liv'd, for the Event jufified what they faid; for when they had drawn out all the Wine, and were pouring out the Lees, they found a little Key tied to a small Thong of Leather. llive of Jean Dog

A UTHORS, your Works have pleafed Thousands, they have pronounced them excellent, but do not trust to this, many a Fault escapes the vulgar, which are perceived by those of a nice and delicate Taste.

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<sup>\*</sup> The God of Wine.



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## FABLE VIL

the Mansions of Heaven, had a mind to make a Creature after his Fashion. Immediately he began to imploy his Forge and

Hammer, and imitated a Human Body.
The out-fide was foon finished, and his
Tools gave the whole an excellent Polish.

Jupiter faid it was a beautiful Piece. O'my Conscience, says he, my Son understands Sculpture admirably well; but after all, it is nothing but a mere Body, a Statue, and no more: There must be a Soul, that's certain, to animate the Work, and give it Life and Motion. He had no sooner said this, but the Iron breathed, and the Statue became a perfect Woman.

<sup>\*</sup> The Son of Jupiter and Juno. Jupiter being vexed to see him so ugly, kicked him out of Heaven down to the Earth. He was Blacksmith to the Gods.

Every

Every Inhabitant of Heaven would make her a Present. Her Abode was to be amongst Smiles and Graces, and every God studied to out-do each other. She had all the Charms in the World, fine Qualities, Address, and Courage: And thence was called PANDORA,

that is, ALL GIFT.

But Pluto, the infernal Monarch, presented her with a Box. There, Take this, faid he, this is infinitely more valuable than all the Gifts you have hitherto received. It is the greatest Treasure in the World, if you do not open it. The Fair One, at this, was in some Perplexity; she was a Woman, and confequently Curious. Her Eye was contimually on the Box. And is it not to be opened? fays she, this is making me a Fool; a very pleasant Treasure truly, the Enjoyment of which is not to make use of it! I'm almost diffracted every Time I think on't, and God knows, that's all Day long too. This is some Riddle, furely, and i'faith I'll be fatis-I must open it ---- which the did.

But, good Gods, What flew out? What did she then discover? What dreadful Evils? Sorrow and Death; and what is worse than all, a whole Brood of most hateful Vices

flew Abroad into the World.

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Now, I ask in what Rank shall we place Curiostry, which was the Mother of them all.

#### is your nuch better lodge!.

O this old Story let us joyn another of our own, for I cannot cure my felf of Emulation: This Fable begets another, It was my Prelude, my Overture; and now the Curtain's drawn enter all the Vices upon the Stage. But what shall we all do, said they to each other? We are a pretty numerous Company, and let us consider where we shall find Entertainment.

For my part, says Ambition, I don't trouble my self about that, I am the Delight of the Great, I shall immediately take up my Residence with them; the Courts of Princes are my Habitation. And, as for me, says Interest, I think I am tolerably well provided for, I'll go this very Moment into the City amongst the Tradesmen and Merchants; I shall find Friends enough I don't doubt. I'll teach them how to traverse the Ocean, seek out distant Climates, and discover new Worlds; I'll make them supply me with a Thousand well built Ships, and carry me round the Globe.

Debauchery took up her Lodgings in the House of a Man of a vast Estate, where she

### [ 302 ]

had every Thing to her mind, indulging her felf in every fort of Wine, and every kind of Love. In short, she was sole Lady of the

Family.

Hypocrify was yet much better lodged. Her Habitation was with the Demure and Precife, who speak deliberately, noted for hanging down their Necks like Bull-Rushes, holy and sanctified Leers, where she was, however, delicately sed, and had her Apartments strewed with sweetest Herbs and Flowers, and ever frequenting the Temples of the Gods, where she was Mistress of the Ceremonies.

But what must be done with Jealousy? Which is her Quarter? Can she want Entertainment? No; there never were in the World, at the same Time, two Beauties and two Poets. And thus every Vice took up its respective Lodgings, except Vanity, which seemed intirely unprovided. And where will you lodge, Madam, says one of the Company? Don't be in any pain about that, Gentlemen and Ladies, says she, for I shall lodge every where.



## The CAT and the Mouse.

# Friends, IIIV Stor Hand A. A. B. Lore Moule

Gentle Mouse happened one
Day to be decoyed into a Trap;
and lost her Liberty for a bit of
Bacon. The wifest People, we
see, are sometimes taken.

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Sir Cat, a Baronet, who had a delicate Nose, came shifting round, and viewed both Bait and Prisoner; and now all his Wir was madeuse of to obtain these delicious Morsels. Gossip, says he, in a whining, hypocritical Tone, Let us lay aside all Animostry, we have lived long enough at variance, I'm quite and clean weary for my part. Now, if you are as sick of Contention as I am, let us live in strict Amity and Friendship for the suture; and I do assure you, thought say it that should not say it, you shall never know how much I am at your Service.

With all my Heart, says the Mouse. And you are in earnest, says the Cat. As I hope for Mercy am I, says the Mouse; and if I

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### [ 304 ]

am not, may——— No Imprecations, good Madam, I befeech you, replied the Cat. But to ratify this Treaty in all its Forms, according to the Civil Law, pray be fo good as to open your Lodging, that we may shake Hands, and embrace like sincere Friends.

I defire nothing more, fays the Mouse, you have nothing else to do but to lift up that Board at the Entry, which is done by pulling down that long Piece of Wood there that sticks out like a Barber's Pole, that's all. The Cat accordingly falls to work, and scarce had she set her two Paws upon it, but up flew the Trap Door, and the Mouse teamper'd away into her Hole with the Bacon, of which she soon made a Dispatch. Puss sollowed, but came too late. Well, says he, it is no great Matter, the Bacon was rusty, and the Mouse lean.

44

HE Grapes are four, fays the Fox, when he could not reach them. Two other Morals may be drawn from this Fable, viz.

A prudent Person knows bom to draw Good even from the Enemy who meditates his Defruction. And,

People

### [ 305 ]

People sometimes do us the greatest Service; by endeavouring most to do us burtanting

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### The Two Books.

### Teach of the B. Let Edit IX.

There may forme ent then

Every Man is this Child. Honours, Places, Nobility, Estate, Luxury and Splendor are this Fable; and are like so many Stilts on which he struts about, and imagines this artificial Height his own.

Now would I ask this great swaggering. Thing, which scarce will vouchsafe to look at me, and whose best Reception is Disdain, what Foundation he has for this haughty, proud Demeanour? Is it his Descent, Rank, or magnificent and pompous Equipage?

But alas! The honourable Memory of thy Ancestors, the Authority of thy Employment, thy Palace, rich Furniture and D d a Table.

### [ 306 ]

Table, are all these poor Man thy self? O: nothing less, and since I must tell you here your true Worth and Value, and what you really are, attend me. You are a Wretch of a low Heart, ill formed Wit and Genius, of a Soul blackened with Vice; this is your naked Picture, but every Line and Feature is exactly to the Life. Besides all this, your Pride cheats you and surfeits w. There are some great Men, indeed, whom the Gods take Pleasure to adorn with coelestial Gifts. Pride, in these only, is pardonable, but these alone are modest. This is to give a double Example.



a Shelf; one new, dress'd up in Turky Leather, and deck'd with many a gilded Flower; the other in mean Array of old Parchment, and Worm-eaten. The new Book, proud with his gay embroider'd Suit, cried out, For God's sake take me hence, Heavens! How does this mouldy suffy Creature sink? How can one endure such scoundre! Company? Such a fine Complexion as I wear,—and to be obliged to stand Cheek by Joul with this old ugly sashion'd Sloven, that offends every Soul that looks at him!

Less of your disdainful Airs, Lord Foppington, faid the old Book. Every one has his proper Merit, and perhaps as much as your felf. If you knew me to the bottom \_\_\_ Lard, I can't bear it, this old mufty Fool will kill me with his Impertinence. I can flay no longer, fogh? One Moment's hearing, my Lord, and I have done. Not for the World, I can hear nothing. Let me only tell you, that ---- Hold your Tongue, Infolence. It is horrid Shame and O! — Hark ye me, you Mr. Bookseller there, come hither, if you have the least value for Quality and your own Reputation, take me down, for I'm almost poison'd.

He had no sooner faid this, but came in a Customer, and casting his Eyes on the Shelf takes up old Parchment, turns him over, admires, and buys him. This is an excellent Author, fays he, the very Oracle of the Law. And looking only on the gilt Title of the other, what a Devil, fays he, do you do with this extravagant Linfey Woolfey Poet here? Here's (and shook his Head) a great deal of good Tarkey Leather loft

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in knive Variety of their car judge each motion THERE

# [ 308 ]



THERE is no manner of occasion to point out more particularly, those whom I hint at in this Fable. The great Lord blushes at a wise Man if he's ill dress'd, and yet he is a Man, and the other very often only a Suit of Cloaths.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PROPERTY OF

The MAN and DESTINY.

### FABLE X.

prevailed upon Destiny to let him know his Fortune. The Book of Providence was opened, and he read his Fate; the Progress of his Life, and its End. Amongst a great many little Fasts, some great Events displayed themselves.

He was to be a mighty and glorious King, then to be taken Prisoner, and at last die in the midst of Tortures. These Revolutions are the Pastime of the Gods. But amongst an infinite Variety of these Objects which most of all

all continually haunted the Imagination of our curious pryer into Futurity; alas! it was that of his Death, which continually plagued him where-ever he went. His frighted Soul endured it every Hour, and in every Place. This future King thus worn away with Fear, saw himself in this dreadful chagrin a Slave like Montezeuma, and broiled like Guatimosin.

Pity me, good Gods, said he, and take

ever from me this frightful Image.

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His Prayers were heard. His Imagination was no longer rack'd with Slavery and Death. He saw now in Perspective nothing but that absolute Scepter he was one Day to grasp. But is he any easier now, or more content? Alas! he's far from being Happy, a restless Impatience sires him, and he thinks every Moment an Age. Every Favour the Gods bestow is tastless and insipid. Where others died with Joy, our suture King pined with an eager Expectation.

O Heaven! cried he, again, cut off these tedious Years that har me from my Happi-

† Successor to Montezeuma, who was broiled on a Gridiron to make him discover his Gold.

<sup>\*</sup> Emperor of Mexico, taken Prisoner by Ferdinand Cortez, a Spaniard, who conquered that Empire.

### [ 200 ]

ness, hasten on my glorious Destiny, for

without this I can enjoy nothing.

Well, fays Fate, notwithstanding your Imprudence, l'il do better for you than you your felf defire. Tis done, you're going to be Happy, I'll restore to you your former Ignorance. to Homeseuma

Happy Lot! Bleft Ignorance, fo neceffary for the Peace of all Mankind! Without thee our Impatience will make a foreseen Good an Evil, and the Evil would kill us before it came.

### The TREES,

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alaterakan dan banggan banggan berapan banggan banggan banggan banggan banggan banggan banggan banggan banggan

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ITH our Fathers, Lord reft their Souls, an Aftrologer was a necessary piece of Furniture. Nothing could be done without his Advice. If Reason commanded Skill there remained a certain-But what does the Astrologer say in this Affair ?

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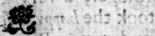
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Were they going to build a House, travel, sell or purchase, to marry or take Physick, and the like, you must take Advice of the Planets. Every Astrologer was worth his weight in Gold; and really the World is still so foolish that I wonder the Fashion does not yet continue.



A Certain great Lord who delighted in Gardening, had fome Trees to plant. His Prophet whom he went to confult, fet up a Scheme, fludied it, and found out at last what coelestial Aspects were advantagious on this Occasion.

Let them plant these Trees, my Lord, said the Doctor, this very Moment, the Planets love no delays; if you defer it a Moment these Trees are lost, for a savourable influence I cannot depend upon above one Hour at most.

This Advice was immediately followed, and to planting they went, and all was over in the twinkling of an Eye, and they would certainly live to a good old Age; neither Hail, Rain, angry Winds, nor even Man could do them any damage. Heaven would protect them against every affault.

- Some few Days after the Lord took a new Gardiner. The Plan did not pleafe him at all, and he rooted them up, as believing it impossible for them ever to bear Fruit: Which when his Lord perceived. Thou Villain, faid he, what haft thou done? These Trees would have been the Delight of their Master. My Astrologer, a very great Doctor in this Point, took the happy Instant for their Plantation, and every Planet in Heaven were Guarantees for their Success.

Soft and fair goes far, my most noble Lord, fays the Gardiner: You are in the wrong to be angry with me, who was not present at this Consultation. But your Trees are plucked up and half withered. You see your happy Instant is not worth a Button, so go and beat your Astrologer. overought to Mondal of the Mo.

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# Apollo and Minerva turn'd Physicians.

### FABLE XII.

To Monfieur Fontenelle.

Master both in Prose and Rhyme, in whose great Genigeneral was all others are contained, in your sublime Discourses the Graces ever smile. In these my Tales I treat of the common Science, which no one learns, and all imagine they know, Morality; which, lest it should look impertment and troublesome, I deck in Smiles.

You, Sir, know to the bottom that Art which we with pain fet off. Before you foared to Speculation you were early forti-

fied with the Principle of Action.

Pronounce then Sentence on my Allegories, judge absolutely, without Appeal, on the Foundation and Superstructure: To your bright Judgment I submit my Works in-E e tirely.

### [314]

gain the Cause, I know I shall be found defective in more Places than one.

Here the Style suffers, or the Subject is too long spun out; and, it may be, I do not proceed directly towards my Design, or, perhaps, a Word may intrude it self into another's Place, and sometimes the Turn it self is faulty: Here too much Weakness, there too much Fire; and even where I have done my best been most desicient.

But where am I wandering? You know, Sir, the Nature of our Profession. Let a Man pride himself never so much in his Talents, as long as he is a Man he must be faulty; and I am a Man in this, perhaps

more than any other.



A POLLO \* and Minerva i were banished Heaven, no matter on what Account, let that pass. The King of the Gods, when he pleases, can turn People out of Doors, no Murmuring, he will be obeyed.

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<sup>\*</sup> Apollo the God of Physick. † Ile Goddes of Wisdom.

What must us do now, said they, deprived of our Nestar \* and Ambrosia \*, we must endeavour to get our Bread amongst Men.

For my part, said the God, I have a good-Trade in my Belly, ay, and so have I too, said the Goddess, and then they went to live in a certain Town in Greece, but in different Quarters. Apollo turned Mountebank, and cured all Distempers incident to Human-Bodies; he restored the Organs, when too much weakened, to their former Tone and Vigour, and had an infallible Specifick for every Distemper.

Minerva practifed Physick of a higher Strain; she cured the Soul, rooting intirely out every Thing that was evil. The Goddess knew very well that Mankind are pleased with a quackish Stile. This she accordingly affected, and packetted up Wisdom like Orvietan. Her Sign was in golden Letters, and declared that no Distemper was incura-

ble to her Sovereign Art.

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Bring me, fays she, a Rogue or a Devil; nay, worse than these, and I'll make them as White as Snow. I cure all Ills in an infant with only one little touch of my Elixir. All the Virtues are my Attendance, and you.

<sup>\*</sup> The Meat and Drink of the Gods.

### [ 316 ]

may take your Choice. I make a crooked Mind strait, and cure a Heart gangreened with Debauchery; the Fever of Ambition, the double Tertian, and Distempers affecting the Brain, habitual Lying, inveterate Malice, desperate Avarice; in short, all Vices in the World: In a Word, I play with them, and I have done these Cures a hundred and a hundred Times, and I speak within compass. Don't think, Gentlemen, I come here to impose upon you; no, I have nothing else in view but your Good, Read, try, judge, and speak as you find. No Cure, No Money.

Apollo acted otherwise, for he took half in Hand, and sold his Patients Hopes before the Cure. However, every Body sollowed him; and though he had more Practice than he knew well how to dispense with, he still grasped at more. The Crowd increased every Day, and would pawn every Thing rather than be without his divine Remedies. He soon got an Estate, and set up his Equipage and Chariot with six Flanders Mares, like other Gentlemen of the Faculty. But poor Minerva could make nothing on't, and could scarce get enough to find her self in Cossee and Bread and Butter.

### [ 317 ]

HE Evils of the Body are our only Care, those of the Soul take up none : of our Attention,

### The TREASURE.

#### FABLE XIII.

NCE upon a Time a certain Prince was travelling to feek out.

Adventures, though not altoge-Adventures, though not altoge-Market M ther like a Knight Errant, for he had his Attendance. His Trunks followed him with a great Treasure; a fure Defence against all the Necessities that attend long Journies, Money and a bold Heart, what can one defire more?

It happened one Day that he perceived written upon a Rock these Words in the

Oracle Stile.

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I lead to a great Treasure hidden by a certain God, it is surrounded by a great many Obstacles, but the first Difficulty is to penetrate my dreadful Glouds

Come on then my Boys, says the Prince, and to work they went: A thousand Hands were employed Night and Day, and had good Pay and Diet, and at the Expence of prodigious Sums the Work was in a few Days finished. The Rock was turned up, and discovered a Pit of a vast Depth, where he saw another Writing with these Words, Remove me, the Treasure is a little farther.

This gave our new AMADIS fresh Encouragement, and cost him vast Expence and Pains; however, they opened a Way through the Pit which led into a thick Forest: Upon a high Pine, at the very Enrance, hung a Scrowl with these Words. The Treasure is hard by, but to arrive at it, you

must fell a great many Trees.

This cut him and his Men out more Work, which quite emptied his Coffers. After they had felled half a Forest they discovered a wild and desert Country. A Dragon that watched the Treasure, told him, That he had not yet done all, for he must first conquer him, before he could be Master of it.

Come on then, said the Prince, if my Purse is exhausted, my Valour's not at all abated; and with new Courage attacks the Dragon, who rouzed his dormant Rage, and vomited dreadful Clouds of Smoke and Flame.

[ 319 ]

Flame. The Prince fought like a Hero, the Danger inspired him; he received a thousand Wounds, and the Blood gushed from him like Rivers, but at last he conquered, and laid the dreadful Monster dead at his Feet, and seized the desired Treasure.

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Here, says he to his Retinue, come and see the just Reward of so much Expence and Pains. They came accordingly, and helped him to count it, and found to a Penny the very Sum this great Exploit had cost him, and two little Pots of excellent Balfam, just enough to cure him of his Wounds.

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HE Gods, we see, made themselves
Diversion with our Knight Errant,
and teach us by his Example, That oftentimes after a great deal of Pains and Cost,
we are no better than we were before. Nay,
Happy are those that are not worse? They
have Reason to thank Heaven if they come
off so well,



The

### [ 320 ]



#### The CAMEL.

#### FABLE XIV.

N pity to the Fool the wife Man fomerimes complies, and the Fool takes it for a real Respect. The Notice one takes of Folly makes it by one half more foolish. This great Man cannot suffer the least Contradiction, for which Reason he is always in the right. We must not shew that we have the least suspicion that he is going to say a filly Thing, and this Management of ours however, in reality, tells him that he is a double Fool.

How often have we seen a mad Author in an Ecstasy at every one of his Verses, and grow pale, and tremble at the least Criticism: For which Reason, and because we would not mortify him we let him have his way. If we deprive him but of one Syllable of Praise the Man's undone. The Idiot will ever believe himself a great Genius. I could instance a Thousand other Examples. Morality

rality cannot have a more copious Subject. But I go no farther; Art stops my Hand for fear of giving Satiety. To tell the Reader all is not handsome, it is distrusting too much his Penetration.

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Mel has one fault, and that is no great one neither, his Foot is apt to slip. This being premised, I can tell a Tale of a Camel, otherwise a Beast very sage, and much of a Gentleman, that prided himself in an Affair that had too much turned his Brain. This Spark, with the Company with whom he travelled, was to pass over a craggy Mountain. The Camel patted on, but now and then tripped, which put the People in no small pain, who to make the way less slippery, bound round his Feet pieces of Turkey Carpet.

This he took for Respect, and accordingly tossed up his Head, walked gravely, and counted his Steps as a Pedant does his Words. He was a whole Day in passing the Mountain, and could not sleep all Night for thinking on the Honour of the Carpet. But the next Day, when the Guide would have him, as usual, to fall upon his Knees to receive his Load: What's here to do, good Sin, says

### [ 322 ]

fays our proud Dromedary, Am I not the Person whom Yesterday you treated with such Respect and Honour? Am I of another

Species to Day?

Hey dey, says his Master (and brushed him tightly with an Oaken Towel) what, do you pretend to prate? Down upon your Marrow Bones in a Moment. The Carpet, I see, has turned your Head, which was done in respect to your Weakness, and no Mark of Honour, as you was such a Fool to imagine.

#### \*\*\*

The FRIENDS too much of a Mind.

### FABLE XV.

four Friends of different Taftes and Judgment; one was for the White, the other for the Brown; this loved Verse, and that was charmed with Prose. In short, their Discourses were ever seasoned with. Dispute and Argument.

But one Day above the rest they grew so, hot, that from Words they came to Blows;

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Reason was banished, and Rage grew predominant. At last, says one of them, since we love one another, Gentlemen, would it not be infinitely more agreeable to have the same Taste, and look with the same Eyes: If we could but think after the same manner, we should most certainly love one another much better.

They all confessed the justness of this Discourse, and were resolved to beg of the Gods to make this extraordinary Change, and accordingly they went to Apollo's Temple to offer him their Petition, who in an instant, they say, made one Head out of Four; that is, gave all of them the same Thoughts and Sentiments. They reasoned alike, and made use of the self same Words. Well, said they, now we shall have no more

Disputes and Contradiction.

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It is very true, Gentlemen, but then all those amusing Charms that make Conversation so agreeable, are likewise vanished, for if one speaks, the others says Yes, and this Monofyllable was the only Word in use. This made their Conversation tiresome, and Friendship began to decline. Thus by being too much of one Mind, our Friends grew disunited, and being weary of discoursing with one another, were in continual Quest for some one that might contradict them.

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DIVERSITY of Sentiments is the most agreeable Thing in the World. We are well as we are. Give all Men the same Mind, and you take away the very Spirit and Life of Society. Too much Uniformity makes every Thing tedious and disagreeable.

## PEACE.

### FABLE XVI.

HE Gods, once upon a Time, were quarrelling about a certain Town. Some were for faving it, others for giving it up to the Enemy. They would hear no manner of Reason. There was nothing but great Noise and imprudent Clamour, railing, and giving foul Language; nay, it came to that Extremity they took up Arms: Pluto brandished his Fork, Pallas her Shield, and Neptune his Trident.

So Gentlemen, fays Jupiter, what, another Troy? Is War once more broke out amongst you?

you? Will you always have us believed to be a Company of foolish and capricious Gods? Have not Mankind said enough al-

ready of our Fooleries?

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Here Madam Peace, where are you? Appear; but he might call till his Lungs broke, Peace was not in Heaven. Go Mercury, faid he, clap on your Wings, I can't imagine where this Peace has hid her felf. Go, make

hafte, for she must be found.

Mercury flew away in an instant, and arrived at Court all out of Breath. The Court he knew to be the Residence of Politeness, and surely he believed he should certainly find Peace where there was so much Compliment, praising, embracing, and studying to please, and concluded he need not stir one step farther; but alas! he was soon undeceived, he sound all this covered the bases? Treachery and Falshood; that there was nothing but Divisions, that they hated one another mortally, that all the rest was nothing but meer Out-side and Formality.

Well, away he hies to the Courts of Judicature, not that he thought he should find Peace with the Parties, Plaintiff and Defendant, or the Attornies and Counsellors, but sure he might with the Judges, where appears so much Gravity; Peace reigns in

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their Air, and seems to reside in their Hearts.

But here he was as much deceived as before, Justice was embarrassed, and they could not agree about the Sense of the Statutes; every one stood up for his own Interpretation, and thus the Law, which should unite Men, was made nothing but Quirk, Chicane,

and Quibble.

From the Hall he ran to the Temples. Certainly, said he, the Ministers of the Gods must give good Example. I shall find Peace here, but indeed, Sir Mercury, you're quite mistaken; here was no Peace, but continual Discord and Dissention, opposite Sentiments, Hatred and Treachery. This defended tooth and nail his Oracle; and another his Statue, and every one was in the right and bringing all the World to be of his side.

Let us see, says Mercury, if I can have better Success amongst the Schoolmen. Science is One, and undoubtedly these Gentlemen must agree. But here he was as much mistaken as ever, for a jealous Rancor reigned here as on its Throne: Infinite Disputes, and unfair Proceedings, Moderns and Antients at eternal War. Homer was a God, says one; no, says the other, he is a Least: And both in the wrong.

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From hence he went into Families. But what did he discover amongst the married People? Debauched and jealous Husbands, Prudes and Coquets. In short, the Pleafures of Matrimony are mutual Hatred, Chagrins and Disgusts. One said White, and t'other Black, and thus they went on.

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Amongst Brothers, another kind of Difcord: Jealousy, Interest, and continual What, shall I find no Body Wrangling. that can agree, fays Mercury? Is all the World run mad? At least Parents and Children - But here he was convinced of his Error; either the Fathers were cruel, or the Children ungrateful. I have made a fine Journey on't, fays he, as he returned to Heaven; just Gods --- Here he cast his Eyes towards a River, where he faw Peace fitting like a Naiad on the Bank, under a shady Tree.

And have I found you at last, says he. good Madam? Yes, fays she, I live here with this Hermit. Very well, replies Mercury, as far as I can fee, a Body may hunt for you long enough as I have done, but I find to have you a Man must be alone.



### The Horse and the LION.

#### FABLE XVII.

OUBT Mortals, doubt, for you know nothing. I laugh when I see you take the Affirmative; and when you take the Negative I do the same. Doubt therefore, I tell you once more, for that becomes you. Be not positive in your Decisions, your Brain is but narrow, where fome few Ideas flutter about which are not infallible Marks of the Truth. Besides these, there is an immense Ocean of Truths which you fee not; and your very Being is a point you are fenfible of, but know not difinely what it is. Since this is fo, can you reasonably in other Things rely upon a Pride that only flatters you? Learn only that which Socrates \* knew. Know this that you know nothing.

<sup>\*</sup> Socrates was a Greek Philosopher, and be frequently used to say that he knew nothing, though the Oracle declared him to be the wifest Manin the World.

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Certain Horse, Native of Norway, being a Traveller by Inclination, left his Climate of Snow to fee the World. He went into England, France, and Spain, and

at last travelled into Africa.

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Here the Royal Lion reigned absolute Prince over the whole Neighbourhood, giving his own Sentiments and Pleasure for Law. The Stranger knew what belonged to Courts, and therefore presents himself to the King to do him Honour. The Audience was very magnificent. The Lion was feated on his mosfy Throne, under a rich Canopy of green Bows, and his numerous Courtiers placed about him formed their Looks according to the Air of their Sovereign. You are welcome, fays he, to the Horse, begin to tell your Travels, I have now leifure to hear you, speak and divert me.

Sir, fays the Horse, making a low Bow, the Difference between this Country and mine is, That here the Men are Black, and there they are White; the Fields and the Trees shine with a white Fleece which drops down very plentifully from the Sky. The Rivers are hard as Marble; People travel over them, and they bear prodigious Burdens; and .

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Infolent Liar! fays his Majesty, interrupting him, Do you take me to be a Fool?
What Signs have I given you to take me for
one? Is it thus you impose upon Kings?
Our four-footed Traveller would have replied, but they would not let him. Away
with this Impostor to the Devil, cried the
whole Court. Upon which they hunted
him down, and he became a Prey to their
Teeth and Horns.

SUCH haughty Spirits deny with the same Pride what they cannot comprehend, though the Thing it self be infallibly true. I cannot conceive it, therefore it is impossible. This is the true Syllogism of the Ignorant.



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# BRUTES turn'd PLAYERS. FABLE XVIII.

To Monsieur GILLOT.

for it is not by meer Fancy that Poetry and Painting are allied to each other in the facred Vale. Their Origin in reality is the fame, both are the Gifts of Heaven. That which one by Discourse paints to the Ears; the other by lively Colours knows how to inform the Mind.

Brutes which speak in my Fables must act in your Pictures; shew them then in their true and native Features. Let Beasts, Birds, and Insects, receive Life from your Pencil; or rather sly to Heaven, and steal the Fire with which Prometheus heretofore animated a Human Body.

This is a fit Subject for thy great Genius, and a cogent Argument against the Cartesi-

rear, Desire, and all other Passions to Beasts. This is what I can never acquiesce in. I make them reason, and your Art, I statter my self, will hinder me from appearing a Liar. Every Brute by you says thus to the Spectators, What do you think, am I a meer Machine?



THE Brutes had once a mind to act a Comedy. The Theatre was artfully fet off with green Boughs, and between the Acts were Symphonies of experienced Night-

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ingals, and other finging Birds.

But the Musick was not the finest of it, the casting of the Parts to the Genius of every Actor was admirable. The Lion was to act the King; and can any one doubt but his Majesty, King as he really was, knew how to support the Dignity of the Crown, and take upon him, as he ought, the Tone of Authority?

The Bull play'd the Lover with a noble Air and haughty Carriage, his Passion was natural and lively; you might see it sparkle in his Eyes. The Dog prudent, and full of Zeal, was the faithful Consident of our Inamorato. The Heiser with her white Skin, and

and yet much nobler Air, adorned with Youth, afted the Part of a Princess, receiving with Disdain the Sighs and Vows of the Bull.

The Tiger in order to be a King, made a Plot, and played the Conspirator to the Life. In short, because nothing should be wanting, the Fox carried on the Intrigue. But the finest of all was the Choice of such Actors, every one in their proper Character.

But was this an Action they were going to represent? No, it was the Truth it self, it was impossible to have it better contrived. But an Ape one Sun-shiny Day shrugging up his Shoulders, poor Actors! said he, and laid a Wager he could play all the several Parts himself, to the intire Satisfaction of

the Speltators.

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They took him at his Word, and he began to play, mimicking every Thing in an instant. But what signified his Capering and Grimace? By doing every Thing he did nothing well. To imitate a King he got up upon his hinder Feet, knit his Brows, talked big and bluster'd, affecting a false Grandeur in the room of Majesty. He play'd the Lover without Grace or tender Passion, the Consident without Zeal and Discretion, and afted the Princess with forced Carriage, false Airs, and a great deal of Affectation. In a Rebel he shewed nothing but baseness of Soul.

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Soul, and an Ambition without the least Tincture of Courage. And, in short, infread of an able Intriguer, he represented a giddy headed Coxcomb. The poor Actor was deafned with redoubled Hisses. But why did he not set up to play the part of a Buffoon or Dancing Master? In Farce he would not have missed of Applause.

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HUMAN Life is nothing but a Play, where we have all our Parts. Every one has what is most proper for him, and as Nature has cast it; and should we take up anothers, we should be laughed off the Stage.



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#### The TYRANT become Good.

#### FABLE XIX.

we see but what speaks to us and instructs us. Every Thing is a Subject for our Reslection, and every Event has its Moral. Let us then endeavour to know how to reslect, meditate, and reason: Without this a Man and a Beast are the same Thing; one may give one for the other. Never a Barrel the better Herring.

We make no Account of the Advice of others; it often creates Anger or Difgust. The Sermon of every Censurer, be who it will, is always odious and disagreeable. When we speak our selves we are more attentive. To be a good Disciple a Man must be his own Master. And why so? I'll tellyou, because when another Person blames us we are only sensible of the Shame of being in the wrong. But when we know how to be attentive to our selves, and take Reason for our Law, we are sensible of the Honour

of

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of our reprehending our selves, and of the Pleasure of yielding to no one else. That which other People say of us is written in the Sand, but what we say of our selves is graven on Brass. So is the Mind of Man fashioned, as you will see presently in the sollowing Fable.



Prince that was the Horror of his Subjects; he sported a long Time, according to his Pleasure, with their Honour, Lives and Fortunes; War, Famine, Plague, and all other Evils put together, would have been less terrible to a Country than this wicked Prince.

However, he changed all of a sudden; the Tyrant transformed himself into a mild Prince; Were became a Titus, and his People had in him a Father. He was once their Horror, now their Delight and Love.

One of his Lords asked him the Cause of this strange Alteration. As strange as it is, says the King, a little Matter (in a Moment) was the Occasion of it. One Day when I was a Hunting, I saw a Fox with a great deal of Gaiety snap off a Pullet's Head that begged her Life with a great deal of Submission.

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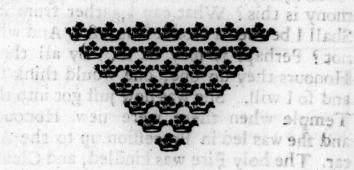
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Prefently runs up a Wolf to him in as ill a Humour as you could defire, and quarters ye me Sir Reynard upon the spot. At the same Time a Tiger falls upon the Wolf and satisfies his Rage and Hunger, and the Tiger after this fell into the Hands of my Men.

Here I could not help thinking this a perfect Image of my Tyranny, and called that Vengeance wife which has in its Treafury Rewards for the Wicked. The Good or Evil is reaped as it is fown. This Reflexion, in an inflant, made all this Alteration that fo much furprizes you.

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WITHOUT being willing to be infiructed we have a thousand Times been stunn'd with this Theme. But that Lesson is ever most prositable which we give our selves.



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#### The VICTIM.

#### FABLE XX.

MILK-WHITE Heifer, the Pride of the whole Herd, was made Choice of to be a Sacrifice.

The God, whose Mercy was to be obtained by this Offering, never tasted in his Life so delicious a Morsel.

Her Forehead was adorned with holy Ribbands, and the thined with a thousand different Colours. Her Head covered with Flowers. She walked to the found of Trumpets between two Choirs of Musick.

Lord, says the Heiser, what sine Ceremony is this? What can I gather from it? Shall I be then a Goddess at last? And why not? Perhaps it may be so. By all these Honours they do one, one would think so, and so I will. She was now just got into the Temple when there were new Honours, and she was led in Procession up to the Altar. The holy Fire was kindled, and Clouds of Incense smoked. She was now more certain

tain of her Divinity; I cannot doubt of it, fays fhe, I am sensible these good People adore me, and by Styx \* I'll reward them for it.

She had no fooner faid this but a Fly very uncivily came Buzzing about her. Impertinent, fays our new Io f. Don't you fee that your Buzzing disturbs the Sacrifice? Have you no more Manners than to Hum at

my Canonization?

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I beg your Pardon, sweet Madam, I would not disturb it by any Means, says the Fly-I only flay till they have cut your Throat a little, that's all, that I may tafte a bit of you at my leisure. You are very good Meat, take my Word for it, these Gentlemen here have made a good Choice. Why, you alone are worth a Hecatombe ||.

While he spoke this the Heifer fell down. the confecrated Knife put an End to her, Mistakes, and the whole Pavement was co-

vered with her Blood.

Il A Sacrifice of a bundred Bulls.

<sup>\*</sup> Styx is a River of Hell by-which the Gods used to Iwear.

<sup>†</sup> A Nymph beloved by Jupiter, changed into a Cow ly Juno, and afterwards taken into the Number of the Goddesses under the Name of Isis.

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HUS Fools and Madmen value themfelves on those Honours which lead them to their Destruction.

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#### The SPARROWS.

#### FABLE XXI.

WWW.UR Heart would be at its full Liberty. The very shadow of Conftraint makes it uneasy. It is A King very jealous of its Autho-

rity, even to a nicety.

This Object pleases me, but whatever you do, do not lay me under any Force to make me like it. If you command me to that which I have otherwise a mind to do. you take away the Pleasure of it. But why should that Law feem rigorous and fevere which ties me to my Pleasure? I'll tell you, it is because I have then no longer that agreeable. Sweetness I tasted in making Choice of it. In chufing I fancy my felf exercifing the Soveregin Rights of a Crown. If any Conftraint is laid I am no more the fame

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fame free Agent, and the Scepter drops out

of my Hand.

I then think of throwing off my Chain, and regaining my former Liberty. The Object of my Pleasure becomes that of my Pain. I see nothing but my Dependance.

No more of this, refrain this Stile, may fome one say. Then according to you our Duties are nothing but down-right Slavery, and the Laws which prescribe them must of necessity frighten us.

Not at all, they are for the Wife, and their own Beauty are irrefistably charming, and to chuse here is nothing but to love.

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I he spacious City of the seather'd People, Love had united two Sparrows, a Love most constant though calm and peaceful. Cares upon Cares, and their Flame was ever bright and ever new. They never parted from each other, you might see them all the Morning long perched upon the same Bough, sly together to Dinner: They wash'd in the same Water, celebrated every Day their happy Loves, and with their amorous Duets \* make the distant Ecchoes languish.

<sup>\*</sup> Airs sung by two Persons together.

The same Rock they lay in at Night, and took a pleasing Repose side by side: One without her Lover, and the other without his Mistress, could never sleep a wink. Thus in a prosound Peace, with continual Pleasures did they feast their Loves, and every Day sound one another out amongst all the Birds in the Wood.

But one Day taking a little Air both together as usual, they fell into a Trap, and were presently put into the same Cage where they were like to pass their Lives. Ah! how happy is it that they were such good Friends!

But the very first Day of their Imprisonment our Couple did not love one another so passionately. The second Day they grew tired with one another's Conversation. The Third they pecked each other, and at last hated one another mortally.

No more Duess now; there's a new kind of Musick, Disputes and Fighting; and, what must be done to end the Quarrel? Ev'a separate the Male from the Female. Their Flame when at Liberty might have ever continued.

NECESSITY SPOILS EVERY THING.

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# COURT FABLES.

BOOK V.

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The PHENIX and the OWL.

#### FABLE I.

To the Queen of Pruffia.

BEGAN my Book with my will be with my own King, another Royal Person I own King, another Royal Person I on fhall crown the Work. Accept, O mighty Queen, my humble Homage. This Tribute of a Stranger should be more agreeable to you. The Incense of your Subjects smells of Dependance; all their Homage is your due, they are Subjects to your Power, I only to your Virtues.

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I've consulted Fame in relation to your Heart and Genius, of which, the winged Messenger intirely charmed, relates incess fant Wonders. She tells me that Heaven has pour'd into your Royal Soul its greatest Treasures; faithful Justice, and noble Truth, make there their Residence. That which sage Laws command your People, you know to inspire by your virtuous Condust. Your Virtues, Madam, subdue Hearts rebellious to the Laws, fixed by your bright

Example.

One greater than a Princess under your Care, learns to sustain your facred Character, and is instructed to become one Day the Delight of the People, and the Happiness of a King. The Goddess\*, as she passed, told me, my Writings were so happy as to have your Royal Approbation; most certainly, Madam, 'tis Virtue (whose Image I therein trace) has made them somewhat valuable in your Eyes. My Fables, scarce yet born, aspire to the same Honours. Accept then these as Sisters to my Odes, and though much younger, may they find the same good Fortune. They make their Court to you at least by their Morality.

<sup>\*</sup> Fame.

### [ 345 ]

May your young Son, who under fage Preceptors, is learning the Art to Rule, participate the folid Lessons I presume to offer to my King.

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THE Phenix, the first of the Name, King of the Arabian Plains, a strict Adorer of the Sun, had passed a long Life in a real Sanctity, the feathered People ne-

ver had his Equal.

e

The holy Bird, after more than a hundred Ages, was arrived to the Period of his Life. In short, the Order of Nature told him he must die; scarce had he heard the satal Summons, but without regret, complaint, or being surprized at his illustrious Destiny, he set himself to work to form his suneral File.

A certain Owl his Neighbour, that lay lurking in the Hole of a Tree, poor, old, miserable, and distempered, and as cold as Marble, cursed the Sun for not warming him.

all your preaching. When I was well I did what I pleased, yet I die without constraining my self, and your Sermon is needless. As to the rest, you speak well enough, who are your self a Species, and as old as the World: Your God the Sun is not much older, and is it then strange you should be willing to die? You ought to be sick of the World and all its Charms; had I lived as long as you I should not have so much re-

u

gretted the loss of my Hole.

What more of the World would you see than you've seen already? says our Arabian Apostle. It is always the same Thing over again, one Day is like another, we have lived long enough, let us die both at the same Time: Adore the Sun, from whom thou art indebted for thy Life, and repent of ever having shunned his Face. What Good has that impious Flight procured you? What Remorse, what Chagrin, what Vexation? But ——— I have done; the Time passes on, and I am in hast to die.

Your humble Servant, fays the Owl, and much good may it do you, for my part, I

would fain get well again.

The Phenix followed then the Dictates of his Zeal, finishes his Pile with fragrant Woods and Spices, and sets it o' Fire with the Rays of the Sun, and with an intire Re-

#### [ 347 ]

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Refignation lies down as in his Neft. The West Wind blew the Fire over to the Owl's Lodging, the Saint expired on his Pile, and the Blasphemer in his Hole. But one died for ever, and the other from his Ashes rose up in all his Glory.



THE Just must expect an Immortality, but Death, and worse, is for the Wicked. Another Moral may likewise hence be drawn, viz. That as there is but one Phenix in the World, so does the just Person very near resemble him on account of his Rarity.

#### **海边边边边边边边边边边边边边边边边边**

# The LION'S Feaft. FABLE II.

HE Lion, like a good King, had a mind to treat his Court. He was not like those Kings of India who are never seen, or afraid of great Days, and whose Majesty is founded on Terror; he was affured of the Fear of his Subjects, and would gain their Love.

They

They all met at his Den, where the Table was spread and his Cooks shewed all their Art; there was good store of Kid, Fowls and Mutton, as fat as your Heart could wish; in short, every Thing smelt well, and they

had all good Stomachs.

His roaring Majesty took his Seat, after him their Highnesses the Tigers, then my Lords the wild Boars, and the Bears with their Paunch Beslies. A Buck and some Wolves were placed at the lower end; but you must understand, every Species had their respective Ladies intermixed, for to make one laugh and be merry what signifies good Cheer and good Wine without a Mistress? I say good Wine, of which they had sufficient Plenty.

The Ape waited upon them, and was the Mirth of the Entertainment, and made them giggle as Vulcan did the Gods heretofore: His Buffoonery put them into a pleafant Humour, and they laughed till their Sides aked. After some agreeable Raillery, and little Liberties, they came (as is too frequent in publick Entertainments) to speak disagreeable Truths, and address d themselves to the Buck as the weakest of them all, as is usual in like Cases. O! what a nimble Gentleman is Mr. Buck there? faid they, what a Hero would be be if he was not afraid of the Sound

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Sound of the Horn? He is as light-footed as Achilles, and knows how to run away like another Hetter.

At these Words, the Lion had Reafon to be angry, yet he repressed his Resentment, and only contented himself with opening his Paw, and closing it again immediately. CLEMENCY IS THE GIFT OF GREAT KINGS.

This put a little stop to their Diversion, however, it was not long before they sell a-new to Carousing, and having recovered themselves out of their Fright, sell again to Satire. In the midst of the Desert the Buck fancied he had something Witty to say to the Bear. My God, says he, what a jolly Creature is Sir Bruen? O that he was but as handsome! What pity it is that he is not quite sinished?

The Bear, who did not understand a Jest, falls foul upon our Wit, and without more H h Cere-

## [ 350 ]

Ceremony gave him a good Cornish Hug, and broke his Back.

The Bear had not Courage to imitate the Lion, nor did the Buck take warning by his Danger, so true it is, that

NOTHING IMPROVES A FOOL.

**\*** 

The Fox turn'd Preacher.

#### FABLE III.

HE Moral without doubt is the very Soul of the Fable, it is a Blossom which must produce Fruit. Your Intention is only to read a pleasant Tale, and you are instructed whether you will or no. We play with you, and we seem only to strive to please you, and this Play turns at last into a Lesson.

Man never could endure severe Precepts, to take him, you must bait the Hook. In this manner Aspp, so famous through the World, was the Instructor of Mankind. How Happy is a Reader under his Care? He amuses like a Child, but 'tis to make a Man.

Let

Let us cultivate this fine Art, let new Assops rise to rival those of old, pleasant Cenfors, and who, far from being like fowr and morose Timons, while they reprimand us, gain our Gratitude. But let us take centain Care that the Tale be invented purely for the Moral. Let us take such just Meafures as to go on directly to our Truth. Let your Draught be lively and piercing, be not too prolix, the more compacted the Sense is, the less liable is it to escape us; engage the Memory by ranging properly the Words. Sometimes the Fable is evident of it felf, the Sense immediately presents it self to our Eyes, and in such Case Art forbids us to make a Comment. I observe here this prudent Rule. Who will not hear my Reynard.

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HERE was once upon a Time a Fox. a great Doctor, but of a great Age, unable (as in his youthful Years) to feize on Poultry, and was for that Reason resolved to make use of Policy, and accordingly turned Preacher.

His Sermons were levelled always against unjust War, and a gluttonous Appetite; and besides a large stock of fine Morality, he had a strong Voice, free Gesture, and good Tone.

H b 2

Tone, an humble Air, and a great deal of outward Zeal.

Doctor Reynard soon got him a Name, and it was said that the Lion himself desired to hear him preach, but our grave Doctor refused him that Honour, for which he had his Reasons: It might make him grow Proud. But Bustards, Geese and Poultry, came thick and threefold to hear him hold forth, they had no manner of Apprehension they should become his Prey, his Text assured them to the contrary.

Curfed, fays he, for ever, be every voracious Animal, let him be excommunicated the Society of the Faithful, let him be Anathema! What, cannot one eat without committing Murder? We that have so many good Things which kind Nature has graciously bestowed on us in the flowry Meadows, and ripened for us on the Trees. Let us live upon Herbs and Fruits, what need of any Thing else?

Every Thing that has Life, dearly beloved, ought to be respected, for which Doctrine I shall give you several Reasons. First, This is Injustice. Secondly, Cruelty, and such a piece of Cruelty too, that exposes us to eat our very Parents; yes, dear Christians, I say, our very Parents. For you must understand by Me-

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loved) after a Soul has made some little stay in one Body, it goes into another, and stays no longer there than till it has an Opportunity to go elsewhere. By which you see, that a bloody minded Wolf, in eating up a Sheep, may chance to eat his own Father; and I (Fox as I am) should I go and crunch up a Pullet, or Gosling, or so, might expose my self to the Danger of eating up my poor Mother Mrs. Fox. I would die a hundred Deaths rather than attempt it. Ah! may Heaven preserve me, and all of us here, good Christian People, from such Wickedness.

Thus our Pythagoras of with a long Tail held forth, his Exclamations were heard afar of, and his Zeal almost choaked him.

The Sermon ended, the Audience retired mightily edified, not without bestowing many an Encomium on the Preacher. But two or three Pullets, with a few Ducks and Geese, stay'd behind to take some spiritual Advice, which he very decently devoured for his Collation. Happy they that got off the Ground.

<sup>\*</sup> The Poffage of a Soul from one Body to another:

<sup>†</sup> Pythagoras taught the Doctrine of Metempsycosis, and would eat nothing but Fruits and Herbs.

# The Dog and the CAT. FABLE IV.

AGOTIN was a Dog of Picardy, scented well, faithful, and the best Soul of a Dog that ever was. He had a thousand good Qualities, recommended himself by his zealous Cares to Master and Mistress, Children, Servants, and every Body.

You might have seen him cares his Mifters, and play a hundred little Tricks to divert her; he participated of her Joy or Sorrow, according as he saw her either laugh or cry. He would tell his Master's coming a League off, and called all his Servants about him, would cares his Friends, and know them at a distance, a soft gentle Paw, and no Teeth.

Sometimes in a little Coach he would draw the Children, and at Night-time guard Lucy when she went Abroad. He was Turn-spit for the Cook; in short, he was every Thing, and had not a Soul in the Family but was his Friend, except a Cat, whom he

pulled.

pulled one Day by the Ear in disputing a Bone. It shall be the worse for you, says Miss Tabby, with a big Heart and glowing Eyes. But Ragotin took little Notice of her Menaces, did not ear or sleep one bit the less.

However, the Traitress meditated Revenge Day and Night, at last an Opportunity offered: The Lady of the House had a Linnet which diverted her with his wild Harmony. Puss one Morning early went incognita, and scratching open the Cage strangled our Musician, and in that Condition laid it in the Dog-Kennel.

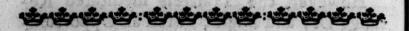
You may judge what a Fret Madam was in when she missed the Linnet; the whole House was in an Uproar; they fearthed every Creek and Corner, at last they found the true Body of the deceased lying close by Ragotin. Ah! Traytor, let him die, says she, no Pardon for this Ingrate. Quick-

ly dispatch him in a Moment.

Her Orders were soon put in Execution, and every one cried at the fatal Stroke. The Cat, at most, was but suspected, but no one dared take the Dog's part, the Fact was plain. It is a thousand Pities, said they, but what signifies it? He's dead.

101

A N Enemy does more hurt than an hundred Friends Service. Heaven keep me ever from such a One. Hatred always wakes, and Friendship sleeps.



HOMER and the Deaf MAN.

#### FABLE V.

To Monseigneur the Duke De Noailles

my felf; you who are so well wersed in the Trade of Heroes (a Mystery well known in Rome and Athens) who are well acquainted with their Customs, their Action and Repose.

Thou modern Scipio \*, proper to make a Terence, who even in the Field of Mars haft kept Intelligence with those who nurture

<sup>\*</sup> A Roman General, a great Friend to Terence, who wrote Comedies.

#### [ 357 ]

Arts; covered with those Laurels with which Bellona thas often crowned you; Judge of those, I hope for on Account of the Exploits of my Pen. It is no easy Matter to find a competent Judge, every Reader is not so. In this bold Age (sometimes I've found it true by Experience) whether we blame or approve, we decide more than we understand:

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THE old Ballad? Maker \* that fung the Wrath of Peleus's Son, and the Ode of the Rats, was mounted one Day upon his three legged Stool in a great Market Place, reciting to the Mob the Follies of the Gods, and their bloody Battels.

He had his Picture, and showing Rod, that pointed out all his Heroes, which he called by their Names. This, Gentlemen, says he, is Ajax, that there Agamemnon ||, and then he sung their Adventures, the Scene was complete even to the Violin.

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<sup>†</sup> The Goddess of War.

<sup>\*</sup> Homer, who made one Poem on the Wrath of Achilles, Son of Peleus, and another of the War between the Frogs and Rats.

<sup>||</sup> King of Argos, and Chief of all the Kings and Generals at the Siege of Troy.

The idle People crowded round him, and admired the fine Sound of his Compositions. Every one threw up his Handkerchief and his Penny, and the Songster took care to send it back again with a Ballad, and immediately the Bell began to sound at the Fish Market. Every Body deserted him, only one Man stay'd behind. Homer runs to him, embraces him tenderly, and calls him Apollo's Favourite. They all marched with haste, says he, to the Fish Market as if Old Nick was behind them; the Market Bell rung, and then 'twas, The Devil take the bindmost.

Now you must understand this Man was deaf: What is that you say of the Bell? says he. The Market Bell rings (cried Homer aloud in his Ear) but in vain for you, I see. How, says the other, does it ring? Adieu,

and I heartily thank you.

We often boaft of the Approbation of such and such People, and very often fuch and

fuch People are quite deaf.

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# VIRTUE, MONEY, and REPUTATION.

#### FABLE VI.

tation, were travelling together; they were near Relations, and as it happened, very good Friends.

Well Cousins, says Money, though we travel the same Road, it is possible we may lose one another; most certainly it may be so, says Virtue. But if it should so happen, says Reputation, how should we do to find one another? You must give me before-hand some certain Signs, that if I lose you I may know you, or at least where you are.

With all my Soul, says Money, whereever you see great Progress made in Arts and Sciences, a Taste for ingenious Compositions, either in Verse or Prose, beautiful Pieces of Painting, and curious Sculpture, look for me, you may be sure I'm not far off.

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#### [ 360 ]

For my part, says Virtue, I'm not so easy to be found when lost, and you must not imagine to find me in large and populous Cities. I much rather hide my self up in some Desart. However, when you see great Men compassionate, and charitable to the Poor, who are uneasy at the Missortunes of those for whom they've professed a Friendship, and who think it their greatest Glory to serve them in Adversity, faithful Husbands, just Judges, zealous Ministers; reasonable and disinterested Conquerors, and Lovers of the publick Good, ask for me, and you'll certainly find me.

Very well, says Reputation, I must tell you too, I've no mean Opinion of my self, however, I must only give you one Precaution, and that is, Look well after me; take care you don't lose sight of me, if you do, all Signs and Tokens any one may give you,

will stand you in no stead.

For they that have once loft me never find me more.



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#### The GRACES.

# FABLE VII.

HE Graces, good Sisters, enSchools joyed the Sweets of the strictSchools Enulation of Precedence once
OFTE upon a Time discomposed
that Union. Each set up her own Pretensions, every one fancied she had superiour
Charms to engage and enamour Hearts, of
which Venus was to be the Judge.

No better in the World can I desire, said Euphrosyne, with a jealous Smile, let us refer the Cause to her, and to her Decision we will all submit. Let the Goddess declare to whom belong the greatest Charms, but let us unanimously agree, dear Sisters,

to acquiesce to her Arbitrament.

Submit to her your self, says Thalia, a little russed and discomposed to see Euphrosyne so much affured of her Cause.

I readily agree to this Proposal, says

Aglae, let's wait the Event. 3 49 18 A

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Venus

Wenne was foon informed of this new Contention, the Goddels fate on her Bed of Justice, being not a little pleased that in a like Dispute the Apple was adjudged to her self as the most beautiful and engaging.

The Graces appeared accordingly before this Tribunal, being equally embarraffed with a reftless Defire to please: But this same reftless Care spoiled all; all their Art curried to their Disadvantage. One by the formal Set of her Mouth made a Grimace the most disagreeable in the World, the other by shewing of her white Teeth took off the beautiful Form of her Features, and the third with too much assetted Leers and Ogles perfectly squinted.

What's here to do, fays Venne? Where are all your Attractives? Is it thus you proclaim my Approach? Go, and agree together, if you would return to your former Character, and be Graces ftill; and if you have a mind to please, do not fludy to do lo.

For 4 maintain this as an undoubted Maxim. That every one gives Diffull when they have a mind to please too much.

THERE CAN BE NO AGREE-ABLENESS WHERE THERE IS ANY AFFECTATION.

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#### The Fox and the LION.

#### FABLE VIII.

A M most certainly is bound to be fincere towards Man his Brother. However, one must wery often, if we have a mind to do Good, seeson and dress up Truth, for if we give it an imperious Tone, and the haughty Air of a Lesson, Self-love makes us angry at it, we must humour it a little. One must by an humble Artisice help it self to be perswaded.

If you would make one in love with Juflice, inspire it rather than command it.
Above all People, Kings require most to be
managed; we must treat them with Dexterity and Art, without this the wifes Council appears to them an Attempt on their
Authority.

A fulsome Flatterer, and severe Pedant are both bad. He who knows how to correct without Displeasing does his Business.

This

## [ 364 ]

This is due to us all, for Self-love has its Laws. We must manage all Men. In Pride all Men are Kings.

#### 36

A FOX was pursued, and for want of another, took Refuge in a Lion's Den. The Hunter had no Ambition to follow farther; it was a difficult Matter for him to break this Inclosure, but the frighten'd Fox made little Account of Hospitality. You are welcome, says the sierce Monarch, you are a fresh bit for my Mouth; what Sauce will best relish with you? Tell me.

I can't tell indeed, an't please your Roaring Majesty, says the Fox. But, Sir, this Talk and Looks of yours, call to mind my poor Father. I can't help weeping, when I think upon his End. A poor Rabbit followed by the Hounds, asked Shelter in his Kennel, but my Father thinking the Request a little uncivil, and being moved with the Instigation of the Devil, eats him up.

The Rabbit when he was dying implored the Vengeance of hospitable Jupiter, and that very Moment my poor Father was smo-

ther'd in his Hole.

At this the Lion was sensibly touched, and either through Fear, Shame, or Pity on the Fox,

## [365]

Fox, his Hunger relaxed. Go about your Business, says he, your Story has satisfied my Appetite.

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#### The WHALE and the AMERICAN.

#### FABLE IX.

ER Majesty Lady Whale, was crossing the Coast of America, making the Sea tremble with her wast Bulk, which took up feweral Acres of the liquid Plain,

and her loud Bellowings frighten'd the Air. With how much Grandeur do we move, faid the? The Inhabitants of the Ocean are my Subjects: Either through Love or Fear our People are very Loyal. We eat them as we please, and find none rebellious. We are of equal Quality with Thetis \*.

And for you Men, content your selves.

Messieurs, with presuming to wage War with other Creatures: If you are their Kings know we are your Sovereigns, and you our

<sup>\*</sup> The Goddess of the Sea.

Vassals. While this Lady Whale moved on with her Bravadoes, a Celadon \* of the Country was pursuing his Astrea along the Shoar. Fain would he melt her Heart of Rock; but alas! all was in vain, the fair One, notwithstanding his Adorations, returned Coldness and Disdain.

What, fays he, will you ever be infenfible! What shall I do to obtain you? Tell me, I'll do Impossibilities to gain your Love. Well, says she, I'll take you at your Word; I'll prove kind, on Condition you lay that

bragging Monster there at my Feet.

The Lover paused a while, and considered before he promised, but having found what he wanted, I readily submit, says he, to your Proposal, though you cost me never so dear I must obtain you. This said, he arms himself with his Mace, and two long Stakes of Wood, and plunges into the Water: Inspired with new Hopes he parts the soaming Billows with his nervous Arms, boards the Whale, and without any Civility jumps upon her Majesty's Back.

She made the Water tremble with her Bellowings, but not our Lover. In vain from her Noftrils does she dart the Water

<sup>\*</sup> The Name of a Lover in the Romance of Astrea.

## [ 367 ]

like rapid Streams. He made the best Use of his Time, and with his Mace knocks the Stakes one through each Nostril. This soon stifled her, and our new Bellerophon \* came swimming triumphantly to the Shoar.

The Waves seconded his Courage, and pushed on the dead Monster. Thus died the Royal Whale. Her Brags we see were

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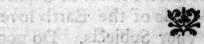
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# THE STRONGEST PEOPLE HAVE THEIR FOIBLES.

Hence may likewise be drawn another Moral, viz.

The Passions do every Thing in us all. Let us only regulate, not destroy them. They have taught Mankind every Thing.

<sup>\*</sup> Bellerophon killed the Chimera.



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# NAME NAME OF THE

#### The BEES.

#### FABLE X.

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T is a good Thing to shew Mercy, which is the finest Flower of Omnipotence. Gods of the Earth love to pardon your Subjects. Do not hurl your Bolts if thundering alone will do, but never let your Compassion suffer it self to take away a wholesome Fear from Wickedness, it is very rarely convenient that the Prince should interpose between the Law and the Criminal.

Unhappiness of the People, and the Shame of the King, One must be severe out of pity. He who punishes well has less to punish. A too gentle Humour for the present is Cruelty for the future.



TUSCAN was King of the Bees, and for his brave Exploits was furnamed the GREAT. His Majesty put out an Edict through all his Dominions, wherein, for

for feveral good Motives, he expressly forbad every one for the Time to come to touch any Flower whatsoever of an ill Taste, for he had observed it spoiled the Honey.

The Porters were ordered to deny Entrance to any Bee of what Rank or Quality foever, whose Smell should discover their Disobedience. This Prohibition was very severe; no one was to expect Mercy that should transgress this Ordinance. Dated in our sweet Louvre, such a Day and Year of our Reign, and sealed and countersealed with the great Seal of yellow Wax.

The People thus tied up by the Royal Mandate, were very exact in the Choice of their Meat; touched nothing but Jessamine, Pinks, and sweet Marjoram; dined very often on Thyme and Roses. You might see them all smelling round the little Flowers that perfume the Garden, and then return home all

fpicy and imbalmed.

However, one Day an imprudent Bee, a great Favourite of the King, having din'd upon an ill scented Plant, came to the Hive. They began to smell about. So, my Lord, says the Porter, you don't smell very well methinks. What does it signify how I smell, Blockhead? The Edict does not touch me. Upon which all the Porters let him pass.

### [ 370 ]

But the King going his Rounds found him out, and fummon'd all his People to appear, when, fitting upon his Throne of Wax, he examined the whole Affair, which having maturely confidered, he equally condemned the Porters and the Favourite.

Pray, Royal Sir, cried all the People with one Voice, pardon them at least for their first Fault. No, says the King, I cannot comply with your blind Request, know that a King must be a Slave to his Laws, and obey what he commands. My Rigour is Mercy, and prevents the dreadful Consequences of Impunity. How many Criminals should I liave one Day to punish whom I now save by my Severity.



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## [ 371 ]



# The RAT keeping Open House.

## FABLE XI.

lage a Granary full of Wheat; a Rat that lived hard by believed it his own: He had made a Hole, through which he enter'd upon his Estate as often as he pleased. But as if it was not enough to fill his own Belly, he invited all the Rats of the Neighbourhood. He kept, in short, an open Table, like a Lord, where, according to Custom, every Guest paid for his Dinner in praising the Master of the Entertainment.

The good Rat counted his Friends by his Fingers (for he looked upon those who were Friends to his Table to be his own). They had sworn Friendship to him a hundred Times, and would they lie? No, that's not

to be imagined.

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But in the mean Time, the other Master of the Corn seeing these Gentlemen sive after this manner, resolved to remove the Granary, which was accordingly done next

## [ 372 ]

Day. Our Rat was now put to his Trumps. Well, fays he, it is happy for me that I have made so many good Friends. Full of these Hopes he visits them all round, but not a Soul of them would see him, but bolted up their Doors, except one only Rat, a good Neighbour, whom he had never known before. This Gentleman freely gave him Entrance, and received him like a Brother.

Treasure, but I respect thy unhappy Condition. Be my Guest, I have but a little, 'tis true, but that Little is enough. I trust to my Temperance, but he is a Madman that strusts to every Friend introduced by Plenty. These come when Riches flow, and when those are gone they go too.





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## The CHILD of neither Sex.

## Complaint XII E LE BERTHING

HERE was once upon a Time
a Child born of neither Sex,
quite contrary to an Hermaphrodite, which has both. An
exquisite Gracefulness and
Beauty prognosticated uncommon Merit.

On this aftonishing Novelty more than one Oracle was consulted. The Case was worthy Apollo's Answer, who said, That the Child should continue of neither Sex, as he came into the World, till twenty Years of Age, and then should chuse which Sex he would be of, either Man or Woman, or nothing; in short, what he would.

He grew accordingly, was of a fine Stadture, and his Wit and Prudence foon gained him a thousand Friends. Beloved by both Sexes who made him the Confident of all their Secrets. But especially, our Chamber Counsellor was consulted by tender Hearts; these he heard as an impartial Judge, regu-

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## [ 374 ]

lated every Thing by the Rules of strictest Justice, gave his Advice, and made up Differences, and without exacting any Honours, was Arbitrator of Costs and Charges between the Parties.

During this Practice he heard nothing but Complaints, and faw in the Hearts of Lovers nothing but Caprice and eager Wishes, impatient Transports and devouring Fears, Goods only in Expectation and Desire, but real Chagrins under the shadow of Pleasures.

The Time now was come when our Counfellor was to make his Choice, he went then to the Temple with a great deal of Pomp and Ceremony, to put in Execution the Sentence of the infallible God. The Men confulting their own Interest, prayed that he would chuse to be a Woman, for he had already all the Attractives of the Fair Sex but one. Heaven therefore had design'd him for a Woman.

The Ladies, on the other Hand, induced by the same Motives, wish'd him a Man; or rather, least his Beauty surpassing theirs, should draw away their Admirers. In short, each Sex knew not what they would have. And now our Anonymus enters the Temple: The People crowded about him, lending a perp'exed Ear to what he was going to say.

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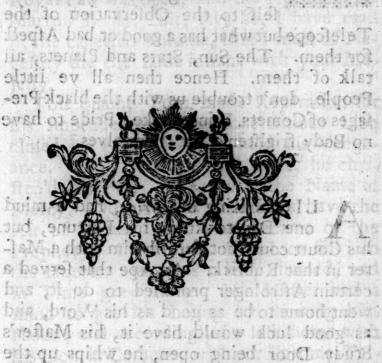
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O Gods! said he, let me continue just as I came into the World. Friendship is enough for me. Do not, O! do not, by giving me a Sex, expose me to Love.



HIS Prayer was wife as well as unexpected. Sexes without doubt are well distinguished, and for proper Ends: But in this, Nature has more its own Interest in view than our Repose.



stich Paper that came to hand; this was a K k 2

The

## [376]

## TOTAL BEER BEER STORE

## The Horoscope of the Lion.

### FABLE XIII.

REAT Men are fond of the Horoscope, and imagine that their roscope, and imagine that their Fate is written in Heaven; and that nothing New can offer it self to the Observation of the Telescope but what has a good or bad Aspect for them. The Sun, Stars and Planets, all talk of them. Hence then all ye little People, don't trouble us with the black Presages of Comets. Princes take a Pride to have no Body frighten'd but themselves.

A LION King of Africa, had a mind one Day to know his Fortune, but his Court could not furnish him with a Master in that Rubrick. An Ape that served a certain Astrologer promised to do it, and went home to be as good as his Word, and as good luck would have it, his Master's Study Door being open, he whips up the first Paper that came to hand; this was a

Horoscope most certainly, and that was

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Away he capers to the Lion, and gives him the Paper, which he read. Now, what do you think the Lion's Fortune was? Why, to be a Slave, and afterwards a Player. How Traytor, faid the Prince, and dare you tell me this is my Desliny? You are an ignorant Sot. Sir, said the Ape, trembling, I wish I was so. But do you know your own Fortune? Come, Let's hear it, says the King, Tell me how long thou hast to live. The Royal Paw was open, and the Ape upon his Marrow Bones. Sir, says he, I have read in the cælestial Volume, that I must of Necessity die the same instant with your Majesty.

This quaint Turn made Reparation for his Imprudence: The superstitious Lion closed his Paw, and with-held his Vengeance. Nay, Self-love did more, he christen'd his Fear, and gave it the Name of Mercy. Our Actions sometimes have the Air of Virtues. But what became of the Prophecy? I'll tell you. The Lion fell into the Hunters Net, was taken, chained, and in Time grew tame. His Master had a

mind to get his Living by showing him about; and accordingly he left home with his Lion, in Company with our Fortune-Tel-

Kk3

ler the Ape, who was well versed in all the

humorous Turns of Mimickry.

They went to all Fairs, and our two Actors supported the Scene, one serious, the other, a Bustoon. That Letio, and this Harlequin. The whole Town crowded to see this new Play. The Lion's Part was to appear no longer himself, but to be gentle, complaisant and tractable to his Master. He acted Submission, played with him with his Tail, patted him gently with his Paw, and let him put his Head into his Mouth, to the Astonishment of the Spectators.

The Ape, on the other Hand, played a hundred little Tricks with his Companion; rid aftride upon his Back, and guided him as he pleased. This Sight gave the Spectators both Fear and Pleasure at the same Time. The Ape was applauded, which inspired him to attempt something greater, and accordingly one Day being resolved to imitate Man, and presuming to trust too much on the Docility of the Lion, thrusts his Head into his

Mouth.

This Action furprized the Lion, and awakened his natural Fury, which made him, without reflecting on his Destiny, snap-

<sup>\*</sup>T wo Afters in the Italian Company.

[ 379 ]

off the Ape's Head; but in punishing this Folly he lost his own Life, for the Ape's Head stuck so fast in his Throat that it choaked him.

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Thus we see the Lion's Destiny accomplished, which was calculated for a Man. After such a Fact one is apt to give Credit to a blind Art which has no Guide. Chance sometimes diverts it self to justify it; but be that as it will, it is a certain Truth,

### THAT THE ASTROLOGER IS ALWAYS A LIAR.



in the mean lime, Famer was got upon a large stage, thinger with much Address and forms. Here, Albertainen, fars her

## E 380 ]



## The PRESENT and the FUTURE.

## After fatt | Kata Bane Bar Aga Cred

chants of a new Trade, Sir PRESENT and Sir FUTURE, opened Shop in this World. They fived close by each other, only Present lived in a narrow Passage, but Future in the open Air. One was Plain and Simple, the other very Adroit.

They cried their Goods to all that passed by. Stop here, observe me well, my Name is Present; come to me, I've all what you want, the true Good is with me. My Neighbour indeed, calls to you, but, alas! What will you do with him? He'll promise much, but give you nothing. But he might bawl as long as he would, he was not much minded.

In the mean Time, Future was got upon a large Stage, shining with much Address and Pomp. Here, Gentlemen, says he, 'tis

'tis I who have difintangled the Thread of your Days. I foretell every Thing that must be, and more. I have all Things, defire what you will. What would you have? You have no more to do than to name it. Tell me, I comfort People in Trouble. I do more. I give People good Fortune before hand. It is I alone who fell Hopes: What do I fay? Sell them, I give them for nothing. Here, take them, Gentlemen; fee here are Treasures, Honours, Pleasures, pure and unmixed; have you ever tafted the like? No. Have Patience, you must believe every Word I fay. They'll come to you better prepar'd. But will you have a better Proof of my Ability and absolute Power? Present there deafens you with his superfluous Cant, you'll see him disappear inflantly. There you fee him, and now you don't fee him at all.

And thus Futurity, which is a meer

Cheat, amuses all Mankind.

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ple of Reflexion, but we say a ple of Reflexion, but we say a ple of Reflexion, but we say a ple of Reflexion, but we say a ple of Reflexion, but we say a ple of Reflexion, but we say a ple of Sections of Sections of Mouth, or by Writing, what others have said, and very often after others.

Pure Memory erected into Wit: Other Peoples Judgments which we give for our own. One Man judges of a Thing, and a thousand Tatlers adopt this Opinion into a sovereign Law, and this torrent of Repeaters has swelled so high as to carry all before it. This, however, is to abandon our selves, weak Race as we are, to the Majority. But herein true Authority does by no means consist. To warrant Truth let us count Reasons and not Noses.

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## [ 383 ]



ley bordered with many a Rock. He was to decide an important Question, which to do without Reproach, was his present Care. Good Heaven, said he aloud, instruct and tell me, which sings best, Silvander or Atys. The Eccho coming nearer and nearer, repeated a hundred Times Atys. Does Atys sing the best, says the surprized Shepherd? The best, the best, the best, says the Eccho. It is enough, says Tityrus, this decides the Controversy.

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He returned then to his Cottage. Now, fays he, can I give a certain Judgment between our two Rivals; Atys fings better than Silvander, and this was unanimously agreed upon by all the neighbouring Valley.



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E make just such Decisions, credulous as we are, who take Ecchoes for Men.



TED Vantagena

## [ 284 ]

## Swas musing alone in a Val-The FISHES and the FIREwas to decide an important uneffion, which to do without for oach, was his prefent Care, Good Heaven, faid he alcud, infruct an Vexme, The Baskeff Silvant

u. The Eccho coming nea

HERE was one fine Evening, not a hundred Years ago, a T Fire Work let off upon a River. In vain did Night endeavour to rule, Vultan did the

Office of the Sun, who was gone to Bed. thousand curious Specimens of his Art, tho the Sun was absent, made it look like Day.

At this fudden Noise all the watry People were frighten'd at the bottom of their Ma nor Seat. The Air all Thundring, and in a Flame, so much troubled the Republick,

that they dared not hear nor fee.

After their first Fright they took a little Courage, for where was the Probability that the fifty World should be destroyed by Fire? But it was not long before they thought it possible. A thousand fiery Serpents (true Lightening to their Eyes) piercing the Womb of the Deep, threaten'd them terribly with Death. Death. Ah! said they, the World is at an End. Every one then thought on his Conscience. We deserve Death, and Heaven is going to punish us, says a Pike, persidious Race as we are, we are continually eating up one another. I eat my Children, and some of you Gudgeons, and the Gudgeons others again of another Species. Wretched is the State of the little Folks, they are only the Great Ones Dinner.

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For my part, I acknowledge my Fault, and am resolved to go to Confession, and say my Beads: Remorse troubles me sore. We have kindled the Regions of Heaven against us. Ah, good Jupiter, with-hold thy vengeful Arm, have Mercy upon us, and we promise thee, we will never be in-

human or gluttonous for the future.

The Fire Work happen'd to end just in this penitential Mood of the Pike. Fear

vanished, and they all grew Hungry. Every one was seeking out for his Prey. Their Vow of Humanity was thus performed;

The penitent Pike had a Pike for his Breakfast.



The

## [ 386 ]

### The FOOTMAN and the SCHOLAR.

### FABLE XVII.

ARTIN served a Lord of the Treasury, who had a Son that went to the College. The Footman and the Scholar were as great Friends as possibly could be, and very often would hold a long Discourse together. But on what Subject do you think? Why, of Masters and Fathers; this was continually the Theme.

These Masters, says Martin, are worse than Algerine Rovers, they have no manner of Regard for a Body, no Humanity. Do they think we are Dogs, and they only Men? They make us work hard; nothing but threatening Language and Blows, and these we are sure to have oftner paid us than our Wages. What a cursed Generation!

Ah! poor Martin, says the Student, Fathers are not one bit less cruel. Reprimands continually, impertinent Morality, and troublesome Canterbury Stories. And though they do nothing from Morning till Night, but

but play the Fool, would have us Wife, and fet a grey Head upon a green Pair of Shoulders, which would be monstrous, and continually forcing our Inclinations: If we have a mind to go into the Army, they send us to the Temple; in short, whatever Inclinations we have we must facrifice them all to their Whimsies. No, no, there's no piece of Stuff so ill made as this of Father's, says the Scholar. But Martin was of another Opinion, and stood up still to the Text, That the Masters were as bad.

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Thus did they live a long while together, and this was still their Entertainment, but at last they were obliged to separate. Martin had the good Fortune to get a little Monney, which bought him an Employment; this he managed so dexterously, that he grew a rising Man, and was advanced from one publick Employment to another, till at last he came to be one of the Lords of the Treafury himself; he had sine Houses, or rather Palaces, kept a noble Table, where was Luxury in Perfection, a great Equipage, and abundance of Footmen.

The Scholar, on the other Hand, succeeded his Father in Office and Estate, married a fine Lady, by whom he had several Children. Time ran on, and they grew up to be Men and Women.

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Martin being now grown Rich he found his Companion, and they were as intimate Friends as ever, and used to talk together of their Servants and Children. One of the heaviest Crosses in the World, said Monsieur de la Martiniere (for the Name of Martin was grown out into three Words) is this pack of Servants, a Company of lazy, good for nothing Rascals, that neither fear Threats nor Blows, Thieves, Traytors, Liars, and damnable Detractors. They eat our Bread and laugh at us.

An! says our Father of a Family, talk to me of Children and you say something, there is the truest Plague. There is not one good for any Thing, neither Girl nor Boy; one is a Coquet, and t'other a Libertine: No Respect, no Obedience. We may kill our selves for them, they have nothing of Gratitude. When will he die? This Moment they expect with Impatience, and then they

fhall be happy enough to be fure.



HESE Persons, perhaps, would have done much better to have accused Man himself, and not the several States and Conditions of Men in this World, for there is neither good Servant nor good Master, good Father nor good Son, they are all bad.

Man

[ 389 ]

Man follows Passion, Interest and Caprice, leaving no Authority to Reason, and in every different Station of Life, in his Opinion, an equal Injustice always shews it self.

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The HUNTER and the ELE-

## FABLE XVIII.

phant is a Sage. He knows how to philosophize, and think deep; if you doubt this, fee here an Example of his profound Reasoning.

Heretofore a certain Dealer in Ivory, in order to get a great Quantity of that precious Bone, went in the dusk of the Evening, before it was quite dark, to place himself in Ambush where the Elephants used to drink. Here he climbed up a Tree, and let fly many an Arrow amongst the Herd; some did Execution, and here and there an Elephant drop'd.

When the Day broke, and the Elephants were dispersed, the Man took away the Slain,

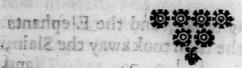
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and this was his Practice for a long Time every Night. But once as he was waiting for his Prey, he saw a great Number of Elephants appear. This Object was the Caufe of his Joy, it soon proved his Despair. For these huge People came with a dreadful Din up to our Archer, and furrounded the Tree. This put himinto a terrible Fright, and he curfed a thousand Times the Hour he went

first a Tooth Hunting.

The Captain of the Elephants with only one stroke of his Trunk, fell'd down the Tree, with our Hunter, to the Ground, threw him up upon his Back, and in great Pomp carried him to a little Hill, where there was Ivory in abundance. There, fays he, this is our burying Place, there are Teeth enough for you and your Neighbours. Break that murdering Instrument there and fill your Warehouse. You sought to destroy us, instead of killing you we only put you into fuch a Condition that it is no longer your Interest to hurt us.

The wife Man should endeavour to revenge himself after this manner.



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### The TURNIP.

## FABLE XIX.

WEST Country Gardiner turning ed up a large Turning, the like of which had never been seen; it was a Mountain of a Turning. In his Surprize he was thinking he should make his Court with it to the King; away he runs to the Palace to offer this Pot Phenomenon to his Majesty.

And like your Majesty, says he, I hope you'll pardon a Body. This Turmut here, you mun knaw, graw'd up in our Garden, and chad zoo much Impatience, look you dee zee, to shaw it t'ye, that chave tooken Opportunity hauld by the Vorelock, as the zaying is. Vaith the Thing is noo grot Matter, but your Majesty have a Mort of Goodness, and don't let Things goo unrevenged. If then a Body be free to give it ye, 'tis because it belongs to ye on account of the Rarity on't. Such a Turmut, such a King.

King. And soo the Lord have Marcy upon

ye, and prefarve ye, that's aal.

This was the Harangue of our Country Man. The King was pleased with his Dialect, valued the Turnip worth a hundred Guineas, which he ordered immediately to be paid. This dazzled the Fellow's Eyes, for he had never seen so much in his Life before, and he went home to his Village about his Business.

This came to the Ears of the Lord of the Manor. Ah, ah! fays he in a surprize, a hundred Guineas for a Turnip, his Majesty is a brave Man isaith, by Jingo my Fortune is made. This said, he mounted a fine Spanish Jennet he lately bought, admirably well shap'd, and as seet as the Winds, which like a rapid Torrent traversed the Country. He soon came to Court, and offered his Majesty the Horse. Indeed, says the King, this is a noble Present, I must generously reward it; here, bring me my fine Turnip. There, take it, says he, for as your Horse is the finest of its kind, so is this Turnip.

His Majesty did well thus to punish such

a difloyal Present. Islam wor

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THE WORLD IS FULL OF SUCH COVETOUS GIVERS.



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### The BONNET.

### FABLE XX.

T is for our Peace and Repose that we do not know the Hearts of Men.
Let us rejoice at this our Ignorance.
We should all be too much hinder'd did People speak to us what they think.

## Transfer y has good

A CERTAIN Fairy was one Day chang'd to a Mouse, the fatal Order of Destiny had so decreed it that she should take on her the Grey Habit. A Cat who watched her, and had a mind to feast himself with a little Mouse Flesh, accordingly sets upon her.

A Man passed by, and either through Caprice, or Pity, runs after the Cat, and delivered the trembling Prisoner. The Cat gave gave the Man a thousand Times to the Devil, but the Mouse took him for her greatest Friend. The next Day she appeared to him not a Mouse but a Goddess.

You have faved my Life, fays she, I must repay the Benefit the best I can: It is not in Dulcetra's Power, for that's my Name, to be ungrateful. Ask then what you'll have, it is in my Power to do all Things: You have no more to do but ask and have:

Why then, Madam, says he, if your Ladyship please, open to me the Hearts of Men, and let me see the Secrets of their Soul. It is done, says she, I consent to it. You have nothing else to do but take this Bonnet and wear it, it is a Fairy, and with it you may see all you desire, and you'll find People do not think at all of what they tell you, and you'll entirely know the bottom of their Soul. Much good may it do you, adieu, I must be gone.

We shall presently see our good Man and

his Bonnet talking to People.

I think it an Age, faid he, till I make my Experiment, and I'll begin with my dear Wife.

O how I hate you! says she, in a close Embrace (it was very pleasant to observe the strict Agreement between her Words and Actions.) Yes, I hate you mortally, and and have done so a good while, especially since I began to love my dear Alcander. Ah! How slow is Death in not ridding me of this Plague! if she makes me wait thus long I shall take other Measures: My Lover presses, I cannot longer resist so many engaging Charms, I must yield to the lovely Youth. As she spoke this, you must know, she was carefung him after the fondest Manner.

The Wife thus known, he addresses himfelf to his Children. In spite of them their Mouth spoke Truth: They wanted his Estate, and did not care how soon he was gone into the other World, for it was an unreasonable Thing that People should live

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Thus the Man with his Bonnet went about, discovering the secret Thoughts of every one he met with. In his Friends he saw nothing but Hearts governed by mere Interest, full of black Ingratitude under the most obliging Out-side. Did he make a Visit, they told him he was very impertinent at the same instant that they held his Hand with all the Marks of a fincere Friendship. If any one commended as ingenious what he said, it was all Hyperisy, for his Heart told him at the same Time he was a Blockhead, and had not common Sense. Thus every Moment he met with a thousand Disgusts.

## [ 396 ]

Thing made him mad, infomuch that our good Man feeing no Sincerity in the World, threw the Bonnet in a Passion into the Mill-Dam. Take thee who will for me, says he, I've done with thee.

viola to the lovely. Youth, As file the you profit know, the was careful as a careful as a careful to a careful as a dependent from the careful as a dependent from the file.

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